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WILLIAM III. AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

[The accompanying plate illustrates an important event in the history of William III., which may fitly preface the following brief and lively sketch of the great epoch of the English Revolution, with which his name and career are identified. It forms part of an article in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh, the eloquence of which would secure its insertion entire, but for our large and recent articles on the same subject from other sources. The scene of the imminent peril of the king, which the plate represents, was in Ireland, at the battle of the Boyne, which decided the fate of James II. In reconnoitering his troops, the king was exposed to the fire of some field-pieces of the enemy, which had been purposely planted against his person, and a man and two horses were killed by his side, a rebound of the bullet grazed his right shoulder, very nearly deciding the destinies of England, by taking the life of the prince on whose prowess and principles her liberties were dependent. The consternation produced by so narrow an escape is finely depicted in the countenances and attitude of his immediate attendants, General Douglas, and the young earl of Portland. The subject is from the well known pencil of Cooper, a Royal Academician, and has a high repute as a historical painting.—ED.]

AT the eventful period of the accession of James II., parties were in the most extraordinary state conceivable; the country, physically, was in a state of ease, comfort, and prosperity. During the reign of

Charles II., it was unquestionably disgraced in its foreign relations, and its king a pensioner of the "grand monarque," as he was then styled. The absurd and monstrous notions of royal prerogative, however, cherished by Charles, as well as the other Stuarts, and the disputes with his parliaments which they perpetually caused, had one great and salutary effect. The Commons held the strings of the national purse. This purse the absurd and profligate courses of Charles induced them to keep shut during his entire disgraceful reign. Of this the people reaped the entire benefit. They cared little for the squabbles between Charles and the Whigs, whilst taxes were thus kept light; the consequence was, that though the king was in name despotic, it was only a name; the nation kept their money in their own pockets; they rapidly recovered from the effects of the confusion of the civil war, and the exactions of the long parliament, who it is believed expended more in one year, on the average, than Charles II., when king, was able to obtain in three. Thus, though the government was a disgraceful one, its folly and weakness left the people

at liberty to prosper, amidst the absurdities of their rulers, and a despot who could not extort taxes was found to be much less of a burden than a parliament that, under the name of "Liberty," removed the burden of imposts from the land, and invented and established an "Excise."

If, however, the bodily state and condition of the people were excellent when James II. succeeded his brother, their spiritual state was just the reverse; the kingdom was split into a variety of religious sects, and parties, mostly hostile to each other, and mostly stained by tenets of intolerance, theological hatred, and persecution. First, there was the Catholic party, consisting of men who, amidst all the cruelties of preceding reigns, had, under the Tudors even, adhered to the ancient faith. The English church was itself split into three parties; there were the non-jurors, men Papists, in all but the name, in their doctrines, who refused to take the oath prescribed by the act of uniformity, because it suited not their notions of sacerdotal power. Again, there were the high-churchmen, men determined upon preserving a despotic power for the church, fond of its property, as well as its doctrines, and for the sake of both determined to persecute dissent of all sorts to the death. To high-church doctrine and tenets of persecution, quite in accordance with those of the worst times of the sway of Rome, these men added the dogmas of passive obedience and non-resistance to kingly power, however tyrannically exercised; these monstrosities they made a part of what they called catholic doctrine, although it was notorious that until the accession of the Tudors, such notions had never been heard of in England, and that amongst the names of those who wrung Magna-charter from the tyrant John, are those of various prelates of the Anglican catholic church, whose rights as a clergy are there stipulated for. Distinct from these were the low-churchmen, men who kept a keen eye on the church property, but who were unwilling to admit the arbitrary doctrines of Laud and his successors; were somewhat latitudinarian in doctrine, and who, therefore, being themselves stigmatized as schismatics, had naturally a friendly feeling for the great body of non-conformists who made up the rest of the nation, including under that name such grades of dissent, and they were not few, as then existed.

Such was the religious state of the na-

tion when James II. became king. Under his brother, the church had obtained ample opportunity to persecute all without her pale, and the covenanters of Scotland and the English nonconformists of all opinions had suffered accordingly. Prosperous and at ease in their worldly affairs, Englishmen had been for years tormented with plots and executions arising out of religious jealousy and hatred; and a country which might have been a paradise was, by sheer intolerance, made to resemble something very much the reverse. Sir James Macintosh, indeed, admits in his treatise that there is reason to believe that both Charles and James Stuart were more tolerant than those around them. This, however, is a point that must ever be in dispute. If Charles did not approve, he permitted persecution, the most horrible, to be practised by his counsellors and bishops. If James, as we believe, was a sincere catholic, it is difficult to believe how, at that period, he could eschew persecution; especially if it be true, as Macintosh asserts (*Treatise on the affairs of Holland*), that James actually offered to Louis XIV., to detain as a prisoner the Prince of Orange, then his visitor, provided this atrocious step would ensure ruin to the Protestant cause in Holland! When James was fairly seated on the throne, however, a mighty change was immediately felt. Despite the attempts made to exclude him, on account of his open profession of the religion of Rome, it is admitted that he was on the whole popular on his accession. Though imprudent as a politician, he was a man of business, and well managed the ordinary routine of a government. Of his prerogative his notions were every whit as absurd as those of the rest of his family. He believed himself absolute by divine right; and he soon took occasion to show that he was not the man to let his kingly powers sleep in abeyance. He immediately displayed the same hatred of parliaments that characterized his brother. Sooth to say, however, so long had the people been accustomed to hear these doctrines from the pulpit, the bar, and the press, that, had it not been for the cruelties that followed Monmouth's rebellion, there seems too much reason to suppose James might have run a career very different from that to which he was destined. The atrocities of Jeffreys and Kirke in the West of England, after the rout of Sedgemoor, Sir James Macintosh accounts, and properly accounts, to be one of the leading causes

of the revolution. The following is his account of the trial of Mrs. Lisle, and we may premise that it affords a fair specimen of the entire proceedings during what was well termed "the bloody campaign."

"She said in her defence that she knew Mr. Hickes to be a Presbyterian clergyman, and thought he had absconded, because there were warrants out against him on that account. All the acts of concealment which were urged as proofs of her intentional breach of law were reconcilable with the defence. Orders had been issued, at the beginning of the revolt, to seize 'all disaffected and suspicious persons, especially ALL nonconformist ministers.' And Jeffreys, himself, unwittingly strengthened her case by declaring his conviction that all Presbyterians had a hand in the rebellion. He did not go through the formality of repeating so probable a defence to the jury! They, however, hesitated; they asked the chief-justice whether it were as much treason to receive Hickes before as after conviction? He told them it was, which was literally true; but he wilfully concealed from them that by the law, such as it was, the receiver of a traitor could not be brought to trial till the principal traitor had been convicted or outlawed;—a provision, indeed, so manifestly necessary to justice that, without the observance of it, Hickes might be acquitted of treason, after Mrs. Lisle had been executed for harboring him as a traitor. Four judges looked silently on this suppression of truth, which produced the same effect with positive falsehood, and allowed the limits of a barbarous law to be overpassed, in order to destroy an aged woman for an act of charity. The jury retired, and remained so long in deliberation as to provoke the wrath of the chief-justice! When they returned into court, they expressed their doubt whether the prisoner knew that Hickes had been in Monmouth's army; the chief-justice assured them that the proof was complete. Three times they repeated their doubts; the chief-justice as often reiterated his declaration with growing impatience and rage. At this critical moment of the last appeal of the jury to the court, the defenceless female at the bar made an effort to speak. Jeffreys, taking advantage of formalities, instantly silenced her, and the jury were at length overawed into a verdict of 'guilty!' He then broke out into a needless insult to the strongest affections of nature, saying to the jury, 'Gentlemen, had I been among you, and if she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty!' On the next morning, when he had to pronounce sentence of death, he could not even then abstain from invectives against the Presbyterians, of whom he supposed Mrs. Lisle to be one: yet mixing artifice with his fury, he tried to lure her into discoveries by ambiguous phrases, which might excite her hopes of life, without pledging him to obtain pardon. He directed that she should be *burned alive* on the afternoon of the same day; but the clergy of the cathedral of Winchester successfully interceded for an interval of three days. This interval gave time for an application to the king."—Vol. II., p. 22.

An application to the king!—vain was the application, for here the undoubted cruelty of James appeared in its bloodiest hues. The king declared that "he would not reprieve her for a day!" He would not even change the horrid punishment into beheading, until *precedents* had been sought out, and strong interest excited! The cause of all this hatred was that her husband had been one of the judges of Charles I. The poor lady, herself, had always been kind to the royalists at that period, and it will hardly be believed that her son had actually served in the king's army against Monmouth, and had helped to quell the very rebellion, on account of which his aged mother was put to death.

After the defeat of the ill-concerted and worse-conducted enterprise of Monmouth, James felt himself strong upon his throne, and lost no time in setting about his rash and arbitrary design of forcing upon the kingdom a religion, which, though it was his own, he well knew was, for various reasons, good or bad, odious to a great majority of his people. He now set about it with his usual rashness and total want of all politic or prudential considerations. Of his own attachment to the Catholic faith he had never made much of a secret. For that he was too honest; for that James was in disposition sincere his worst enemies never denied. Not content, however, with celebrating mass in great pomp; with admitting a nuncio or envoy from the pope; and with trying to force papists into the universities by suspending the college statutes, he set about converting all his ministers and courtiers; and it was soon understood that the easiest and shortest path to promotion was to be presented at court as a recent convert to Romanism. The scenes of hypocrisy that then took place exceeded all that had occurred since the Reformation, when the majority of the nobles became Protestants under Edward VI.; again Catholics under Mary, and Protestants once more at the bidding of Elizabeth. All the courtiers, however, were not thus disgracefully pliable, and some of the answers made to the solicitations of the royal agents in the task of conversion, as recorded by Macintosh, are highly amusing:—

"Middleton, one of the secretaries of state, a man of ability, supposed to have no strong principles of religion, was equally inflexible. The Catholic divine who was sent to him, began by attempting to reconcile his understanding to the mysterious doctrine of transubstantiation. 'Your lord-

ship (said he) believes the doctrine of the Trinity.' 'Who told you so?' answered Middleton. 'You are come here to prove your own religion, not to ask about mine.' The astonished priest is said to have immediately retired. Sheffield Earl, of Mulgrave, is also said to have sent away a monk, who came to convert him, by a jest upon the same doctrine. 'I have convinced myself, (said he) by much reflection, that God made man; but, I cannot believe that man can make God!' Colonel Kirke, from whom strong scruples were hardly to be expected, is said to have answered the king's desire that he would listen to catholic divines, by declaring that, when at Tangier, he had engaged himself to the Emperor of Morocco, if ever he changed his religion, to become a Mahometan! Lord Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), though neither insensible to the kindness of James, nor distinguished by a strict conformity to the precepts of religion, withstood the attempts of his generous benefactor to bring him over to the church of Rome. He said of himself 'that though he could not lead the life of a saint, he was resolved, if there was occasion for it, to show the resolution of a martyr!'—Vol. ii. p. 92.

These scenes are as lamentable as they are ludicrous; but others, more important, were to be superadded. Besides these private attempts to turn the hearts of his people to what he deemed "the right way," the infatuated monarch was now determined to commence a vigorous and open system of assault upon the established religion of his country; which, if a universal toleration were allowed, would—he told D'Adda, the papal nuncio—be the first to fall. In pursuance of this design, James, who could not with decency claim toleration for his own faith, without extending it to that of others, at length determined to publish a declaration of indulgence which should, by royal favor, confer upon all sectaries the privilege of worshipping God in their own way, and after their own conscience. In the language of this declaration he took high ground. The most plausible mode would have been to have assumed this power as head of the church. This, however, he did not do; but assumed as a part of his kingly prerogative, adding, that he had no doubt of the sanction of parliament as soon as he should call one. In the meantime there was no one to question the legality of the document, and it was accordingly dispersed over the kingdom. But this was a small part of the royal adventure. By the act of uniformity, all dissenters, exercising public worship, were subjected to divers severe pains and penalties. To get rid of this, the king claimed a power to "dispense, with such laws in case of necessity, of which he

was to be the judge; founding this claim upon some precedents of penalties remitted by royal interposition in some former time. Under the shape of a prerogative of mercy, this was in truth a power to dispense with all law. Pardon is an interposition for an individual; but this was a cancelling of a statute by exempting all from its enactments, and, if one law might thus be neutralized and nullified, so might all. The bait, however, at first took. Some of the persecuted dissenters eagerly took advantage of the benevolence thus unexpectedly extended to them, and addresses of thanks from numerous congregations were presented to the king, who encouraged them by every means in his power. But some of the dissenters from the first suspected the real design, and so did the church generally; five of the most pliable prelates only, with some of their clergy, sending addresses to thank the king for his assurances of protection for their rights. The universities, and the great body of churchmen, however, took the alarm, and the king was warned early that, if he expected passive obedience from those who had preached it to others, he would find himself mistaken; from some of the judges whom he consulted as to his "dispensing power," he received a similar intrepid warning. Sir John Jones told him he was sorry to find an opinion expected from him, "which only indigent, ignorant, or ambitious men could give." James, irritated at this plain rebuff, answered he would soon find twelve judges of his opinion. "Twelve judges, sir," replied Jones, "you may find, but hardly twelve lawyers."

It is hardly necessary to add, that, undaunted by the open resistance of the universities to his arbitrary attempts to force Catholics amongst their body, and by the opposition and remonstrances of great numbers of men, the wiser and more moderate Catholics, the imprudent king renewed his "declaration of indulgence," and issued an order that it should be read from the pulpit in every church in the kingdom. This step was the really decisive one, and rapidly produced all that followed. The bishops seeing the destruction of all they held dear, now clearly menaced, refused to obey, and petitioned the king to revoke his order. The king, who had in his favor two precedents—for the clergy had so read the declaration on the Rye-house Plot, and his brother's apology for dissolving his last two parliaments—refused the prayer of the petition, which he treated as a seditious

libel. The bishops, however, persevered, and the result was, that the insensate bigot and his besotted council had the amazing imprudence to commit the bishops to the Tower, as seditious libelers. This inconsiderate outrage turned the tide of opinion finally against James. The effect was prodigious; for the spectacle brought, as it were, before the eyes of the people as realities, all the old tales of former popish cruelty and persecution. "The scene," says Sir James, "seemed to be a procession of martyrs. Thousands begged their blessing, some ran into the water to implore it. Both banks of the Thames were lined with multitudes, who, when they were too distant to be heard, manifested their feelings by falling on their knees, and raising up their hands, beseeching Heaven to guard the sufferers for religion and liberty. On landing at the Tower, several of the *guards* knelt down to receive their blessing, whilst some, even of the *officers*, yielded to the general impulse." This would have been enough for most men; but when had ever zealots eyes, or bigots understanding? James was resolved to try the bishops for a libel.

From this hour all men of sense, of all opinions, seemed to have deemed a revolution as certain and inevitable. Even the brutal tool, Jeffreys, sent a secret message to the Tower to assure the bishops of his sorrow and his services; and, strange to relate, amongst the visitors of the imprisoned prelates were a deputation of ten nonconformist ministers. At this distance of time it is difficult for ordinary minds to conceive under what motives these persecuted men could have acted thus, on this occasion. This church had, from the moment of the restoration, spared no means, nor stopped at any cruelties, to deprive all dissenters of every remnant of toleration or refuge. In Scotland they had been hunted down like wolves; and in England numbers had been, on various pretences, exiled, imprisoned, and put to death. Yet these men made common cause with the bishops, now that their turn was come. Nothing can account for this but what we must call the unmanly horror with which, from and after the time of Titus Oates, the nation had contemplated the slightest mention of popery. At and after that disgraceful period, men who would have faced a battery of cannon, became children at the very sound of a "popish plot;" and this feeling it was which at last completed the

unanimity of alarm and hatred with which the whole British people now viewed the proceedings of the king. James, however, was totally blind to his fate. The birth of a prince of Wales, at this critical moment, would have given him a happy opportunity to pardon the recusant bishops. As it seemed a providential interposition in his favor, however, he only made it an argument for going on. The bishops were brought to trial in Westminster Hall; they were defended boldly and unanswerably by Pollexfen and Finch. The court wavered, The jury took heart—and they were acquitted!

The result we must give in the words of Sir James Macintosh:—

"No sooner were these words uttered than a loud huzza arose from the audience in the court. It was instantly echoed from without by a shout of joy, which sounded like a crack of the ancient and massy roof of Westminster Hall. It passed with electrical rapidity from voice to voice, along the infinite multitude who waited in the streets, reaching the Temple in a few minutes. For a short time no man seemed to know where he was. No business was done for hours. The solicitor-general informed Lord Sunderland in the presence of the nuncio, that never within the memory of man had there been heard such cries of applause mingled with tears of joy. "The acclamation," says Sir John Reresby, "were a very rebellion of noise." In no long time they ran to the camp at Hounslow, and were repeated with an ominous voice by the soldiers in the hearing of the king, who on being told they were for the acquittal of the bishops, said, with an ambiguity probably arising from confusion, "So much the worse for them!" The jury were everywhere received with the loudest acclamations: hundreds with tears in their eyes, embraced them as deliverers. The bishops, almost alarmed at their own success, escaped from the huzzas of the people as privately as possible, exhorting them "to fear God and honor the king." Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, had remained in court during the trial, unnoticed by any one of the crowd of nobility and gentry, and Sprat met with little more regard; the former, in going to his carriage, was called a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and as he was very corpulent, the mob cried out, "Room for the man with a Pope in his belly! They bestowed also on Sir William Williams very mortifying proofs of disrespect."—Vol. ii. p. 207.

This scene probably determined the future great soldier and statesman Churchill, as to the course he was to take. If it did not, the following scene, which was the finale, must have settled the question. A written test, binding those who took it to contribute to the repeal of the Penal laws was prepared, and this the demented king

was impolitic enough to tender to the soldiers.

"The experiment," says Macintosh, "was first tried on Lord Litchfields," and all who hesitated to comply with the king's commands were ordered to lay down their arms;—*The whole regiment*, except two captains and a few Catholic privates, actually laid down their arms. The king was thunderstruck; and, after a gloomy silence, ordered them to take up their muskets, saying that he should not again *do them the honor to consult them!*"

They returned the compliment with interest. The events that at once followed; the landing of the Prince of Orange; the desertion of the unfortunate zealot by the entire nation; and his ultimate flight and abdication, are notorious. One striking circumstance Sir James Macintosh has recorded. Chief-Justice Jeffreys, when dying in the Tower of the injuries he received from an avenging people, said amongst other things that "if he had made the 'Western Campaign' as bloody as those who sent him would have had it, more blood would have been spilled!" Whether this miscreant was to be believed even in the pangs of death is very questionable: but if he were, this reflects a deep stain upon the character of James.

That as an accurate, eloquent, powerful and spirited disquisition upon one of the most interesting and important periods of our history this tract must always hold a high station, few readers will be disposed to doubt. It has, however, one great fault of omission. Sir James has no doubt given us as the fruits of a most careful and historical research, a vivid and striking detail of the series of events that brought about the grand changes of 1688; but he has stopped here. He has copied Suetonius rather than Tacitus. We have a picture of facts and events furnished with all the nicety and life of the Flemish school of painting, but we have only this. Sir James has neglected the philosophical province of the historian or annalist; and shrunk from laying before his readers a summary of the characters of the leading actors in this extraordinary drama, and of the motives which actuated them. This is an omission much to be regretted; because on this particular portion of our history few readers are, we suspect, likely to supply it for themselves. As we, however, hold all suppressions or omissions of the veritable to be ultimately injurious and wrong, we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of

a few remarks on the subject, which are, in our opinion, necessary to a full apprehension of truth.

It has been too much the custom of writers to treat the Revolution of 1688 as if they who were most active in the promotion of that great event were influenced by motives of the purest patriotism, and dared to change the succession to a throne solely from love of freedom and hatred of arbitrary power. This was not, however, the case. After events plainly proved it not to be so; and hence the question returns upon us, what then were the motives which influenced the revolution and its promoters? We reply, they were in many instances pecuniary and selfish, and not disinterested. If we ask ourselves plainly *what* brought about the final catastrophe, the answer is, the junction of the church with the leading Whigs, and the junction of these again with the great body of dissenters. Now, of this great combination, which for the moment included in it a vast majority of the country, we do not mean to say that many did not act from high and holy motives, especially amongst the non-conformists: but what was true of many, was not true of most. Who, at this time, believes that the church was influenced in the course it took by any new view of the value of free institutions? Who will assert that even the leading Whigs, the Cavendishes, the Russels, and others who were the actual agents in bringing over the Prince of Orange, were so influenced? The truth was, a huge amount of property was now at stake, and for this was the game mainly played by numbers, who, with liberty on the tongue, had something less pure at heart. If James could possibly have succeeded in his plans, it was clear that the whole of the ancient church-property, including the immense possessions in lay hands, as well as the estates and tithes still enjoyed by the clergy, must have reverted. Mary and Elizabeth had preserved their thrones by acquiescing in the distribution brought about by the Reformation. But with the Reformation the Stuarts were always really at war, and the triumph of James II. would have been almost tantamount to a triumph over the Protestant Reformation itself. This was felt to be the case. In such event, Holland must have fallen before the arms of Louis XIV.; and Holland and England severed from the cause, what must have been the fate of Protestant Germany? This was

felt to be the real view of affairs; and hence the junction of the Whigs, who held immense parcels of impropriate tithes and abbey-lands, with the church, which at the moment felt its own property in jeopardy. Hence also the junction of the Tory universities; and hence, lastly, the junction of the persecuted nonconformists with the other three, upon the principle that not only liberty in England, but the entire Protestant cause was at stake. That this was a true view on the part of the nonconformists, and that *they* acted a truly noble part, we of course mean to assert. But this measure of praise we cannot assign to all the other actors. When we see men acting thus, who had during their lives preached intolerance of the rights of conscience, and passive obedience, and non-resistance to

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong,"

we must look about for other motives, and to find them we must look lower. The truth of this view of the philosophy of the events of 1688, the after events surely confirmed. As soon as the immediate danger had passed, numbers who had acquiesced in the expulsion of James, opposed to the end the liberal and Protestant principles of his successor. Such stipulations in favor of political liberty, as had been agreed to on the accession of William, were got rid

of under his successors. * Triennial parliaments were quickly made septennial; placemen readily found entrance into the house of commons; which soon merged in itself the independence of the crown, which the Stuarts had struggled to preserve, but in vain, because they did so from motives as destitute of wisdom as of virtue. Whilst the crown continued antagonistic with the house of commons, the liberties and purses of the people were secure; because the commons' interest and safety lay in withholding supplies. When, after the vain attempts of William to preserve it, the independence of the throne really merged in the two houses, profusion went on unchecked; the fable of "The Sun, the Wind, and the Traveler" was exemplified: and what force never could effect, bribery produced. These considerations ought not to be lost sight of. Absolutely necessary for the preservation of the rights of conscience, the Revolution was in the end destructive of the salutary power of the first estate in the realm. The mixed sway of "king, lords, and commons," continued in name only.

The two houses became independent of the crown on one hand, and of the people on the other; and the legislative and executive powers became really centered in one body; an anomaly from which we may date the evils we now endure.

From the North British Review.

CORAL REEFS AND ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the History of the World. By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. 1 Vol., 8vo.

[This lucid explanation of one of the most curious phenomena of natural science is from the pen of Sir DAVID BREWSTER. —ED.]

DR. NICHOL has treated of "the material universe as represented in space and time by the grander phenomena of the heavens, and as represented in time by the evolution of individual globes." He is, therefore, led to point out the analogy between our Earth and the planets, and to regard the processes of change which are going on in our own globe, and of which there are manifest indications in some of the other planets as "characteristic of the

material universe in its mightiest development." But though these terrestrial changes are exceedingly numerous, and, indeed, constitute the most interesting portion of geological science, yet Dr. Nichol has restricted himself to *two* leading classes of phenomena, namely, to the formation of the coral reefs and islands in the Pacific Ocean, including the subsidence and elevation of continents and islands, and to the progressive deposition and successive upturning of the sedimentary strata of the earth's crust, by means of which the geologist has constituted successive epochs in the history of its physical revolutions.

As to the general subject of the elevation of these beaches of continents, though its deep and popular interest invites us to treat it with more minute detail, we shall confine ourselves at present to the evidence of extensive subsidences and elevations, afforded by the structure of the coral reefs and islands which extend over such a large portion of the globe,* drawing our facts more from the original paper of Mr. Darwin than from the less copious though more popular exposition of Dr. Nichol. Our readers no doubt are aware that the coral rocks which form islands and reefs hundreds of miles in length, are built by small animals called polypes,† that secrete from the lower portion of their body a large quantity of carbonate of lime, which, when diffused round the body, and deposited between the folds of its abdominal coats, constitute a cell or *polypidom*, or *polypary*, into the hollows of which the animal can retire. The solid thus formed is called a *coral*, which represents exactly the animal itself. These stony cells are sometimes single and cupped, sometimes ramifying like a tree, and sometimes grouped like a cauliflower, or imitating the human brain. Those corals called madrepores, sea mushrooms, and brainstones, abound in the tropical seas, but they are only small specimens of the coral masses, taken in places sheltered by rocks, before they have reached their proper magnitude. "The form of the masses, says Mr. Gray, appears to be greatly influenced by the position in which they have grown; and the size of the individuals greatly depends on the quantity of nourishment they are able to procure. This is proved by the fact, that if all the individuals of the same mass are equally exposed, they are of an equal size, but if the surface of the coral is waved, as in the *Explanaria*, the individuals in the convex part of the mass, which could

procure the most food, are large, while those in the concave or sunken parts are small."

The polypes which swarm in our tropical seas, are chiefly those of the genera *Astræa*, *Madrepora*, *Caryophylla*, *Meandrina*, and *Millepora*. The calcareous cells which they build, remain fixed to the rock in which they began their labors, after the animals themselves are dead. A new set of workmen take their places, and add another story to the rising edifice. The same process goes on from generation to generation, until the wall reaches the surface of the ocean, where it necessarily terminates. These industrious laborers, as Dr. Buckland remarks, "act as scavengers of the lowest class, perpetually employed in cleansing the waters of the sea from impurities, which escape even the smallest crustacea; in the same manner as the insect tribes, in their various stages, are destined to find their food by devouring impurities caused by dead animals and vegetable matter in the land."

The coral formations in the Pacific and Indian Oceans,* are divided by Mr. Darwin into three kinds, namely, the *Encircling Reef*, the *Barrier Reef*, and the *Lagoons*. The *encircling reefs* form a ring round mountainous islands, at the distance of *two* or *three* miles from the shore. On the outside they rise from a profoundly deep ocean, and a sea about 200 or 300 feet deep separates them from the land. The *barrier reef* is a coral ridge of great length. On the north-east coast of Australia,† one

* Our readers will find much interesting information on this subject in the 18th chapter of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, vol. ii., p. 283.

† We take advantage of the occurrence of the word Australia, to mention a curious geological fact which has just been discovered by Mr. M. T. Burr, the Deputy Surveyor General of South Australia, from whom we have just received a copy of his remarks on the geology of that country.

There is a long and narrow salt-water lake called the Coorong, which runs parallel to the coast of the Southern Ocean for nearly one hundred miles. It is separated from the sea by a belt of sand hills, or dunes of sand, some of which are from 300 to 400 feet high. These hills are about 3-4ths of a mile wide, and have the aspect of a high chain of mountains with precipices, lofty peaks, and undulating ground. In some places the sand is so white, that at a distance it has the appearance of snow, which forms a striking contrast with the deep green shrubs which grow upon it. The sand is sometimes blown away in such quantities, as to resemble a shower of snow, and the clouds which it then forms would bury a person in a very short time.

"Below the loose sand," says Mr. Burr, "I have remarked regular strata of a coarse, gritty, calcareous sandstone, which is sometimes so fragile as to

* Dr. Forekhammer, a celebrated Danish geologist, with whom we had an opportunity of conversing on this subject, mentioned to us the curious fact that the island of Bornholm has risen very considerably during the historical period, and is rising at the rate of about *one foot in a century*. About the year A.D. 900, according to the testimony of antiquarian writers, it was the custom to bury Christians on the sea beach at high water mark, and their graves were protected by a ring of stones. These graves are now very considerably distant from the beach, and from this fact Dr. Forekhammer calculates when the beach was formed, and consequently the rate at which it has been elevated.

† This polype belongs to the section *Helianthoida*, of the radiated polypes or *Anthozoa* of Ehrenberg. It includes the *Actinia* or animal flowers which have not the power of secreting calcareous matter.

of these reefs, associated with encircled islets and true lagoons, runs for nearly 1000 miles parallel to the coast, and "is the grandest and most extraordinary coral formation in the world." The island of New Caledonia presents an intermediate form of reef between the encircling and the barrier reef, and consists of a double line stretching 140 miles beyond the island. The lagoon is a cup-shaped mass of coral, and is an island consisting only of a circular coral reef, whose diameter varies from a quarter of a mile to fifty or sixty miles. These coral formations abound in the Indian and Pacific Oceans,—the islands in the Pacific alone extending along a line upwards of 4000 miles in length.

Now the little insects, the lamelliform coral builders, by which these vast formations have been elaborated, cannot work beneath a certain depth in the sea.* This depth, according to Darwin, is that of the lowest water spring tides, so that naturalists were perplexed beyond measure to explain how the coral banks could have been formed at such great depths in the ocean. A theory, however, of some kind or other is soon found for every difficulty, and it was therefore conjectured and believed that the coral insects constructed their habitation, or rather their mausoleum, on the margin of the circular crater of submarine volcanoes, long since extinct. This bold hypothesis rendered it necessary that the whole Pacific and Indian Ocean should have been covered with submarine volcanoes, and these, too, of an enormous size, and a sinuous outline totally unlike any other known

fall to pieces between the fingers. There are also groups of shrubs and bushes of a similar composition, and equally fragile with the sandstone just described. These are almost invariably hollow. I have examined some of them; in the inside, they had every appearance of being casts of trees—there being in the interior of the tubes all the marks which exist on the exterior of shrubs growing in the neighborhood. From this I am led to infer that they were formed by an accumulation of drift sand containing calcareous matter, or amid living shrubberies. The shrubs thus enveloped died, and the dead wood absorbed the moisture in the surrounding sand, which, with the calcareous matter, would form a paste around the seat of moisture. This, as the mass became dry, would consolidate and form those shrubs such as are now seen. By some eddy, the loose sand which covered these stone forests, and which had been deprived of cement by the formation of them, has been carried to other spots, leaving those portions which were consolidated, and therefore no longer the prey of every blast of wind."

* Mr. Darwin states, that beyond twelve fathoms, the bottom of the lagoons generally consists of calcareous sand or of masses of dead coral rock.

volcanoes, ancient or modern. It required, also, that these countless volcanoes should have raised their heads just to that precise altitude, which would allow the coral builders to carry on their profession,—a supposition too absurd to be admitted.

With these difficulties in view, Mr. Darwin endeavors to account for the different kinds of coral formations, by supposing that the bottom of the ocean in which they exist has been *gradually* sinking or subsiding. There is a class of reefs called "fringing reefs," which extend to such a short distance from the shore, that there is no difficulty in understanding how they grow. Now, let us suppose that an island with this fringing reef is gradually subsiding, from the action of subterranean causes, the coral reef descends with the island, and would soon disappear, did not the calcareous polypi carry on their work, and raise the walls to the level of the water. The reef, therefore, rises while the land sinks. Each submerged inch of land is unreclaimably lost; the water gains foot by foot on the shore, till the last and highest ridge or mountain peak is submerged. In this manner is formed the lagoon, or circular island reef, which will extend as deeply beneath the surface of the ocean as the island has sunk. In order to remove the apparent objection to this theory, that the subsidence of an island would form a disc of coral, and not a cup-shaped mass or lagoon, Mr. Darwin shows that the corals which grow in tranquil water, or within the reef, are very different from those that grow outside, and are less effective, and that, in proportion as the basin becomes shallow, they are liable to the various causes of injury. Notwithstanding this, the lagoon is continually filling up to the height of lowest water spring-tides, and it long remains in that state, as no means exist to complete the work. By the same process in which an encircling reef must be first formed, and then a lagoon, a reef skirting a shore would, by the subsidence of the sea-beach, be converted into a barren reef parallel to the mainland, and at some distance from it.

But while islands are thus subsiding in one part of the ocean, they are rising in another, as in many wide tracts in the East and West Indies and in the Red Sea, where there are no Lagoon Islands. In these islands of elevation, uplifted shells of coral rocks are found, rising in terraces as we advance into the interior, and sometimes forming the highest summits in the

island. In order to confirm these views, Mr. Darwin points out the great probability of a general subsidence in the Pacific, and he states that, within the lagoon of Keeling Island, proofs of subsidence may be deduced from many falling trees, and from a ruined storehouse, and that these movements seem to take place at the time of severe earthquakes which affect the island of Sumatra, six hundred miles distant. As there are undoubted proofs that Sumatra is rising, he infers that, as Sumatra rises, the other end of the lever descends—Keeling Island thus subsiding, and acting as an index of the ascending movement of the bottom of the Indian Ocean. At Vanikoro, too, where recent subsidence is indicated by its structure, violent earthquakes are known to have occurred.

After pointing out the areas of subsidence and elevation in the Southern Ocean, which our readers will find laid down in a map by Dr. Nichol,* Mr. Darwin has deduced from his inquiries the following results:—

1st, That linear spaces of great extent are undergoing movements of an astonishing uniformity, and that the bands of elevation and subsidence alternate.

2d, That the points of eruption (volcanoes, &c.) all fall upon the areas of elevation.

3d, That certain coral formations acting as monuments over subsided land, the geo-

graphical distribution of organic beings is elucidated by the discovery of former centres, from which the germs could be disseminated; and

4th, That when we behold more than half of our globe divided into symmetrical areas, which, within a limited time, have undergone certain known movements, we obtain some insight into the system by which the crust of the globe has been modified during its long cycles of change.

But while we derive this important information from the labors of almost microscopic insects, we cannot but express our astonishment at the vast and permanent additions which they have made to the solid fabric of the globe. Were we to unite into one mass the immense coral reefs, 700 miles long, and the numberless coral islands, some of which are 40 or 50 miles in diameter, and if we add to these all the coralline limestone and the other formations, whether calcareous or siliceous, that are the works of insect labor, we should have an accumulation of solid matter which would compose a planet or a satellite,—at least one of the smaller planets, between Mars and Jupiter. And if such a planet could be so constructed, may we not conceive, that the solid materials of a whole system of worlds might have been framed by the tiny but long-continued labors of beings that are invisible! Compared with the edifices of coral life, how contemptible in magnitude are those of man, even when despotic power has combined the labors of thousands of its slaves. His gigantic monuments—his colossal temples,—structures which time even reduces to their elements, stand in humiliating contrast with the mountain pyramids of insects, which have reared their subterranean palaces where Neptune reigns. While man tramples under foot, and crushes at every step he takes, myriads of those helpless laborers, the day of retribution arrives, when his war-ship, with its thousand inmates, fortified by ribs of oak and bars of iron, is shivered into atoms against the coral breakwaters of the deep.

Although the map of which we have spoken exhibits only the changes in the earth and ocean beds in the southern regions, and even there only in particular localities, yet it is equally true that great revolutions of subsidence and elevation have taken place over the whole surface of the globe, and though not indicated by coral reefs and islands, they are displayed in geological

* The following are the leading facts indicated by this Map:—The West India Islands, the west coast of South America, and the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, extending from the American coast to the Sandwich Islands, and including them, constitutes an area of elevation. This area is succeeded by an area of subsidence, including all the rest of the Pacific Ocean and its islands, and also all Australia. This, again, is followed by an extensive area of elevation, including, at its remotest part, Ceylon and all the Indian Islands to the east of it, Sumatra, Borneo, the Philippine Islands, the Ladrões, &c. Within a curved boundary of this area, in the Chinese Sea, north of Borneo, there is an area of subsidence. To the west of Ceylon, a large portion of the Indian Ocean, including the Maldiva Islands and those to the south of them, and the Egmont Isles forms an area of subsidence, extending probably through Keeling Island (east long. 198° 45', and south lat. 11°) to the Australian coast. Again, the eastern coast of Africa, including Madagascar, the Mauritius, and all the adjacent islands south of the Equator, and to the west of the 59th parallel of east longitude, form an area of elevation. The north and south extremities of the Red Sea have experienced an elevation, while the middle part of it has subsided. The general elevation of the Red Sea may have formed a part of the Madagascar area, the subsidence of its middle being produced probably by elevations to the east or west of it.

formations, which attest not only their existence, but their repetition. When Cuvier was exploring along with Brongniart, the formations which lie above the chalk bed in the vicinity of Paris, he encountered phenomena which he had in vain striven to explain. On a subsequent occasion, in company with his friend at Fontainebleau, he suddenly exclaimed, "*J'ai trouvé le nœud de l'affaire.*" "*Et quel est il ?*" said Brongniart. "*C'est qu'il y a des terrains marins et des terrains d'eau douce,*" replied Cuvier, that is, the phenomena which have perplexed us are produced by successive alternations of fresh and salt water deposits, a fact which places it beyond a doubt, not only that alternate subsidences and elevations have taken place, but that after the formations that were deposited at the bottom of the sea had been elevated, they were covered with fresh water which deposited strata of a different kind, and that these new strata were afterwards covered by the ocean, and again raised to their present level.

Dr. Nichol has illustrated this grand truth by the geological structure of the south-eastern counties of England, where a fresh-water formation is interposed between two formations of salt water, the uppermost of which is the chalk formation, which has been subsequently upheaved by some stupendous revolution, so as to form the grand chalk cliffs on the coasts of France and Britain, in which the rent forming the English Channel has been subsequently excavated, probably, during the historic period.

But independent of this class of phenomena, there are others equally unequivocal, which have led geologists to establish successive epochs in the physical history of the earth,—to determine even, though in a rude calendar, the ages of the different mountain groups which have at different periods been elevated by subterranean power. Dr. Nichol has illustrated this great fact, which we owe to M. Elie de Beaumont, by this geologist's sections of the different strata which lie at the base or cover the flanks of the different mountain chains in the old and new world. Though debarred from the use of diagrams, we hope to be able to make our readers understand this important truth. Let us suppose a certain number of horizontal strata or beds, whose relative order of deposition is marked by the numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., and let us also suppose that a mass of melted rocks is protruded through these strata upwards by a subterranean force, then it is obvious that this melted

mass will rise in the form of a rounded cone or hill, breaking through the strata, and bearing the uplifted portions of them upon its sloping sides. If the strata lifted up into an oblique position are Nos. 1, 2, and 3, it is manifest that the mountain must be of more recent origin than the strata Nos. 1, 2, and 3. But above the edges of these elevated strata, and in contact with them, there are other horizontal beds which have never been disturbed, namely, Nos. 4 and 5, and therefore it is equally certain that these strata are of more recent formation than the mountain. Now, it has been clearly proved by geologists, that the sedimentary rocks extended over large tracts of country, and that even when found separate they have the *chronological equivalents*, or rocks of the same age, as displayed not only by the identity of their mineral character, and their similarity of position, but also by the similarity of their fossil remains. Hence they are able not only to compare the age of one mountain with the relative age of the strata at its base, but also to discover the relative age of the different mountains on our globe.

The interesting information which Elie de Beaumont's chart exhibits to the eye, may be drawn from the following tabular view of it. The following are the different sedimentary strata which it contains:—

- No. 1. Primitive formation.
2. Transition formation.
3. Coal formation.
4. Vosges Sandstone, or (New Red.)
5. Bunter Sandstein, Muschel Kalk
Keuper, (Triassic system.)
6. Jura Chalk, (Oolitic Limestone.)
6. Greensand and Chalk.
8. Lower tertiary formation.
9. Upper tertiary formation.
10. Ancient alluvial land.
11. Recent alluvial land.

SYSTEMS OF MOUNTAIN CHAINS ACCORDING TO THEIR AGE.*

1. *System of Westmoreland and the Hunsrück.*—This system includes the slate rocks of Westmoreland, the southern chain

* Systems I. and III. are not represented in Elie de Beaumont's chart, nor referred to by Dr. Nichol. As Dr. Nichol has not entered into any details on the subject of that system, but has left his map to speak for itself, which it does very articulately, we have thought it necessary to give a full notice of the system from the author's own Memoir, that the general reader who has studied Dr. Nichol's work, may enter more fully into the subject.

of Scotland from St. Abb's head to the Mull of Galloway, the grauwacke chains of the Isle of Man, the state ranges of Anglesea, the principal grauwacke chains of Wales and Cornwall, the grauwacke and slate beds of Eifel, Hunsrück, and Nassau, and parts of the Vosges. All these mountains have nearly the same direction of N.E. by E. and S.W. by W., and this parallelism, not only of the chains, but in the bearing of their strata, is regarded as not accidental, but as characteristic of the mountain chains of the same age.

The mountains of this system have been raised before the deposition of No. 3, the coal measures. The Westmoreland series abut against these measures, and at the foot of the German mountains are deposited the coal measures of Belgium and Saarbüch.

II. *System of the Ballons (Vosges) and of the hills of the Bocage in Calvados.*—In the first system it is only proved that the slates were raised before the deposition of the coal measures, but it appears that there has been an elevation of strata before the deposition of the more recent transition rocks, so that these last have not been raised in a N.E. and S.W. direction, but, on the contrary, were formed on upheaved beds of the former.

III. *System of the North of England.*—This system consists of the north and south range of the great carboniferous chain of the north of England, extending from Derby to Scotland in a direction a little to the N.N.W., and is supposed to have been produced immediately previous to the deposit of the red conglomerate.

IV. *System of the Netherlands and South Wales.*—This system is the great east and west range, extending for 400 miles from the vicinity of Aix la Chapelle, to the small isles of St. Bride's bay, Pembrokeshire. The elevation of the beds composing this system, which nowhere rise to a great height, are considered to be anterior to the deposition of the magnesian conglomerate of Bristol, and the *gres de Vosges*. The beds of the (new) red sand-stone series which rest on this district, are not so ancient as the red conglomerate of the third system.

V. *System of the Rhine.*—This system first grouped under this name by Von Buch, consists of the Vosges and the Swartwald, which are parallel ranges between which the Rhine flows from Bâle to Mayence. They are formed principally of beds of the *gres de Vosges*, and seem due to great fractures nearly S. 15° W. and N. 15° E. The

epoch of this disturbance has preceded the depositions of all the beds that extend from one ridge or cliff to the other forming the basin of Alsace. The rocks are the red of variegated sandstone, the mussel chalk, and the variegated marls, (*marnes irisées*).

VI. *System of the S.W. coast of Brittany, and of La Vendée of Morvan, and the Bohmerwaldgebirge and of the Thuringerwald.*—This system stretches in the direction N.W. and S.E., and while the beds of the red and the variegated marl, as well as the more ancient rocks, have been thrown out of their original positions, the Oolitic series, embracing the lias, and its inferior sandstone, have remained undisturbed where they were originally deposited, namely, in an assemblage of seas and gulfs which marks out the winding of the various systems and mountains composing the system.

VII. *System of the Pylas, the Cote d'Or, and of the Erzgebirge.*—This system, including the Cevennes and a portion of the Jura chain, consists of many longitudinal ridges and furrows, in the direction N.E. and S.W. nearly parallel, and never rising into mountains of the first order. In this group, the strata are disturbed up to the Oolitic rocks, inclusive, while the cretaceous series (green sand and chalk) were subsequently deposited. M. de Beaumont states, that as the inclined strata are shattered and contorted, the action of upheaval must have been brief and violent, and that the epoch of elevation was followed by an immediate change in many of the forms of organic life, Ben Nevis, Snowdon, and the Ord of Caithness, have been placed under this system.

VIII.* *System of Monte Viso.*—The French Alps and the S.W. extremity of the Jura, form a series of crests and dislocations in a N.N.W. direction, in which the green sand and chalk and the slate beds of the Wealden formation are upheaved as well as the Oolitic series. The pyramid of primitive rocks composing Monte Viso is traversed by enormous faults, which belong to this system of fractures. The Eastern crests of the Devolny, consisting of the most ancient beds of the green sand and chalk system, have been thrown up to the height of 4700 feet. At the foot of these enormous escarpments, there have been hori-

* The system is not given in Elie de Beaumont's chart. In that chart, the system of the Pyrenees, &c., is No. III., and that of Corsica and Sardinia, No. IX., so that he must have placed that of Monte Viso after these two as No. X., which is not represented in the chart.

zontally deposited 2000 feet lower down near the Col de Bayard "those upper beds of the cretaceous system, which are distinguished from the rest by the presence of *Nummulites*, *Cerithia*, *Ampullaria*, and the genera of which were long considered as not extending deeper in the series than the tertiary rocks. Thus it was between the two portions of that which is commonly termed the series of the Wealden formation, green sand and chalk, that the beds of the Monte Viso system were upraised."

IX. *Pyreneo-Appennine System*.—"This system includes," says M. Elie de Beaumont, "the whole chain of the Pyrenees, the northern and some other ridges of the Appennines, the calcareous chain to the N.E. of the Adriatic, those of the Morea, nearly the whole Carpathian chain, and a great series of inequalities continued from that chain through the N.E. escarpment of the Hartz mountains, to the plains of Northern Germany." All these leading inequalities are nearly parallel, having a direction about N.N.W. and E.S.E. "All the great parallel ridges and chains of this secondary system must have been suddenly and violently elevated, and at a period between the deposition of the chalk and the commencement of the tertiary groups. The upheaved strata are often lifted up to the very pinnacles of the mountains, while the tertiary strata are as horizontal as the waters in which they were deposited. "The corresponding change in organic types is, in this instance, still more striking than in the preceding system. The Alleghanies and certain chains in the north of Africa, of Egypt, of Syria, of the Caucasus, and those on the N.E. boundary of Mesopotamia, belong also to this system."

X. *System of the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia*.—"This system is supposed to have been upheaved during the supercretaceous period. From the similarity in the direction of this system to that of Nos. I, II, III, VII, and IX, M. de Beaumont considers them as having succeeded each other in the same order, "leading to the supposition that there has been a *kind of periodical recurrence* of the same, or nearly the same, directions of elevation. Lebanon, Taganai in the Ural, Monte d'Oro, and Monte Rotundo, belong to this system."

XI. *System of the Western Alps*.—"The mean direction of this system is about N. N.E. and S.S.W., and its epoch of upheaving has succeeded the deposition of those recent tertiary beds named *shell y molasse*,

beds contemporaneous with the *fahluns* of Touraine. Under this system, the Cordilleras of the coast of Brazil, the chain of Kiöl in Scandinavia, the chains in Morocco between Cape Tres Furcas and Cape Blanc, and Monte Rosa, have been ranked."

XII. *System of the Principal Chain of the Alps (from the Valais into Austria, comprising, also the Chains of the Ventoux, the Lebaron, and the St. Baume in Provence*.—"This system, stretching E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.E., and W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.W., has been upheaved previous to the dispersion of the erratic blocks, and those gravels called *diluvial*, but which, in the vicinity of the Alps, have been found to be deposited upon other gravels, often of considerable thickness. It seems probable that the volcanic cones of Auvergne have been formed subsequently to the upheaval of this system. Under this system the Sierra Morena, and most of the Spanish chains, the Balkan, the Andes in America, the Himalaya Mountains, Mount Elbruz, and the central trachytic chain of the Caucasus which it crowns, and the Atlas in Africa, have been placed."

Such is a brief notice of twelve great convulsions, in which the Earth's imprisoned lava has, at successive epochs, burst through its horizontal sedimentary strata, and formed the principal mountain chains of our globe.* As geology widens her range of inquiry, and deepens her descent into the bowels of the earth, these epochs may be increased in number and modified in substance; but their existence can no more be questioned than that of the hurricane or the flood, although we see but the forests which they have prostrated, or the harvests they have destroyed. Has the astronomer or the naturalist ever read such a lesson of wisdom to those who live amid these ruins of nature, and are gathering, for their own and not for their Maker's service, the rich spoils of silver and of gold which these very convulsions have thrown into their hands? Has the moralist ever enforced his homily on earth's vanities in language so breathing and so burning as that which lays open the burying vaults where its ancient life has been entombed? Can the Divine match the geologist in expounding the ancient but now intelligible text, that "the depths of

* Our readers will now understand how important is the study of mountain chains, and how valuable are the researches of Baron Humboldt. It is to him, indeed, and to his illustrious friend, Baron von Buch, that we owe much of the information upon which M. Elie de Beaumont has founded his results.

the earth are in His hands," and that "the strength of hills is His?"

But while the mind rests, with a pleasing satisfaction, on these great deductions of philosophy, it yet pants for a fuller and a higher revelation. If the man of clay has been honored with such magnificent apartments, and fed at such a luxurious table, may not his undying and reasoning soul count upon a spiritual palace, and sigh for that intellectual repast at which the Master of the feast is to disclose his secrets. In its rapid and continued expansion, the mind, conscious of its capacity for a higher sphere, feels even now that it is advancing to a goal more distant and more cheering than the tomb. Its energies increase and multiply under the encumbrances of age; and even when man's heart is turning into bone, and

his joints into marble, his mind can soar to its highest flight, and seize with its firmest grasp. Nor do the affections plead less eloquently for a future home. Age is their season of warm and genial emotion. The objects long and fondly clasped to our bosom, have been removed by Him who gives, and who takes what He gives: and lingering in the valley of bleeding and of broken hearts, we yearn for that break of day which is to usher in the eternal morn—for that home in the house of many mansions which is already prepared for us,—for the promised welcome to the threshold of the blest, where we shall meet again the loved and the lost, and devote the eternity of our being to the service of its almighty Author.

From the British Quarterly Review.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY UPON CIVILIZATION.

Poems. By LEHIGH HUNT. *Poems.* By JOHN KEATS. *Songs and Poems.* By BARRY CORNWALL. New Editions. London.

If the amount of genius in any given era could be calculated after the manner of an arithmetical series, we should not hesitate in arriving at the conclusion that it was never greater, in the history of our literature, than at present. The publications prefixed to this article form but a scanty portion of those we might have named, had we regarded them as worthy of such distinction. From the catalogue at our service, a casual observer might imagine, that by those who affirm that the imaginative faculties are in a state of senility, the age had been belied, its spirit had been impugned, and its tendencies entirely misunderstood.

Amidst the strife of politics—the wonders of mechanical invention, which exceed, both in ingenuity and power, the marvels of an Arabian tale and the feats of necromancy—it would not seem unreasonable to suppose that the small still voice of Poetry should be unheard, and that, disgusted with the selfishness and turmoil which she beheld on earth, she had taken her flight, and sought for worshippers in a more genial region. Yet, amidst all this earthliness, it would appear that the pure spirit is still resident amongst us, and that through the

gloom of these "iron times," marks of her radiant footsteps are yet visible. That her track is somewhat indistinct none can deny; but that poetical genius is extinct, or even that it is tending to annihilation, is, as we shall endeavor to prove, very far from the truth. If we had no faith in the progress of humanity and if we did not cherish the full assurance of its arriving at the lofty elevation which prophecy has foretold, and experience goes far to demonstrate,—we should be ready to despair of the future triumphs of genius, and be inclined to adopt the opinion, that with the masterminds of past ages every great effort had been consummated; and we might run the risk of becoming converts to a theory which we deem as pernicious as it is false,—that with the increase of civilization there is a proportional decline in the powers of imagination and fancy, and consequently a decay in poetry and the arts—that nations, like individuals, only once in their history appear in the freshness of youth, and in the bloom of beauty; and, that such a period having once elapsed, their further attempts at originality and vigor are totally ineffectual. But for the reasons we have assigned we are still hopeful. We cannot school

ourselves into the belief, that "hoar antiquity," like the insatiate divinity, is destined to devour its own offspring, or bind to one form the Proteus-like shape of genius. We believe *that* to be too subtle for chains—too ethereal for bonds or fetters. We think this view of the subject may be strengthened if it can be shown by a reference to the past, that the noblest productions of the imagination, and the brightest miracles of art, were invariably the result of the highest civilization of which the age was capable in which such productions appeared. If it were otherwise, if ignorance were favorable to art, where should we look with greater hope for its displays, than among the rudest tribes of men, and the most uncivilized of nations. Epic poems ought to be found as rife as summer-fruits, amidst the retiring glens and sombre forests of New Zealand, or the thirsty wildernesses of Australia. Timbuctoo should rival Athens; and the magnificence of Rome should be eclipsed by the splendors of an Indian wigwam.

The only escape from a conclusion so preposterous is by an admission which, in our apprehension, is fatal to the whole theory. It is allowed, that though men reasoned more correctly in the days of Elizabeth than in the times of Hengist, yet, during the times of the imperious queen, they wrote better poetry; but, while poetry itself was improving, the poetical faculty was in a state of decay. Imagination was more powerful in Alfred than in Shakspeare, though its manifestations were less skilful. In the former, Nature was predominant; in the latter, Art. The whole merit of the immortal dramatist lay in the adroitness with which he managed his tools—the craft with which he built up his materials. Alfred is the more original genius, Shakspeare the greater artist. The imagination displayed in "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the "Tempest," is inferior to that which blazes forth in the black-letter fragments of the patriot king.

Poetry in this sense is not regarded as the pure exercise of the imaginative faculty, but as the result of mechanical dexterity; by means of which edifices of rare beauty and imposing grandeur are erected so cunningly as to conceal the meanness of the materials out of which they are constructed. The very admission is conclusive against the theory. If knowledge be necessary to skilful arrangement of thought, and dignity

and clearness of expression; if the language of a country must have reached a high state of perfection before the bard can hope for the successful application of his art—does it not inevitably follow that civilization is not only favorable but essential to the grandest efforts of genius? The theory to which we allude takes for granted that poetry is an object of faith, not of reason—that men must become, once more, children, ere they can sympathize with its creations—that judgment or questioning is fatal to it—and that the exercise of the understanding is the death-blow to its advancement. But to our task:

If we adopt the opinion that Homer was really the author of the "Iliad," we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that this great poem is the production of a mind stored with all the learning and knowledge of an age highly advanced in refinement. If we had no other proof than the exquisite language in which the poet's imaginings are embodied, this, we conceive, would be confirmation strong enough to the unprejudiced, that the people who used such a polished instrument for the expression of thought and feeling, had progressed far beyond rudeness.

That art had reached to a comparatively high pitch is evident from the descriptions of the poet. Who can contemplate the single instance to which we would allude—one example among hundreds which might be quoted—we mean the graphic and picturesque and glowing delineation of the shield of Achilles, without arriving at this conclusion? Nor is this all. Mere incidental expressions—epithets which, from their frequency, amount in Homer almost to common-places—delineations of character—moral reflections on the nature of man, and the uncertainty of life—dissertations on fate and free-will—go to show very clearly that society in the Homeric times had nearly reached that culminating point which, without the guiding light of revelation and the progressive spirit of Christianity, it was destined never to surpass. It will not, we think, be disputed, that the learning and the philosophy of Egypt, the arts and the commercial enterprise of Phœnicia, were known to the inhabitants of Ionia in the times of Homer. His great poem furnishes indisputable proof of this; and we are aware of nothing which can militate against the opinion, that this illustrious genius was the product of an age of the highest culture, preceded by gene

rations of gradually increasing civilization.

The *Iliad*, therefore, affords the first proof that a period of great refinement is not inimical to the successful exercise of the imaginative faculty.

But upon this point our proofs are cumulative. The whole literary history of antiquity, almost without exception, is corroborative of our theory. In the ruder ages of Greece, both tragedy and comedy—(if mere “extemporal diversions,” neither written, nor published, nor preserved, are entitled to the appellation)—were of the simplest kind, only choruses of men and women singing their extemporaneous songs, as Maximus Tyrius informs us, through their several districts. But with advancing civilization, Thespis arose, who may properly be termed “the day-star of the drama.”

It is questioned by some, whether any of his rude and irregular compositions were ever committed to writing; though his graphic representations, like the songs of the more ancient rhapsodists, may have been preserved in the memories and imaginations of the sensitive Athenians. By Thespis the genius of Greece was roused. Partinas, Carcinus, and Phrynichus successively followed him, and led the way towards the sublime grandeur of *Æschylus*.

The Greeks, glowing with patriotism, and hence with the love of country, with irresistible might swept the Persian from their native soil, and saved it from the contamination of despotism. The effect was electric. The mind of a whole people was propelled in an onward direction, with a rapidity and a power of which the history of the world affords no other example. Athens, as if by some magic influence, rose from her ashes into beauty and splendor. The arts found an asylum within her walls. The muses made the gorgeous city their favored home. The heights of Helicon were deserted for the banks of the Ilissus: and dubious oracles no longer pealed from the temple of the Delian god, but flowed in serene wisdom from the lips of philosophers, in the groves of *Academy*, or beneath the galleries of the porch.

At such a crisis, in such an era almost without a parallel for refinement in the history of antiquity, the most sublime of the Greek dramatists appeared.

In *Æschylus* the imaginative faculty, so far from being oppressed by the so-called effeminating influences with which he was surrounded, seems to have gathered strength from their ameliorating tendency.

Standing on the glittering summit of an age so brilliant, his mighty genius precipitated itself into the dark and dreary abyss of a past world, and returning like the fallen angel from his successful flight, he dragged before the eyes of his astonished audience the super-human beings of a lost universe, the heaven-defying Titans—proud, gigantic, fierce, indomitable.

The very obscurity of the style of this great writer has frequently appeared to us as the effect of consummate art. His personages are more than mortal, they belong to the most powerful of the ancient race of gods, and the laboring fancy of the poet strove to clothe them with a mightier drapery, and gave their thoughts a deeper meaning than degenerate man could effect, or human utterance could furnish.

His defects—for what work of mere art is perfect?—are those of his age;—he stood between two eras, and was to a certain extent subject to the influences of both. His poetry embodies the strength and rudeness of the one, and the brilliancy, though not with the refinement of the other.

The tide, though nearly at the full, had not yet reached its highest mark; a more fortunate genius, who was silently borne along its waters, was destined to gain that eminent position, and to experience the happiest influences of his age.

Sophocles, if not the contemporary, at least the immediate successor of *Æschylus*, is without doubt the greatest and most perfect of the ancient dramatists.

The whole history of this poet reminds us of a fable. It seems as if the fairies, and the fortunate deities had presided at his birth, hung over his cradle, endowed him with every excellence, and promised him every talent that should lead to eminence, and render life long, and prosperous, and happy.

The scion of a noble and wealthy house, his education was the completest of his times. Born at a period when art was super-eminent, and philosophy possessed its greatest masters—he had every advantage which that brilliant state of which he was a citizen could furnish. His genius, which was naturally sublime, was refined by the most cultivated taste—his style is severely correct, his characterisation natural, and the construction of his plots simple and ingenious. In the writings of this great poet, the plastic art of dramatic composition runs parallel with that of painting and sculpture.

Xeuxes and Phidias seemed to have excited to noble rivalry the muse of Sophocles, and while the works of these masters have perished, or are left to us only in fragments the immortal verses of the bard remain, to tell posterity how excellent were the productions of his renowned contemporaries.

Sophocles was the exponent of the cultivation of his age—the highest development of which it was susceptible. With Euripides both the virtue and the genius of Athens began to decline. A period of senility—a second age of ignorance, was about to commence. The great cycle so remarkable in all the states of the ancient world, as far as regarded Athens, was accomplished, and she too must submit to the stern law of decadence. The conservative, the progressive influence of Christianity, she never felt, and the grand element of regeneration being absent or unknown, her fall was rapid—her resuscitation impossible.

If we carefully examine the whole literary career of Greece, whether we regard her poetry, her philosophy, or her art, we cannot fail to discover that her greatest excellence in each and all of these departments runs parallel with her highest stage of refinement. Her lyric poetry forms no exception to this. The graceful strains of Anacreon—the sensuous and burning passion of Sappho—the sublime soarings of Pindar, are all the products of a cultivated period.

The literature of the Romans was entirely imitative. They never aimed at originality. Their earliest poetry, the *Fabulæ Attilanæ*, a species of bantering comedy, was common to them with every nation in a state of rudeness. It was a sturdy stock, but no healthful or wide-spreading branches sprung from it. The ballads of the ancient Romans, if they possessed any, were apparently of little value. They may have laid the groundwork of fabulous history, but they never sank deep enough into the minds of the people to induce their preservation, or to influence the literary men of those days to collect and arrange the scattered relics.

The love of power among the ancient Romans, left no place for the love of song. A nation always in the field had neither leisure nor opportunity to cultivate the arts of peace. The pomp of a triumph had greater charms in their eyes than the poet's crown and the grateful acclamations of an enlightened people. So much for their ear-

ly history. But at last the world was conquered, and Rome, satiated with victory, and overladen with the plunder of a hundred kingdoms, required excitement. The Euphrates and the Rhine, the deserts of Numidia, and the mountains of Caledonia, were too remote, as theatres of action, to rouse the tyrants of mankind from their terrible repose. The period of forming a national literature was, however, past. Rome was the common receptacle of all nations; and thus, while her empire was established, her nationality was lost. Yet she had reached the period of her greatest refinement, the acmé of her civilization, before her great, if not her original, poets appeared.

The transcendent merits of Virgil and Horace are so generally acknowledged, their influence on the taste, the manners, the education of the most enlightened nations of modern times, is at this day so universally felt, that the most glowing eulogiums on their merits, if we were to offer them, would be perhaps properly regarded as mere commonplaces. If, however, the cultivation of the intellectual powers be inimical to the efforts of the imagination, the history of Roman literature forms a remarkable exception to the rule; since the most philosophic of their poets is by far the most imaginative, and approaches nearer to the character of an original writer than any other that Rome has produced. After these remarks we need hardly mention the name of Lucretius. Every scholar knows, that for grandeur and elevation of thought, majesty of diction, intense love of nature, and picturesque description, this writer has scarcely an equal among the poets of antiquity. The subject which he has chosen is unfortunate, and greatly at variance with the character of poetry; but in his hands it becomes flexible. He moulds with ease its most untractable parts into forms of grace and beauty, and throws over the whole a pomp and splendor of language, and a brightness of coloring, which mark a genius of the very first order.

Along with the decline of Roman virtue, and the progress of despotism, the literature of the times naturally deteriorated. With Juvenal, the great satirist of antiquity, the poetical glories of Rome may be said to have expired. Yet though we admire the bold, and fiery, and indignant declamation of the poet, we cannot but perceive that in what constitutes the true elements of his art he is deficient. His ex-

posure of the enormous vices of the times, though they strike with horror, fail to improve. To learn the lessons of purity we are introduced into a brothel; and that we may detest the cruelty of imperial monsters, we are presented with the spectacle of mangled carcasses, and arenas saturated with the blood of murdered victims.

The poet partook of the spirit of the age. If he possessed strength, he had neither taste nor judgment to rise above its influences, and his works resemble a lurid light on the verge of a stormy horizon, the harbinger of gloom, and tempest, and utter darkness. We therefore think it beyond dispute that the appearance of Rome's greatest poets was coeval with the period of her highest refinement. It matters not that the literature of such a people was borrowed, and not original, or that they claimed the learning of conquered nations as their own, and appropriated the intellectual wealth of the vanquished to their special purposes,—the fact is demonstrable, that during the Augustan age, when Rome's empire was universal, and her civilization most advanced, her genius was most luxuriant, and her imaginative works most perfect.

A period, dreary and barren, succeeded the decline of Roman greatness. Liberty had perished, or was the inheritance of nations far beyond the reach of Rome's insatiable ambition. The genius of freedom, driven from the genial regions of the south, found shelter among the snowy mountains and far-stretching forests of a northern clime, there collecting her strength to renovate mankind, and infuse new vigor into the effete and worn-out frame of the ancient world. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the period which elapsed between the sixth and eighth centuries, in Europe, was one of total darkness. Along with the fall of the western empire there was a new element infused into society, which in its nature was essentially progressive. This was destined to give vitality to its institutions, and breadth, and depth, and refinement, and originality to its literature.

Christianity, the true regenerating principle of the world, was that element; and its ameliorating influences soon became manifest. Contemporaneously with the Crusades, the poetry of the Provençals bloomed forth in the richest luxuriance—a literature of itself, novel, fresh, original—the proper elements of which were ardent

feeling, glowing love, heroic valor, and melting tenderness; a combination of qualities which at once marked it as the offspring of a principle entirely alien to the lyrical effusions of antiquity. This was the heroic age of the modern world. During its short, though energetic existence, the materials were collected and the foundations laid of those structures of romantic beauty and inimitable gracefulness which were to point “their pinnacles heavenward,” and bear upon their fronts the impress of immortality in a more refined and a more intellectual age. Hitherto the learning of Europe was confined to a dead language, and its spirit evaporated in servile imitations. The vital principle escaped, while the laborious fabricator was connecting the disjointed members of his rigid forms. His efforts ended in vain attempts to unite the dead with the living. The burning ardor of populations, young and vigorous, could not suffer the restraint, and finding no way of escape, no vent to their feelings through a general literature, they roused themselves into the frenzy of religious zeal, and, with the force of an avalanche, precipitated their myriads upon astonished Asia. The result, though calamitous to the invaders, was beneficial to mankind. It gave a quickening impulse to all Europe, and with the return of the Crusaders, a degree of refinement was introduced, which, running through all its manifestations, especially that of chivalry, ended in the production of a Dante, a Petrarch, a Boccaccio and a Chaucer.

It would be incorrect to say that the great Florentine was the product of a barbarous age. The Italian triumvirate we have mentioned, embraced the entire humanity of a cycle, which may be regarded as the first in the history of modern civilization. The sublime, and solemn, and daring mind of Dante, though deeply imbued with a love and veneration for classical antiquity, was too strongly tinctured with the spirit of that age to bend to a foreign yoke. The poet, it is true, claimed, and we think justly, the rich treasures of the past as a common inheritance, but he stamped them with the impress of his own genius. Of all modern writers he is the most original. His transcendent poem stands like some lofty rock amid the solitary ocean, its base dashed by the dark and sullen waters, its centre encircled with clouds of purple and gold, and its summits towering far into the blue empyrean, radiant with eternal

splendor! Dante was the exponent of the concentrated learning and refinement of his era, the type of the highest cultivation of which it was susceptible. The same may be pronounced of Petrarch and Boccaccio.

After these writers, a long century of apparent lethargy intervened, till the appearance of Tasso and Ariosto gave evidence that the quickening element was still present, and that progression was henceforward to be the destiny of our race. From Italy we might pass to Spain, and trace a like advancement in the literature of that country, till it arrived at superlative excellence in the creations of Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, and Calderon; the last mentioned poet being the apex of an era which for learning and philosophy has not since been approached in the history of Spain.

Nor will the sister country form an exception. Camoens sung when Portugal excelled in enterprise and empire, and the "*Lusiad*" forms an enduring monument of the learning and civilization of that country during the times of its illustrious author.

If for a moment we pause in our course, and compare the poetry of antiquity with that of the moderns, we shall at once perceive in what the difference consists.

No people were more devoted to their country, or more wedded to their institutions, than the Greeks. Their self-love was unbounded. They regarded every other people with scorn. They imagined that no excellence could exist beyond the beautiful region of which they were the possessors. On this point their sentiments were more nearly allied to the inhabitants of Serica, than to the large-minded liberality of the Caucasian race. To strengthen this prejudice, they resorted to fable and fancy. They inculcated the belief that they were the original natives of the soil, that they sprung from its bosom, and were pre-eminently the favorites of the gods. Yet, with all this, their poetry is less national than it is universal. It has more breadth than depth. It is ideality materialized. It is enamored of repose; and if at times it betrays emotion, as we find in some of the dramatic pieces of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, it is of so gigantic—we had almost said so unnatural a cast, as to defeat the purpose of the poet, by failing to excite the sympathy of the reader. Moreover, the poetry of the Greeks is peculiarly sensuous. For this it is easy to account.

The picturesque beauty of the territory in which they resided—the almost perpetual

splendor of their climate—the glittering seas that bathed their bold and varied shores, and murmured around "their purple isles"—the lofty mountains—the deep glens and long withdrawing valleys—the olive-crowned hills—the time-hallowed fountains—and the tumbling cascades which perpetually met their sight as they looked from the *Acropolis*, or gazed from the summit of the flowery *Hymettus*—impressed their imaginations with a sense of beauty which transferred itself spontaneously to their works of art, and led them to the belief that within this "visible diurnal round" perfection was attainable. Hence invention was stimulated—the canvas glowed, and the marble breathed—the gods in ideal forms dwelt with men: and whether they lined the walls, or dignified the temples, they continually presented to the inhabitants of Athens, beauty of shape and a matchless excellence of execution.

But all this was of the earth. It never rose into a purer atmosphere. The soul, deprived of its proper aliment, hungered after unnatural sustenance, and a mythology, sprightly, elegant, varied, and graceful, exhibiting the power, if not the tenderness of human passion, sprung into existence. But even this was bound and fettered by an irresistible Fate, mightier than the Gods themselves, which, lying at the foundation of their religious creed, tended to weaken that sentiment of perfect freedom which forms the basis of genuine nationality. Indeed, the whole history of the Greeks manifests a selfishness which in so refined a people seems extraordinary. The home feelings, the genuine source of every pure affection and patriotic aspiration, were unknown to them, and the most sacred connection was regarded merely as a matter of expediency—a means of supplying the state with citizens. This proved fatal to the purity and pathos of their amatory poetry, which the genius of *Anacreon*, and the passion of *Sappho*, could not raise above the pleasures of the debauch, or the sensuality of the harem.

Though the circumstances in which the Romans were placed were different, the effect was even more fatal to the development of a national literature. When their greatest writers appeared, Rome had become almost universal in her dominion. Her empire, with an iron sway, extended from east to west, and from north to south, over the whole of the known world. The metropolis was regarded as the common recep-

tacle of the basest of mankind. Every vestige of liberty was nearly obliterated. Patriotism had expired, and hence the only traces of nationality that appear in their grandest work of imagination are as faint and indistinct as the distant limits of their vast empire.

On turning to the productions of the moderns, the aspect is entirely changed. Here we perceive a national spirit intensely developed. We observe works of art fulfilling the whole conditions of humanity. The breaking up of the Roman empire, though it aided this feeling, did not give birth to it. The purifying influences of religion [operating upon the most generous principles of human nature, were the cause of this change. This is evinced in a remarkable manner in the greatest efforts of modern genius. It imbues the writings of nearly all the early poets. This spirit of nationality is the peculiar characteristic of what has been termed the romantic school, and we feel gratified in thinking that in the literature of no nation is it more strikingly manifested than that of England. From Chaucer to Burns, through the works of our most illustrious writers, it flows like a living stream, rendering the imaginative products of our own country the richest and the most varied of modern times.

If Chaucer was not the first writer of poetry in our vernacular tongue, he was, at least, the first great poet. He was the expressive index of the collected intelligence of his age. Courtier, statesman, scholar, he appears as the prototype of Milton, and excels as much in that branch of his art which he cultivated, as the sublime author of "Paradise Lost" does, in his more lofty and transcendent flights. The great merit of Chaucer consists in his infantine, his Homeric simplicity, and his truly dramatic delineations. He is perhaps the most picturesque poet we possess. His paintings are fresh, glittering, and off-hand, done to the life. Not with elaborate strokes of art, but with a few bold and happy touches, the full character stands before us distinct, speaking, unmistakeable. The sphere in which he moves is not ample, but within "that narrow round" how much has he effected? He has left us a picture-gallery, which for truth, nature, and real excellence, is without a parallel in the whole range of modern literature. His love of nature resembles "an intoxication of spirit." His morning sketches are bright with perpetual sunshine; his flowers are

always in bloom, fragrant with odoriferous perfumes, and gemmed with sparkling dew-drops. He revels in an everlasting spring, which is cheered with the singing of "small birdes," and rendered delightful by sights and sounds, the impressive indications of rural happiness.

From Chaucer, through a period of sterility, we come to Spenser, the most luxuriant of all the sweet singers we can claim. In this poet the chivalrous spirit has found its noblest expositor. He may justly be styled the prince of allegorical painting. He is especially the favorite of the truly poetical. No others can relish him. For common minds he is too ethereal. Those who come to the study of his works must approach this great master imbued with a sense of beauty, otherwise they will not feel the power of his sweet and solemn harmony. They must divest themselves of "tangibilities," for a season throw aside the realities of life, to wander through the dim forest with "Una and her milk-white lamb," repose under the shadow of "immemorial trees," and be lulled into balmy slumber by the sound of falling waters. From the exuberance of his fancy and the wealth of his language, he has been the source whence numerous inferior writers have supplied themselves both with imagery and expression.

The stanza which he adopted and to which he has given his name, is in exquisite keeping with the nature of his subject. Its oft-recurring music, and its long and rounded close, fall upon the ear like the distant pealing of an organ, or the soft-swelling notes of an Æolian harp.

But it was not till a great cycle of advancement was terminated, and the destined period fulfilled—till the human mind was freed from priestly thralldom—till philosophy found a truthful expositor—till a new world was discovered—till commerce was extended—till England was placed at the head of the European confederacy, and the collected treasures of antiquity were laid open, that a genius arose, who at once appropriated the rich inheritance, and, with the power of an enchanter reared from the accumulated mass a structure so dazzling as to strike with wonder and delight every succeeding generation.

We need hardly add that this magician was the immortal Shakspeare, the sublime exponent of the "spirit of his age." From the tenor of this article our readers will not be surprised that we differ, *toto cælo*,

from those who assert that Shakspeare was as much indebted to his ignorance of classical antiquity, as to his genius, for his success as a dramatic poet. On the contrary, we believe him to have been skilled in all the true learning of his age. He was, we grant, no scholar, in the common acceptation of the term. He could not boast of the technical skill of a professor of languages, nor could he analyze a sentence with the ingenuity of an expert pedagogue. But he possessed that higher knowledge which comprehends the whole scope and nature of a subject, which hardly looks at the intermediate steps, but by a kind of intuitive perception arrives at a conclusion both correct and comprehensive. In a word, we contend that Shakspeare was a hard worker, that he embraced every opportunity which his age presented to compensate the defects of a scanty education.

The singular position in which the poet was placed, appears to us to put the question beyond a doubt. His great contemporaries were all men of learning; so were his predecessors. If he had not possessed a knowledge as extensive, though perhaps not so scholastic as theirs, his genius, universal as it was, would have exerted its powers to little purpose. In vain might the kingly eagle attempt to soar in an exhausted receiver. His power of wing might be equal to the loftiest flights, but without an atmosphere to bear him up, his strugglings would be ineffectual.

Who that peruses any one of his wonderful dramas can doubt that his acquirements embraced all the intelligence of his times. Whether we contemplate the ethereal beauty shown in the *Tempest*; the fairy creations exhibited in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the golden luxury displayed in *Antony and Cleopatra*; the correct historical truth evinced in *Coriolanus*; the stoic virtue, and serene wisdom, and artful eloquence, manifested in *Julius Cæsar*; the pride, the passion, the madness developed in *Lear*; the depth of philosophy discovered in *Hamlet*; the all-absorbing love in *Romeo and Juliet*; the terrible jealousy and rancorous hate in *Othello*; the murderous ambition in *Macbeth*; and the masterly historical delineations in the ten dramas which refer to our own country, can we hesitate to pronounce that the theory is absurd which would attribute these wonderful productions not to the

intelligence but to the ignorance of their author?

The contemporaries of the immortal bard, as we have already hinted, were men whose minds were enriched with the entire knowledge of their age. They were scholars "rare and ripe;" "men of academic breeding," who drank deep at the ancient fountains, yet preserved their separate individualities intact. They were not free from the influence of their times, nor did they desire to be so. They, however, truthfully caught its spirit, and stamped it upon their immortal writings. Conscious of their strength, they relied upon their native resources; and if they borrowed aught from antiquity, they reproduced it in a new shape, and made it entirely their own. They were fancy-free. They seldom deigned to follow models; and if at any time they so far condescended, it was with a freedom so graceful as to look like originality. The influences of their age were favorable to the development of their genius, and they all may be regarded as the culminating luminaries of a period of unusual splendor.

In the age which succeeded, there was a pause in mental progress. Poetry declined. This may be fairly attributed to the political troubles which harassed the nation. Yet during this period the muse was not silent. A tribe of writers who mistook their calling, assumed the title of poets, and turned the musical language of Spenser and Shakspeare into an unmeaning jingle, while they substituted metaphysical conceits for the creations of fancy. The men who might have succeeded the Elizabethan bards, and have been successful followers in their brilliant track, had matters more solemn and weightier to deal with.

Destined to be the representatives of universal freedom through every succeeding age, they found but little leisure to dally with the muses. Yet they were imbued with a fervor and a devotion which partook in a high degree of the poetical character. If the theatre was shut, the place of religious assemblies was open; if the brilliant creations of Shakspeare and the elder dramatists were viewed with devout horror, the songs of Zion and the sublime strains of prophet-bards resounded, night and day, both in the council and the field.

If some have denounced them as enthusiasts, their enthusiasm was expended in a

holy cause. The ardor with which they undertook their mission, and the faithfulness with which they accomplished it, supply the best answer to their calumniators. They were, at once, the loftiest and the lowliest of men. Their devout and reverential study of the Scriptures gave an oriental sublimity to their expressions; and what in others might be thought affectation, in them was only natural. The brightest genius of modern times has done his best to bring them into contempt. But, like giants as they were, they tower above all the malignity that has assailed them. Though their merits are every day being better appreciated, they have not yet received their full reward. Future generations will testify to their worth, and pronounce upon their virtues. Truly their lives were a great epic.

In 1660, the Commonwealth was at an end. Along with the restoration came a tribe of writers who slavishly subjected their thoughts and style to foreign models; who squared their genius with the rules of etiquette, and deemed all writing profane that did not wear a court dress; who, like unnatural parents, were ashamed of their own offspring, and would not dare to repeat the language of Shakspeare, since the sovereign or his paramour had pronounced it vulgar.

Amidst a crew so despicable, there still remained one spirit who stood true to nature and to virtue—a mighty relic of departed greatness, a remnant of that gigantic race who had perished in the revolutionary flood. This master-spirit towered erect above the general ruin.

Poor, old, blind, persecuted, Milton, with an intellect as capacious as it was cultivated—with a mind enriched with all the learning of a learned age, possessing, unimpaired thereby, an imagination perhaps the most sublime ever bestowed upon man, appeared, to redeem his country, if not from the despotism by which its liberties were crushed, at least to free it from subjection to that foreign influence, which was at variance, not only with true taste, but with nature itself.

A philosopher, a politician, a theologian, a Christian, a patriot, in a word, the greatest scholar of his own times, Milton affords us the best example of those principles which we have been endeavoring to illustrate—viz., *That the highest mental culture, and the severest intellectual disci-*

pline, are not unpropitious to the grandest efforts of imagination.

Why dwell on the wonders of the "Paradise Lost?" Why trace the flight of this daring genius through the regions of death, and chaos, and the elder night? Why pursue his sublime track through that terrible abyss whose soil was "burning marle," whose roof was one vast concave of hottest flame, and whose oceans were floods of tossing fire? Why gaze with astonishment on the labors of the infernal hosts, or listen to the sound of angelic harmony, of "harp, and lute, and dulcimer," and behold, rising from the flaming deep, "like a gorgeous exhalation," the palace of Hell's potentate, the star-gemmed Pandemonium? Why, crushed under the weight of so much misery and splendor, bathe our wearied spirits in Elysium, and wander with heavenly guests through the fragrant groves and amaranthine bowers of Paradise, listening to "the song of earliest birds," and the sound of lulling waters, quaffing immortal draughts from cool and sacred fountains, or reposing with the most innocent and the loveliest pair that earth has ever borne upon its bosom, beneath the embowering branches of the tree of life? Why, satiated with "this verdurous beauty," this green repose, re-ascend with the adventurous bard and view "the celestial hierarchies" armed in panoply of adamant and gold, and behold, engaged in angelic sport, the "youth of heaven!" Why call up these visions, seeing that all this, and more than this, has been so often reiterated as to have become the very cant of criticism? Yet no less eloquently than truthfully has it been said, that "To Milton, and to Milton alone, belonged the secrets of the great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of fire, the palaces of the fallen dominions glimmering through the everlasting shade, the silent wilderness of shadow, and verdure, and fragrance, where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers, the portico of diamond, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of cherubim and seraphim blazing with adamant and gold."

From the contemplation of the works of this great poet we rise with hope, we gather strength and confidence as we advance, and we feel assurance in the truth of our assertion, that the most perfect mental discipline is not inimical to the muses, that

civilization is not the antagonist of poetry, and that the imaginative faculties attain their highest development, and reach their greatest excellence, when under the guidance of the most matured judgment.

With the reign of the Second Charles there seemed to occur a pause in the progress of intelligence. A deep gloom overspread not only the political, but the intellectual atmosphere; if genius exerted her powers, it was only fitfully, and her efforts were dedicated to vice, rather than consecrated to virtue. The only poet that can be mentioned after Milton, who, perhaps, might have been his rival, had he flourished in a more portentous era, is Dryden. The necessities of his circumstances, the cry for daily bread, compelled him to imitate the false taste which was then in vogue; but though he followed the vicious models which fashion had set up, it was evidently with constraint; his strong natural genius could not always be coerced, and as often as he forgot the pressure of poverty and followed his own promptings, he rose to the dignity of an original writer. Though Dryden possessed strength, he was deficient in tenderness. He was but little acquainted with the secret workings of the human heart: he viewed man as the creature of society—his vision could not penetrate beneath the surface; the silent depths, the terrible abysses of the individual spirit were to him unfathomable. Hence, as a dramatist, he was totally unsuccessful. As a satirist, he made a nearer approach to the power and energy of Juvenal than any modern writer; and as a translator he has scarcely an equal. During the troublesome times which succeeded, no poet of eminence appeared till the reign of Anne; then the effects of the preceding reigns began to manifest themselves in polite, though feeble imitations of the ancients. If we except Pope and Thompson, there are no names of renown to illustrate this period. The writings of the former may justly be regarded as the perfection of the artificial school. Terse, clear, elegant, Pope, raised the language of his country to the very extreme of refinement. To affirm, as some writers of modern fame have done, that Pope was no poet, is to betray both ignorance and prejudice; though devoid of high powers of imagination, such as those of Shakspeare or Milton, he was gifted with the most brilliant fancy, and the keenest wit. To prove this, we need only mention his "Rape of the Lock," which is, without doubt, the most exquisite

production of its kind in any language. Thompson was a writer of truly original genius; though his "Seasons" are modelled after the Georgics of Virgil, they rise, in their treatment, far above imitation. If a pomposity of diction sometimes obscures and weakens his finest thoughts, yet his love of nature, the picturesqueness of his delineations, the truthfulness of his descriptions, the feeling of ease and earnestness, and the delight with which the poet luxuriates in his subject, captivate every reader, and please all who can admire the beautiful in external nature. On account of these excellencies, "The Seasons" have become a household book.

If, during the reign of George III., the principles of civil liberty were advancing, the poetry of the early part of that reign had reached the lowest point of feebleness. The nerve, vigor, originality, and raciness of the elder writers were supplanted by elegant versification, flimsy sentimentality, a meaningless parade of language, and a servile imitation of foreign models. The vital, or at least, the natural spirit of our poetry had disappeared, and all hopes of resuscitation seemed extinct. But a change was at hand. Two poets appeared to reinvigorate the whole body of our imaginative literature—we mean Cowper and Burns. Did our limits admit, we would willingly dilate on the peculiar excellencies of these writers, whose works we regard as having given birth to those quickening influences which have since elevated our poetical literature to the rank of originality.

The truth, nature, and feeling evinced by Burns, in his lyrical pieces, are unrivalled. No poet, either in ancient or modern times, can, in this case, be compared with him. Passionate as Sappho, he is far less sensuous; airy and graceful as Anacreon, he has a pathos which that elegant erotic enthusiast never exhibits; sublime as Horace, his patriotism is purer, and his sentiments more exalting. In a word, Burns is the prince of song writers. Like every original genius, he gave the tone to the literature of his age, and became the founder of a school, which can number among its followers names that posterity will not willingly let die.

If the subjects of Cowper's muse were different from those of Burns, he was, nevertheless, equally original. Themes which, in his day, were regarded with contempt, did not deter this right-hearted Christian poet from making them an object worthy of his genius. He showed that religious poetry,

in the hands of a writer of eminence, might become a thing of light and excellence, that the common-places with which it had been obscured and degraded by meaner bards, might be avoided, and that force, fervor, and originality might be evinced by the true poet, on whatever subject he might exert his genius.

The great merit of Cowper is that he discards conventionalisms. He detest ceremony. Plainness and simplicity he follows almost to rustic coarseness. The elegancies of language which Pope introduced, and which, through means of his servile imitators, had degenerated into effeminacy, Cowper scorns, and, to show his contempt, pushes the opposite system perhaps too far, by using a vigorous, manly, though sometimes a rugged diction. "The Task" was the harbinger of a healthful change, of a coming renovation; and the political events of the times were favorable to its development. The American war of independence, and its successful termination—the increasing desire of liberty in Europe—the commencement of the French revolution—the improvements in machinery, which placed England at the head of European nations—the brilliant discoveries in science—the exploratory voyages which laid open new lands, and fruitful islands—the revival of a spirit of religion which, in its home enterprises and missionary activity, resembled the zeal of primitive times—all this acted with accumulated force upon the general mind, and sent its vivifying influences to the very heart of the nation, while it lighted up with a true nationality the literature of the age. Poets who, if they did not equal, strove to imitate the manner and catch the spirit of the great writers of the Elizabethan age—Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Scott, each possessing peculiar excellencies, redeemed the errors of the half-century which preceded them, and charmed and instructed all who perused their writings. They proved likewise that though the age had become intellectual, it was not unimaginative; and if they did not manifest the brilliancy of invention which characterises a Shakspeare or a Calderon, they gave signs of a return towards "fresh fields and pastures new" and evinced a determination to return to the "ancient wells of English undefiled."

If, as some have asserted, the most excellent poetry be that which produces the greatest effect upon its readers, no productions of our times can stand in competition

with those of Byron. If his egotism is too conspicuous throughout all his writings—if he can never separate himself from his subject, or create a hero, but in his own likeness—still it must be confessed that he expands, and magnifies, and brightens, whatever he touches. His misanthropy, which in others would dwarf itself into effeminate weakness, with him rises into gigantic vastness, and is rendered not only tolerable but attractive, by its earnestness and passion. On this account it is especially pernicious. When Byron prostituted the sacred dignity of poetry to the purposes of vice, he threw around his pictures such a profusion of dazzling lights and gorgeous hues, as to render them like fallen spirits, "the excess of glory obscured." Morning, with its dews and fragrance, and sunlight and song; mid-day, with its splendors; evening, with its soft lights, its purple hues, its golden clouds; and night, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;"—the sky, the earth, the ocean,—all nature became obedient to his power, and ministered to the delirium of his song. Force, energy, compression, perspicuity, are the characteristics of his style. In this respect we have no hesitation in placing Byron in the first rank among those who follow Homer and Dante, Shakspeare and Milton.

Contemporary with this great poet was one who, following no model but the restless movements of an unbridled will, marred the powers of his dazzling genius in striving after a perfection which, upon his own scheme, was utterly unattainable. The imaginative powers of Shelley, were of a higher order than those of Byron, but, from an improper choice of subjects on which to exert them, they were less effective. By breaking away, like the mad coursers of the sun, from the beaten track, the common highway of literature, as he unwisely deemed it, he ran contrary to the principles of his art; since poetry, to engage sympathy, must, however elevated, be still akin to humanity. Nor does this, by any means, exclude originality. The "idea," when developed in the soul of the great poet, whether in a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, or a Milton, is still the same. In each it is the creative faculty; in each it exerts a vigorous vitality, and, like a healthful tree, in whatever soil it may be planted, under whatever skies it may flourish, it adapts the materials which surround it to its growth and expansion.

Shelley did not believe this. He panted

after a higher originality, and he failed. His writings excite astonishment, but they leave no abiding impressions, and they are less adapted to instruct, than to dazzle and bewilder. Yet who that peruses the ethereal products of his muse can do otherwise than wonder at the gorgeous drapery with which he has adorned them. His thoughts, his language, his imagery, seem to belong to some far off sphere, some fairy realm where the air is all balm, the clouds fleecy gold, the moon a bark of pearl; where rose-tinted oceans dash their soft-flashing billows against shores diamond-paved, where fountains swell, and waters flow under the shadow of endless groves, and in trembling lustre reflect the emerald light. Strange ærial beings people these abodes, and vanish in the dim glades, leaving behind them only the startling impression that powers of the first order have been wasted in the creation of meteors as delusive as they are dazzling.

Here we might enumerate a list of names that have illustrated the age in which they live by their poetical talents, but our limits forbid. The sparkling fancy of Moore, the keen, searching, anatomical characterization of Crabbe, the gracefulness and purity of Montgomery, the classic elegance and simple pathos of Rogers, the calm, contemplative, and serene philosophy of Wordsworth, offer proofs enough of what we contend for—*That an age of intellect is not inimical to the efforts of genius.* It should seem, however, that at present there is but little to favor this opinion. A pause, it is true, has occurred, but we feel confident of a reaction, vital, vigorous, and lasting. The demand for works such as those placed at the head of this article, shows the healthful spirit of the times—a return to the school of nature—a step towards the unadulterated fountains of our elder poetry.

The public has long since pronounced its verdict on the writings of Leigh Hunt. His fine and graceful fancy, his admiration of nature in its simplest forms, his racy quaintness of expression, his interminable flow of excellent spirits, which never know interruption or depression, his strong faith in humanity, lapsed as it is from its primeval purity, and above all, his genuine picturesqueness, which imparts to his diction the glow and vividness of painting, demonstrate that he possesses the true spirit of a poet, and that he is one of the most successful followers of our elder bards. It is,

however, questionable whether his writings contain that which will secure to them a permanent power. Simplicity is his great aim, but this is often spoilt through an intolerable mannerism which borders on affectation. He toils after an individuality which, because it is imitative, is not natural. His originality consists more in vigor and aptitude of expression, than newness of thought. The circle in which he moves is a narrow one. He sings as a linnet, but seldom soars like an eagle. His flights never extend "beyond this visible diurnal sphere." His picture of "naiads," however fresh and glittering, bears the stamp of earth upon it. His goddesses are rotund, apple-cheeked and rosy, palpable to sense, less ethereal than the fine creations of Shakspeare, or the shadowy abstractions of Shelley. His morality is pure, but it seems founded more on the feelings, which are in their nature variable, than on the dictates of conscience, which are fixed and unchangeable. He is, in short, a pleasant companion, rather than a stern teacher—a mild and gentle enthusiast, rather than a sublime and powerful poet. We can only find space for two exquisite pictures. They will illustrate our remarks:—

LEANDER HOPEFUL.

"Smooth was the sea that night, the lover strong,
And in the *springy waves* he danced along;
He rose, he dipp'd his breast, he aim'd, he cut
With his clear arms, and from before him put
The parting waves, and in and out the air
His shoulders felt, and trail'd his washing hair;
But when he saw the torch, oh! how he sprung,
And thrust his feet against the waves, and flung
The foam behind, as though he scorned the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose and panted most triumphantly."

LEANDER IN DISTRESS.

"Meantime the sun had sunk, the hilly mark
Across the straits, mixed with the mightier dark,
And night came on. All noises by degrees
Were hushed—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All but the washing of the eternal seas!
But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hailed the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure;
When suddenly a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills came headlong on his path;
Then started off; and driving round the sea,
Dashed up the panting waters roaringly;
The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted like a god the *roaring tide.*
But what? The torch gone out! So long, too! see!
He thinks it comes! Ah yes—'tis she!—'tis she!"

Keats, who died young, was a writer of the richest promise. Riper years and a maturer judgment would have affected much with a fancy so exuberant, and a mind so thoroughly filled with a love of the beautiful. Since the "Masque" of Ben Jonson, and the "Faithful Shepherdess" of Beaumont and Fletcher, nothing has appeared equal in "wondrous luxuriance" to his "Endymion." Here the poet revels at will amidst verdant lawns, silent shades, embowering groves, far-stretching forests, and flowery slopes; over which satyrs and fawns, and troops of sylvan deities, are seen tripping, till they disappear among the brown woods, or beyond the shadowy mountains. His muse seems overlaid, or rather smothered under a load of "rich-coming fancies." Rose-leaves, musk-blooms, and the arabesque drapery of overhanging and intertwining boughs, through which the sunshine showers its tremulous drops of silvery light, are the staple of her song. She feeds on ambrosia, and quenches her thirst at the head of old and fabulous wells, which nymphs inhabit, and whose cool and transparent waters they curl and dimple with their soft and silent breathings. This wealth of fancy is poured out in such profusion as to defy arrangement. The senses of the reader are bewildered. He strives in vain to thread his way out of this interminable maze. His efforts are useless, and in a sort of hopeless languishment, he gives himself up to the guidance of the poet, till being led to—

"Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves,
And moonlight,"—

he falls asleep and dreams, till life's sorrows break his slumbers and call him again to battle with the world's realities. Yet in his later poems, there is a manifest improvement. His sonnets are beautiful and picturesque, and strictly in accordance with the laws that regulate this branch of the poetic art. His "Ode to the Nightingale" is exquisite. One feels almost intoxicated with a sense of harmony, in the perusal of its mellifluous numbers. Take the following specimen, all we can afford to present:—

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk;

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singer of summer in full-throated ease.
Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth;
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles working at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And fade with thee away into the forest dim!"

The followers of Keats have been few, but from his school a new order of writers has arisen, of whom Alfred Tennyson may be regarded as the head. On the merits and defects of this school we cannot at present enlarge. This much, however, we may say, that their excellencies, which are many, are obscured by a quaintness, an affectation, and a mannerism which exhibit a poverty of thought that far-fetched imagery and grotesque phraseology cannot compensate.

Of the songs and poems of Barry Cornwall, we can only repeat, that, though far inferior to the lyrics of Burns in tenderness and pathos and natural feeling, they more nearly approach the effusions of our older dramatists than any others which have fallen under our notice. It is a hopeful movement when we perceive such works as those we have mentioned likely to become popular. The publishers, we think, have calculated rightly on the spirit of the age, and we trust that the cheap form in which they have given them to the public, will return them an ample remuneration.

AN IRISH COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

ON one occasion, in the Trinity College, Dublin, when the Rev. John Martin was examining a class in hydrostatics, he asked a student, who was not very popular, "Mr. Spencer, what would be the consequence if I thrust you into a pond?" (the examiner's object being to test the student's knowledge of the law, that water rises in proportion to the weight of the body immersed). The patient not being able to give a solution to the question, it was put to his neighbor, "Mr. Planket, what would be the consequence if I thrust Mr. Spencer into a pond?" "Pon my word, sir," was the reply, "I think it would be of *very little consequence*."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RECENT SPANISH MARRIAGES.

AT this dull season, the long vacation of legislators, when French deputies and English members, weary of bills and debates, motions and amendments, take their autumnal ramble, or range their well-stocked preserves, and when newspapers are at their wits' end for subjects of discussion, a topic like the Spanish marriages, intrinsically so important, in arrival so opportune, has naturally monopolized the attention of the daily press. For some time previously, the English public had paid little attention to Spanish affairs. Men were weary of watching the constant changes, the shameless corruption, the scandalous intrigues, from which that unfortunate country and its unquiet population have so long suffered; they had ceased in great measure to follow the thread of Peninsular politics. The arbitrary and unconstitutional influences employed at the last elections, and the tyranny exercised towards the press, deprived foreigners of the most important data whence to judge the real state of public feeling and opinion south of the Pyrenees. The debates of Cortes elected under circumstances of flagrant intimidation, and whose members, almost to a man, were creatures of a *Camarilla*, were no guide to the sentiments of a nation: journalists, sorely persecuted, writing in terror of bayonets, in peril of ruinous fine and arbitrary imprisonment, dared not speak the voice of truth, and feared to echo the wishes and indignation of the vast but soldier-ridden majority of their countrymen. Thus, without free papers or fair debates to guide them, foreigners could attain but an imperfect perception of the state of Spanish affairs. The view obtained was vague—the outline faint and broken—details were wanting. Hence the Spanish marriages, although so much has been written about them, have in England been but partially understood. Much indignation and censure have been expended upon those who achieved them; many conjectures have been hazarded as to their proximate and remote consequences; but one very curious point has barely been glanced at. Scarcely an attempt has been made to investigate the singular state of parties, and strange concurrence of circumstances, that have enabled a few score per-

sons to overbalance the will of a nation. How is it that a people, once so great and powerful, still so easy to rouse, and jealous of its independence, has suffered itself to be fooled by an abandoned Italian woman, and a wily and unscrupulous foreign potentate—by a corrupt *Camarilla*, and a party that is but a name? How is it that Spain has thus unresistingly beheld the consummation of an alliance so odious to her children, and against which, from Portugal to the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar's straits to Cantabria's coast, but one opinion is held, but one voice heard—a voice of reprobation and aggrieved nationality?

Yes, within the last few weeks, wondering Europe has witnessed a strange spectacle. A queen and her sister, children in years and understanding, have been wedded—the former completely against her inclinations, the latter in direct opposition to the wishes and interests of her country, and in defiance of stern remonstrance and angry protest from allied and powerful states—to unsuitable bridegrooms. The queen, Isabella of Spain has, it is true, a Spaniard for her husband; and him, therefore, her jealous and suspicious subjects tolerate, though they cannot approve. Feeble and undecided of character, unstable in his political opinions—if, indeed, political opinions he have other than are supplied to him, ready formed by insidious and unworthy advisers—Don Francisco de Assis is the last man to sit on the right hand of a youthful queen, governing an unsettled country and a restless people, to inspire her with energy and assist her with wise counsels. It redounds little to the honor of the name of Bourbon, that if it was essential the queen should marry a member of that house, her present husband was, with perhaps one exception, as eligible a candidate as could be selected. That marriage decided upon, however, it became doubly important to secure for the Infanta Luisa—the future Queen of Spain, should her sister die without issue—a husband in all respects desirable; and above all, one agreeable to the Spanish nation. Has this been done? What advantages does the husband of the girl of fourteen, of the heir-presumptive to the Spanish crown, bring to Spain, in exchange for the rich

dowery of his child-bride—for the chance, not to say the probability, of being a queen's husband—and for an immense accession of influence to his dynasty in the country where that dynasty most covets it? The advantages are all of a negative kind. By that marriage, Spain, delivered over to French intrigues, exposed to the machinations and vampire-like endearments of an ancient and hereditary foe, becomes *de facto* a vassal to her pleasant neighbor.

The question of the Queen of Spain's marriage was first mooted within a very few days after her birth. In the spring of 1830, Queen Christina found herself with child for the first time; and her husband, Ferdinand VII., amongst whose many bad and unkingly qualities want of foresight could not be reckoned, published the Pragmatic Sanction that secured the crown to his offspring, should it prove a girl. A girl it was; and scarcely had the infant been baptized, when her father began to think of a husband for her. "She shall be married," he said, "to a son of my brother Francisco." By and by Christina bore a second daughter, and then the King said—"They shall be married to the two eldest sons of my brother Francisco."

Ferdinand died; and, as he had often predicted—comparing himself to the cork of a bottle of beer, which restrains the fermented liquor—at his death civil war broke out. Isabella was still an infant; the first thing to be done was to secure her the crown; and for the time, naturally enough, few thought about her marriage. Queen Christina was an exception. She apparently remembered and respected her husband's wishes; and in her conversation and correspondence with her sister, Luisa Carlota, wife of the Infante Don Francisco de Paulo, she frequently referred to them, and expressed a strong desire for their fulfilment. In the month of June of the present year, a Madrid newspaper, the *Clamor Publico*, published a letter of hers, written most strongly in that sense. It bears date the 23d of January, 1836, and is the reply to one from Doña Luisa Carlota, in which reference was made to conversations between the two sisters and Ferdinand, respecting the marriage of his daughters to the sons of Don Francisco. "The idea has always flattered my heart" Christina wrote, "and I would fain see its realization near at hand; for it was the wish and will of the beloved Ferdinand, which I will ever strive to fulfil in all that depends on me. * * *

Besides which, I believe that the national representation, far from opposing, will approve these marriages, as advantageous not only to our family, but to the nation itself, your sons being Spanish princes. I will not fail to propose it when the moment arrives." Notwithstanding these fair promises, and her respect for the wishes of Ferdinand the well-beloved, we find Christina, less than two years later, negotiating for her royal daughter a very different alliance. Irritated, on the one hand, against the Liberal party, to whose demands she had been compelled to yield; and alarmed, upon the other, at the progress of the Carlist armies, which were marching upon Madrid, then defended only by the national guards, she treated with Don Carlos for a marriage between the Queen and his eldest son. The Carlists were driven back to their mountain strongholds, and, the pressing danger over—although the war still continued with great fury—that project of alliance was shelved, and another, a very important one, broached. It was proposed to marry the Queen of Spain to an archduke of Austria, who should command the Spanish army, and to whom Christina expressed herself willing to give a share of the Regency, or even to yield it entirely. This was the motive of the mission of Zea Bermudez to Vienna. The envoy stipulated, as an indispensable condition of the success of his negotiations, that they should be kept a profound secret from the King of the French. The condition was not observed. Christina herself, it is said, unable to keep anything from her dear uncle, told him all, and Bermudez had to leave Vienna almost before the matter in hand had been entered upon. Thereupon the queen-mother reverted to the marriage with a son of Don Carlos. The Conde de Toreno, for a moment weak enough to enter into her views, endeavored to prepare the public for their disclosure, by announcing in the Cortes, that wars like the one then devastating Spain, could only be terminated by a compromise—meaning a marriage. The Cortes thought differently, and by other means, the war was brought to a close.

The year 1840 witnessed the expulsion of Christina from Spain, and the appointment of Espartero to the Regency. During his three years' sway, that general refused to make or meddle in any way with the Queen's marriage. He said, that as she was not to marry till her majority, and as he should then no longer be Regent, his

government had no occasion to busy itself with the matter. The friends of Spain have reason to wish that the Duke de la Victoria had shown himself less unassuming and reserved with respect to that most important question. Whilst it was thus temporarily lost sight of at Madrid, the queen-mother, in her retirement at Paris, took counsel with the most wily and far-sighted sovereign of Europe, and from that time must doubtless be dated the plans which Christina and Louis Philippe have at last so victoriously carried out. They had each their own interests in view—their own objects to accomplish—and it so chanced that those interests and objects were easily made to coincide. Concerning those of Christina, we shall presently speak at some length; those of the French king are now so notorious, that it is unnecessary to do more than glance at them. His first plan—a bold one, certainly—was to marry the Queen of Spain to the Duke d'Aumale. To this, Christina did not object. Her affection for her daughter—since then grievously diminished—prompted her to approve the match. The duke was a fine young man, and very rich. To a tender mother—which she claimed to be—the temptation was great. Doubtless, also, she received from Louis Philippe, as price of her concurrence, an assurance that certain private views and arrangements of her own should not be interfered with—certain guardianship accounts and unworthy peculations not too curiously investigated. Of this, more hereafter. The result of the intrigues and negotiations between the Tuileries and the Hotel de Courcelles, was the diplomatic mission of M. Pageot, who was sent to London and to the principal continental courts, to announce, on the part of the King of the French, that, considering himself the chief of the Bourbon family, he felt called upon to declare that, according to the spirit of the treaty of Utrecht, the Queen of Spain could marry none but a Bourbon Prince. The success of this first move, intended as a feeler to see how far he could venture to put forth a son of his own, was not such as to flatter the wishes of the French monarch. The reply of the British government was, that, according to the constitution of Spain, the Cortes must decide who was to be the Queen's husband, and that he whom the Cortes should select, would, for England, be the legitimate aspirant. Without being so liberal in tone, the answers given by the cabinets of Vien-

na and Berlin were not more satisfactory; and the spleen of the French king manifested itself by the mouth of M. Guizot, who, with less than his usual prudence, went so far as to menace Spain with a war, if the Queen married any but a Bourbon. This occurred in March, 1843.

In the following June, Espartero, in his turn, was driven from power and from his country. Well known as it was, that French manœuvres and French gold had, by deluding the nation, and corrupting the army, powerfully contributed to the overthrow of the only conscientious and constitutional ruler with whom Spain had for a long period been blessed, it was expected that Christina and her friends would do their utmost to bring about the immediate marriage of the Queen and the Duke d'Aumale. Then occurred the long projected and much talked of visit of Queen Victoria to the castle of Eu, where the question of Isabella's marriage was made the subject of a conference between the sovereigns of France and England, assisted by their ministers for foreign affairs, M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen. It was shortly afterwards known that the King of the French had given the most satisfactory pledges, which were communicated to the principal foreign courts, that he not only would not strive to effect a marriage between the Queen of Spain and a son of his, but that he would positively refuse his consent to any such union. Further, that if a marriage should be arranged between the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta Luisa, it should not take place till Isabella was married and had issue. As an equivalent to these concessions, the English minister for foreign affairs had to declare, that without entering into an examination of the Treaty of Utrecht, or recognizing any right contrary to the complete independence of the Spanish nation, it was desirable that the Queen should wed a descendant of Philip the Fifth, provided always such marriage was brought about conformably with the rules prescribed by the constitution of Spain.

Compelled to abandon the design of marrying Isabel to a French prince, Louis Phillipe, like a wary and prudent general, applied himself to improve the next best position, to which he had fallen back, and where he determined to maintain himself. Aumale could not have the Queen, but Montpensier should have the Infanta; and the aim must now be to increase the value of prize No. 2, by throwing prize No. 1

into the least worthy hands possible. In other words, the queen must be married to the most incapable and uninfluential block-head, who, being of Bourbon blood, could possibly be foisted upon her and the Spanish nation. To this end Count Trapani was pitched upon; and the first Narvaez ministry—including Señor Pedal and other birds of the same disreputable feather which succeeded the one presided over by that indecent charlatan Gonzales Bravo, did all in its power to forward the pretensions of the Neapolitan prince, and accomplish his marriage with the Queen. To this end it was absolutely necessary to dispense with the approbation of the Cortes, required by the constitution. For although those Cortes had been chosen without the concurrence of the Progresista party—whose chiefs were all in exile, in prison, or prevented by the grossest intimidation from voting at the elections—on the question of the Trapani marriage they were found indocile. The profound contempt and marked antipathy with which Spaniards view whatever comes from Naples, and the offence given to the national dignity by the evident fact, that this candidate was imposed upon the country by the French government, convinced the latter, and that of Spain, which was its instrument, that even the Cortes they themselves had picked and chosen, lacked baseness or courage to consent to the Trapani alliance. Then was resolved upon and effected the constitutional REFORM, suppressing the article that required the approbation of the Cortes, and replacing it by another, which only rendered it compulsory to announce to them the husband chosen by the Queen. But the manœuvres of France were too clumsy and palpable. It was known that Christina had promised the hand of the Infanta to the Duke of Montpensier; Louis Phillipe's object in backing Trapani was easily seen through; and so furious was the excitement of the public mind throughout Spain, so alarming the indications of popular exasperation, that the unlucky Neapolitan candidate was finally thrown overboard.

Here we must retrace our steps, and consider Queen Christina's motives in sacrificing what remained to her of prestige and popularity in her adopted country, to assist, through thick and thin, by deceit, subterfuge, and treachery, the ambitious and encroaching views of her French Uncle. There was a time—it is now long past—when no name was more loved and re-

spected by the whole Spanish nation, excluding of course the Carlist party, than that of Maria Christina de Bourbon. She so frankly identified herself with the country in which marriage fixed her lot, that in becoming a Spanish Queen she had apparently become a Spanish woman; and, in spite of her Neapolitan birth, she speedily conquered the good-will of her subjects. Thousands of political exiles, restored to home and family by amnesties of her promotion, invoked blessings on her head: the great majority of the nation, anxious to see Spain governed mildly and constitutionally, not despotically and tyrannically, hailed in her the good genius who was to accord them their desires. Her real character was not yet seen through; with true Bourbon dissimulation she knew how to veil her vices. She had the credit also of being a tender and unselfish parent, ever ready to sacrifice herself to the interests of her children. Her egotism was as yet unsuspected, her avarice dormant, her sensuality unrevealed; and none then dreamed that a day would come, when, impelled by the meanest and most selfish motives, she would urge her weeping daughter into the arms of a detested and incompetent bridegroom.

By her *liaison* with Muñoz, the first blow was given to Christina's character and popularity. This scandalous amour with the son of a cigar-seller at Tarazona, a coarse and ignorant man, whose sole recommendations were physical, and who, when first noticed by the queen, occupied the humble post of a private garde-de-corps, commenced, in the belief of many, previously to the death of Ferdinand. Be that true or not, it is certain that towards the close of the king's life, when he was helpless and worn out by disease, the result of his reckless debaucheries, she sought the society of the stalwart life-guardsmen, and distinguished him by marks of favor. It was said to be through her interest that he was promoted to the rank of cadet in the body-guard, which gave him that of captain in the army. Ferdinand died, and her intrigue was speedily manifest, to the disgust and grief of her subjects. In time of peace her degrading devotion to a low-born paramour would doubtless have called forth strong marks of popular indignation; but the anxieties and horrors of a sanguinary civil war engrossed the public attention, and secured her a partial impunity. As it was,

her misconduct was sufficiently detrimental to her cause. The Carlists taunted their opponents with serving under the banner of a wanton; and the Liberals, on their part, could not but feel that their infant queen was in no good school or safe keeping.

The private fortune of Ferdinand the Seventh was well known to be prodigious. Its sources were not difficult to trace. An absolute monarch, without a civil list, when he wished for money he had but to draw upon the public revenue for any funds the treasury might contain. Of this power he made no sparing use. Then there was the immense income derived from the *Patrimonio Real*, or Royal Patrimony, vast possessions which descend from one King of Spain to another, for their use and benefit so long as they occupy the throne. The whole of the town of Aranjuez, the estates attached to the Pardo, La Granja, the Escorial, and other palaces, form only a portion of this magnificent property, yielding an enormous annual sum. Add to these sources of wealth, property obtained by inheritance, his gains in a nefariously conducted lottery, and other underhand and illicit profits, and it is easy to comprehend that Ferdinand died the richest capitalist in Europe. The amount of his savings could but be guessed at. By some they were estimated at the incredibly large sum of eight millions sterling. But no one could tell exactly, owing to the manner in which the money was invested. It was dispersed in the hands of various European bankers; also in those of certain American ones, by whose failure great loss was sustained. No trifling sum was represented by diamonds and jewels. It was hardly to be supposed that the prudent owner of all this wealth would die intestate, and there is scarcely a doubt that he left a will. To the universal astonishment, however, upon his decease, none was forthcoming, and his whole property was declared at sixty millions of francs, which, according to the Spanish law, was divided between his daughters. No one was at loss to conjecture what became of the large residue there unquestionably was. It was well understood, and her subsequent conduct confirmed the belief, that the lion's share of the royal spoils was appropriated by the young widow, whose grief for the loss of the beloved Ferdinand was not so violent and engrossing as to make her lose sight of the main chance. After so glorious a haul, it might have been expected that she would hold her hand, and rest con-

tented with the pleasing consciousness, that should she ever be induced or compelled to leave Spain, she had wherewithal to live in queenly splendor and luxury. But her thirst of wealth is not of those that can be assuaged even by rivers of gold. Though the bed of the Manzanares were of the yellow metal, and she had the monopoly of its sands, the mine would be all insufficient to satiate her avarice. After appropriating her children's inheritance, she applied herself to increase her store by a systematic pillage of the Queen of Spain's revenues. As Isabella's guardian, the income derived from the *Patrimonio Real* passed through her hands to which the gold adhered like steel dust to a loadstone. Whilst the nation strained each nerve, and submitted to the severest sacrifices, to meet the expenses of a costly war—whilst the army was barefooted and hungered, but still staunch in defence of the throne of Isabella—Christina, with her mouth full of patriotism and love of Spain, remitted to foreign capitalists the rich fruits of her peculations, provisions for the rainy day which came sooner than she anticipated, future fortunes for Muñoz's children. The natural effect of her disreputable intrigue or second marriage, whichever it at that time was to be called, was to weaken her affection for the royal daughters, especially when she found a second and numerous family springing up around her. To her anxiety for this second family, and to the influence of Muñoz, may be traced her adherence to the King of the French, and the cruel and unmotherly part she has recently acted towards the Queen of Spain.

Previous to Christina's expulsion from the Regency in the year 1840, little was seen or known of her children by Muñoz. During her three years' residence at Paris, a similar silence and mystery was observed respecting them, and they lived retired in a country-house near Vevay, upon the Lake of Geneva, whither those born in the French Capital were also despatched. This prudent reserve is now at an end, and the grand-children of the Tarançon tobaccoist sit around, almost on a level with the throne of the Spanish Queen. Titles are showered upon them, cringing courtiers wait upon their nod, and the once proud and powerful grandees of Spain, descendants of the haughty warriors who drove the Saracens from Iberian soil, and stood covered in the presence of the Fifth Charles, adulate the illegitimate progeny of a

Muñoz and a Christina. Subtle have been the calculations, countless the intrigues, shameful the misdeeds that have led to this result, so much desired by the parents of the ennobled bastards, so undesirable for the honor and dignity of Spain. It is obvious that, with the immense wealth, whose acquisition has been already explained, Christina would have had no difficulty in provisioning off her half-score children, and enabling them to live rich and independent in a foreign country. But this arrangement did not suit her views: still less did it accord with those of the Duke of Rianzares. He founded his objections upon a patriotic pretext. He wished his children, he said, to be Spanish citizens, not aliens—to hold property in their own country—to live respected in Spain, and not as exiles in a foreign land. It may be supposed there was no obstacles to their so doing, and that in Spain, as elsewhere, they could reckon at least upon that amount of ease and consideration which money can give. But here came the sticking-point, the grand difficulty, only to be got over by grand means and great ingenuity. Christina had been the guardian of the Queen and the Infanta during their long minority: guardians, upon the expiration of their trust, are expected to render accounts; and this the mother of Isabel was wholly unprepared to do, in such a manner as would enable her to retain the plunder accumulated during the period of her guardianship. She had certainly the option of declining to render any—of taking herself and her wealth, her husband and her children, out of Spain, and of living luxuriously elsewhere. But it has already been seen, that neither she nor Muñoz liked the prospect of such banishment, however magnificent and numerous the appliances brought by wealth to render it endurable. What then was to be done? It was quite positive that the husbands of the Queen and Infanta would demand accounts of their wives' fortune and of its management during their minority. How were their demands to be met—how such difficulties to be got over? It was hard to say. The position resembled what the Yankees call a "fix." The cruel choice lay between a compulsory disgorgement of an amount of ill-gotten gold, such as no mortal emetic could ever have induced Christina to render up, and the abandonment of Muñoz's darling project of making himself and his children lords of the soil in their native land. The

only chance of an exit from this circle of difficulties was to be obtained by uniting the Queen and her sister to men so weak and imbecile, or so under the dominion and influence of Christina that they would let bygones be bygones, take what they could get and be grateful, without troubling themselves about accounts, or claiming arrears. To find two such men, who should also possess the various qualifications essential to the husbands of a Queen and Infanta of Spain, certainly appeared no easy matter—to say nothing of the odious selfishness and sin of thus sacrificing two defenceless and inexperienced children. But Christina's scruples were few, and, as to difficulties, her resolution rose as they increased. Had she not also a wise and willing counsellor in the most cunning man in Europe? Was not her dear uncle and gossip at hand to quiet her qualms of conscience, if by such she was tormented, and to demonstrate the feasibility—nay, more, the propriety of her schemes? To him she resorted in her hour of need, and with him she soon came to an understanding. He met her half-way, with a bland smile and words of promise. "Marry one of your daughters," was his sage and disinterested advice, "to a son of mine, and be sure that my boys are too well bred to pry into your little economies. We should prefer the Queen; but, if it cannot be managed, we will take the Infanta. Isabella shall be given to some good, quiet fellow, not over clever, who will respect you far too much to dream of asking for accounts. Of time we have plenty; be staunch to me and all shall go well." What wonder if from the day this happy understanding, this real *entente cordiale*, was come to, Christina was the docile agent, the obedient tool, of her venerable confederate! No general in the jaws of a defile, with foes in front and rear, was ever more thankful to the guide who led him by stealthy paths from his pressing peril, than was the daughter of Naples to her wary adviser and potent ally. And how charming was the union of interests—how touching the unanimity of feeling—how beautifully did the one's ambition and the other's avarice dovetail and coincide! The King's gain was the Queen's profit; it was the slaughter with one pebble of two much-coveted birds, fat and savory mouthfuls for the royal and politic fowlers.

In the secret conclave at the Tuileries, "all now went merry as a marriage-bell."

In the ears of niece and uncle resounded, by anticipation, the joyous chimes that should usher in the Montpensier marriage, proclaim their triumph, drown the cries of rage of the Spanish nation, and the indignant murmurs of Europe ;—not that the goal was so near, the prize so certain and easy of attainment. Much yet remained to do ; a false step might be ruinous—over-precipitation ensure defeat. The King of the French was not the man to make the one, or be guilty of the other. With “slow and sure” for his motto, he patiently waited his opportunity. In due season, and greatly aided by French machinations, the downfall of the impracticable and incorruptible Espartero was effected. But the government of Spain was still in the hands of the Progresistas. For it will be remembered that the immediate cause of Espartero’s fall was the opposition of a section of his own party, which, united now in their adversity, unfortunately knew not, in the days of their power, how to abstain from internal dissensions. The Lopez ministry held the reins of government. It was essential to oust it. As a first step, a *Camarilla* was organized, composed of the brutal and violent Narvaez, the daring and disreputable Marchioness of Santa Cruz, and a few others of the same stamp, all ultra-Moderados in politics, and fervent partisans of Christina. So successfully did they use their backstairs influence, and wield their weapons of corruption and intrigue, that, within four months, and immediately after the accelerated declaration of the Queen’s majority, Lopez and his colleagues resigned. Olozaga succeeded them ; but he, too, was a Progresista and an upholder of Spanish nationality ; there was no hope of his giving in to the plans of Christina and the Afrancesada. Moreover, he was hated by the *Camarilla*, and especially detested by the Queen-mother, whose expulsion from Paris he had demanded when ambassador there from Espartero’s government. She determined on a signal vengeance. The Palace Farce, that strange episode in the history of modern Spanish courts, must be fresh in every one’s memory. An accusation, as malignant as absurd, was trumped up against Olozaga, of having used force, unmanly and disloyal violence, to compel Isabel to sign a decree for the dissolution of the Cortes. No one really believed the ridiculous tale, or that Salustiano de Olozaga, the high-bred gentleman, the uniformly respectful subject, could have

afforded by his conduct the shadow of a ground for the base charge. Subsequently, in the Cortes, he nobly faced his foes, and, with nervous and irresistible eloquence, hurled back the calumny in their teeth. But it had already served their turn. To beat a dog any stick will do ; and the only care of the *Camarilla* was to select the one that would inflict the most poignant wound. Olozaga was hunted from the ministry, and sought, in flight, safety from the assassin’s dagger. Those best informed entertained no doubt that his expulsion was intimately connected with the marriage question. With him the last of the Progresistas were got rid of, and, all obstacles being removed, the Queen-mother returned to Madrid.

Were the last crowning proof insufficient to carry conviction, it would be easy to adduce innumerable minor ones of Christina’s heartless selfishness—of her disregard to the happiness, and even to the commonest comforts, of her royal daughter. We read in history of a child of France, the widow of an English king, who, when a refugee in the capital of her ancestors, lacked fuel in a French palace, and was fain to seek in bed the warmth of which the parsimony of a griping Italian minister denied her the fitting means. It is less generally known, that only six years ago, the inheritress of the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella was despoiled of the commonest necessities of life by her own mother, a countrywoman of the miserly cardinal at whose hands Henrietta of England experienced such shameful neglect. When Christina quitted Spain in 1840, she not only carried off an enormous amount of national property, including the crown jewels, but also her daughter’s own ornaments ; and, at the same time, even the wardrobe of the poor child was mysteriously, but not unaccountably abstracted ; Isabella was left literally short of linen. As to jewels, it was necessary immediately to buy her a set of diamonds, in order that she might make a proper appearance at her own court. Such was the considerate and self-denying conduct of the affectionate mother, who, in the winter of 1843, resumed her place in the palace and counsels of the Queen of Spain. In her natural protector, the youthful sovereign found her worst enemy.

Persons only superficially acquainted with Spanish politics commonly fall into two errors. They are apt to believe, first, that the two great parties which, with the ex-

ception of the minor factions of Carlists and Republicans, divide Spain between them, are nearly equally balanced and national; secondly, that Moderados and Progresistas in Spain are equivalent to Conservatives and Radicals in other countries. Blunders both. Eccentric in its politics, as in most respects, Spain cannot be measured with the line and compass employed to estimate its neighbors. It is impossible to conceal the fact, that to-day the numerous and the national party in Spain is that of Progresistas. The tyranny of Narvaez, the misconduct of Christina, and, above all, the French marriage, have greatly strengthened their ranks and increased their popularity. Their principles are not subversive, nor their demands exorbitant: they aim at no monopoly of power. Three things they earnestly desire and vehemently claim: the freedom of election guaranteed by the existing constitution of Spain, but which has been so infamously trampled upon by recent Spanish rulers, liberty of the press, and the preservation of Spain from foreign influence and domination.

Let us examine the composition and conduct of the party called Moderado. This party, now dominant, is unquestionably the most split up and divided of any that flourish upon Spanish soil. It is not deficient in men of capacity, but upon none of the grave questions that agitate the country can these agree. When the Cortes sit, this is manifest in their debates. Although purged of Progresistas, the legislative chambers exhibit perpetual disagreement and wrangling. At other times, the dissensions of the Moderados are made evident by their organs of the press. In some of these appear articles which would not sound discordant in the mouths of Progresistas; in others are found doctrines and arguments worthy of the apostles of absolutism. Between Narvaez and Pacheco the interval is wider than between Pacheco and the Progresistas. The first, in order to govern, sought support from the Absolutists; the second could not rule without calling the Liberals to his aid. Subdivided into fractions, this party, whose nomenclature is now complicated, relies for existence less upon itself than upon extraneous circumstances, foreign support, and the equilibrium of the elements opposed to it. The anarchy to which it is a prey, has been especially manifest upon the marriage question. Whilst one of its organs shame-

lessly supported Trapani, others cried out for a Coburg; and, again others insisted that a Spanish prince was the only proper candidate—thus coinciding with the Progresistas. In fact, the Moderados, afraid, perhaps, of compromising their precarious existence, had no candidate of their own; and in their fluctuations between foreign influence and interior exigencies, between court and people, between their wish to remain in power and the difficulty of retaining it, they left, in great measure, to chance, the election in which they dared not openly meddle. This will sound strange to the many who, as we have already observed, imagine the Moderado party to be the Conservative one of England or France; but not to those aware of the fact, that it is a collection of unities, brought together rather by accidental circumstances than by homogeneity of principles, united for the exclusion of others, and for their own interests, not by conformity of doctrines and a sincere wish for their country's good.

Such was the party, unstable and unpatriotic, during whose ascendancy Christina and her royal confederate resolved to carry out their dishonest projects. The Queen-Mother well knew that the mass of the nation would be opposed to their realization; but she reckoned on means sufficiently powerful to render indignation impotent and frustrate revolt. She trusted to the adherence of an army, purposely carressed, pampered, and corrupted; she felt strong in the support of a monarch, whose interest in the affair was at least equal to her own; she observed with satisfaction the indifferent attitude assumed by the British government with respect to Spanish affairs. A Progresista demonstration in Galicia, although shared in by seven battalions of the army—an ugly symptom—was promptly suppressed, owing to want of organization, and to the treachery or incapacity of its leader. The scaffold and the galleys, prison and exile, disposed of a large proportion of the discontented and dangerous. Arbitrary dismissals, of which, for the most part, little was heard out of Spain, purified the army from the more honest and independent of its officers, suspected of disaffection to the existing government, or deemed capable of exerting themselves to oppose an injurious or discreditable Alliance. Time wore on; the decisive moment approached. Each day it became more evident that the

Queen's marriage could not with propriety be much longer deferred. Setting aside other considerations, she had already fully attained the precocious womanhood of her country; and it was neither safe nor fitting that she should continue to inhale the corrupt atmosphere of the Madrid court without the protection of a husband. At last the hour came; the plot was ripe, and nothing remained but to secure the concurrence of the victim. One short night, a night of tears and repugnance, on the one hand, of flatteries, of menaces and intimidation, on the other, decided the fate of Isabella. With her sister less trouble was requisite. It needed no great persuasive art to induce a child of fourteen to accept a husband, as willingly as she would have done a doll. It might have been thought necessary to consult the will of the Spanish nation, fairly represented in freely elected Cortes. Such, at least, was the course pointed out by the constitution of the country. It would also have been but decorous to seek the approval and concurrence of foreign and friendly states to establish beyond dispute, that the proposed marriages were in contravention of no existing treaties; for, with respect to one of them, this doubt might fairly be raised. But all such considerations were waived; decency and courtesy alike forgotten. The double marriage was effected in the manner of a surprise; and, if creditable to the skill, it most assuredly was dishonorable to the character, of its contriver. Availing himself of the moment when the legislative chambers of England, France, and Spain, had suspended their sittings; although, as regards those of the latter country, this mattered little, composed, as they are, of venal hirelings—the French king achieved his grand stroke of policy, the project on which, there can be little doubt, his eyes had for years been fixed. His load of promises and pledges, whether contracted at Eu or elsewhere, encumbered him little. They were a fragile commodity, a brittle merchandise, more for show than use, easily hurled down and broken. Striding over their shivered fragments, the Napoleon of Peace bore his last unmarried son to the gaol long marked out by the paternal ambition. The consequences of the successful race troubled him little. What cared he for offending a powerful ally and personal friend? The arch-schemer made light of the fury of Spain, of the discontent of England, of the opinion of Europe.

He paused not to reflect how far his Machiavelian policy would degrade him in the eyes of many with whom he had previously passed for wise and good, as well as shrewd and far-sighted. Paramount to these considerations was the gratification of his dynastic ambition. For that he broke his plighted word, and sacrificed the good understanding between the governments of two great countries. The monarch of the barricades, the *Roi Populaire*, the chosen sovereign of the men of July, at last plainly showed, what some had already suspected, that the aggrandisement of his family, not the welfare of France, was the object he chiefly coveted. Conviction may later come to him, perhaps it has already come, that *le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle*, the game was not worth the wax-lights consumed in playing it, and that his present bloodless victory must sooner or later have sanguinary results. That this may not be the case we ardently desire; that it will be, we cannot doubt. The peace of Europe may not be disturbed—pity that it should in such a quarrel; but for poor Spain we foresee in the Montpensier alliance a gloomy perspective of foreign domination and still recurring revolution.

A word or two respecting the King-consort of Spain, Don Francisco de Assis. We have already intimated that, as a Spanish Bourbon, he may pass muster. 'Tis saying very little. A more pitiful race than these same Bourbons of Spain, surely the sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek amongst them a name worthy of respect. What a list to cull from? The feeble and imbecile Charles the Fourth; Ferdinand, the cruel and treacherous, the tyrannical and profligate; Carlos, the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco, the incapable. Nor is the rising generation an improvement upon the declining one. How should it be, with only the Neapolitan cross to improve the breed? Certainly Don Francisco de Assis is no favorable specimen, either physically or morally, of the young Bourbon blood. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well of him, gladly recognise in him qualities worthy the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too strong the other way. If it be true, and we have reason to believe it is, that he came forward with reluctance as a candidate for Isabella's hand, chiefly through unwillingness to stand in the light of his brother

Don Enrique, partly perhaps through a consciousness of his own unfitness for the elevated station of king-consort, this at least shows some good feeling and good sense. Unfortunately, it is the only indication he has given of the latter quality. His objections to a marriage with his royal cousin were overruled in a manner that says little for his strength of character. When it was found that his dislike to interfere with his brother's pretensions was the chief stumbling-block, those interested in getting over it set the priests at him. To their influence his weak and bigoted mind was peculiarly accessible. Their task was to persuade him that Don Enrique was no better than an atheist, and that his marriage with the Queen would be ruinous to the cause of religion in Spain. This was a mere fabrication. Enrique had never shown any particularly pious dispositions, but there was no ground for accusing him of irreligion, no reason to believe that as the Queen's husband, he would be found negligent of the church's forms, or setting a bad example to the Spanish nation. The case, however, was made out to the satisfaction of the feeble Francisco, whose credulity and irresolution are only to be equalled in absurdity by the piping treble of the voice with which, as a colonel of cavalry, he endeavored to convey orders to his squadrons. Sacrificing, as he thought, fraternal affection to the good of his country; he accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be, in reality, a zero.

It was during the intrigues put in practice to force the Trapani alliance upon Spain, that the Spanish people turned their eyes to Don Francisco de Paulo's second son, who lived away from the court, following with much zeal his profession of a sailor. Not only the Progresistas, but that section of the Moderados whose principles were most assimilated to theirs, looked upon Don Enrique as the candidate to be preferred before all others. For this there was many reasons. As a Spaniard he was naturally more pleasing to them than a foreigner; in energy and decision of character he was far superior to his brother. Little or nothing was known of his political tendencies; but he had been brought up in a ship and not in a palace, had lived apart from *Camarillas* and their evil influences, and might be expected to govern the country constitutionally, by majorities in the Cortes, and not by the aid and according to

the wishes of a pet party. The general belief was, that his marriage with Isabella would give increased popularity to the throne, destroy illegitimate influences, and rid the Queen of those interested and pernicious counsellors who so largely abused her inexperience. These very reasons, which induced the great mass of the nation to view Don Enrique with favor, drew upon him the hatred of Christina and her friends. He was banished from Spain, and became the object of vexatious persecutions. This increased his popularity; and at one time, if his name had been taken as a rallying cry, a flame might have been lighted in the Peninsula which years would not have extinguished. The opportunity was inviting; but, to their honor be it said, those who would have benefited by embracing it, resisted the temptation. It is no secret that the means and appliances of a successful insurrection were not wanting; that money wherewith to buy the army was liberally forthcoming; that assistance of all kinds was offered them; and that their influence in Spain was great; for in the eyes of the nation they had expiated their errors, errors of judgment only, by a long and painful exile. But nevertheless, they would not avail themselves of the favorable moment. So long as hope remained of obtaining their just desires by peaceable means, by the force of reason and the *puissante propagande de la parole*, they refused again to ensanguine their native soil, and to re-enter Spain on the smoking ruins of its towns, over the lifeless bodies of their mistaken countrymen.

By public prints of weight and information, it has been estimated, that during Don Enrique's brief stay at Paris, he indignantly rejected certain friendly overtures made to him by the King of the French. The nature of these overtures can, of course, only be conjectured. Perhaps, indeed, they were but a stratagem, employed by the wily monarch to detain his young cousin at Paris, that the apparent good understanding between them might damp the courage of the national party in Spain, and win the wavering to look with favor upon the French marriage. There can be little question that in the eyes of Louis Philippe, as well as of Christina, Don Francisco is a far more eligible husband for the Queen than his brother would have been, even had the latter given his adhesion to the project of the Montpensier alliance. Rumor—often, it is

true, a lying jade—maintained that at Paris he firmly refused to do so. She now whispers that at Brussels he has been found more pliant, and that, within a brief delay, the happy family at Madrid will be gratified by the return of that truant and mutinous mariner, Don Enrique de Bourbon, who, after he has been duly scolded and kissed, will doubtless be made Lord High Admiral, or rewarded in some equally appropriate way for his tardy docility. We vouch not for the truth of this report; but shall be noway surprised if events speedily prove it well founded. Men there are with whom the love of country is so intense, that they would rather live despised in their own land than respected in a foreign one. And when, to such flimsy Will-o'-the-wisp considerations as the esteem and love of a nation, are opposed rank, money and decorations, a palace to live in, sumptuous fare, and a well-filled purse, and perhaps, ere long, a wealthy bride, who would hesitate? If any would, seek them not amongst the Bourbons. Loth indeed should we be to pledge ourselves for the consistency and patriotism of a man whose uncle and grandfather betrayed their country to a foreign usurper. The fruit of a corrupt and rotten stem must ever be looked upon with suspicion. It is the more prized when perchance it proves sound and wholesome.

Of the Duke of Montpensier, previously to his marriage little was heard, and still, little is generally known of him, except that his exterior is agreeable, and that he had been rapidly pushed through the various military grades to that of general of artillery. That any natural talents he may be endowed with, have been improved to the utmost by careful education, is sufficiently guaranteed by the fact of his being a son of Louis Philippe. We are able to supply a few further details. The Infanta's husband is a youth of good capacity, possessing a liberal share of that mixture of sense, judgment, and wit, defined in his native tongue by the one expressive word *esprit*. His manners are pleasant and affable; he is a man with whom his inferiors in rank can converse, argue, even dispute—not a stilted Spanish Bourbon, puffed up with imaginary merit, inflated with etiquette, and looking down, from the height of his splendid insignificance and inane pride, upon better men than himself. He is one, in short, who rapidly makes friends and partisans. Doubtless, during his late brief visit to

Spain, he secured some; hereafter he will have opportunities of increasing their number; and the probabilities are, that in course of time he will acquire a dangerous influence in the Peninsula. The lukewarm and the vacillating, even of the Progresista party, will not be unlikely, if he shows or affects liberalism in his political opinions, to take him into favor, and give him the weight of their adherence; forgetting that by doing so they cherish an anti-national influence, and twine more securely the toils of France round the recumbent Spanish lion. On the other hand, there will always be a powerful Spanish party, comprising a vast majority of the nation, and by far the largest share of its energy and talent, distinguished by its inveterate dislike of French interlopers, repulsing the duke and his advances by every means in their power, and branding his favorers with the odious name of AFRANCESADOS. To go into this subject, and enlarge upon the probable and possible results of the marriage, would lead us too far. Our object in the present article has rather been to supply FACTS than indulge in speculations. For the present, therefore, we shall merely remind our readers, that jealousy of foreign interference is a distinguished political characteristic of Spaniards; and that, independently of this, the flame of hatred to France and Frenchmen still burns brightly in many a Spanish bosom. Spain has not yet forgiven, far less forgotten, the countless injuries inflicted on her by her northern neighbors: she still bears in mind the insolent aggressions of Napoleon—the barbarous cruelties of his French and Polish legions—the officious interference in '23. These and other wrongs still rankle in her memory. And if the effacing finger of Time had begun to obliterate their traces, the last bitter insult of the forced marriage has renewed these in all their pristine freshness.

We remember to have encountered in a neglected foreign gallery, an ancient picture of a criminal in the hands of torturers. The subject was a painful one, and yet the painting provoked a smile. Some wandering brother of the brush, some mischievous and idly-industrious TINTO, had beguiled his leisure by transmogrifying the costumes both of victim and executioners, converting the ancient Spanish garb into the stiff and unpicturesque apparel of the present day. The vault in which the cruel scene was enacted, remains in all its gloomy severity

of massive pillars, rusty shackles, and cobwebbed walls; the grim unshapely instruments of torture were there; the uncouth visages of the executioners, the agonized countenance of the sufferer, were unaltered. But, contrasting with the antique aspect and time darkened tints of these details, were the vivid coloring and modern fashions of Parisian *paletots*, trim pantaloons, and ball-room waistcoats. We have been irresistibly reminded of this defaced picture by the recent events in Spain. They appear to us like a page from the history of the middle ages transported into our own times. The daring and unprincipled intrigue whose *dénouement* has just been witnessed, is surely out of place in the nineteenth century, and belongs more properly to the days of the Medicis and the Guise. A review of its circumstances affords the elements of some romantic history of three hundred years ago. At night in a palace, we see a dissolute Italian dowager and a crafty French ambassador coercing a sovereign of sixteen into a detested alliance. The day breaks on the child's tearful consent; the ambassador, the paleness of his vigil chased from his cheek, by the flush of triumph, emerges from the royal dwelling. Quick! to horse!—and a courier starts to tell the diplomat's master that the glorious victory is won. A few days—a very few—of astonishment to Europe and consternation to Spain, and a French prince, with gay and gallant retinue, stands on the Bidassoa's bank and gazes wistfully southwards. Why does he tarry; whence this delay? He waits an escort. Strange rumors are abroad of ambuscade and assassination; of vows made by fierce guerillas that the Infanta's destined husband shall never see Madrid. At last the escort comes. Enclosed in serried lines of bayonets and lances, dragoons in van, artillery in rear, the happy bridegroom prosecutes his journey. What is his welcome? Do the bright-eyed Basque maidens scatter flowers in his path, and Biscay's brave sons strain their stout arms to ring peals in his honor? Do the poor and hardy peasantry of Castile line the highway and shout *vivas* as he passes? Not so. If bells are rung and flowers strewn, it is by salaried ringers and by women hired, not to wail at a funeral, but to celebrate a marriage scarcely more auspicious. If hurras, few and faint, are heard, those who utter are paid for them. Sullen looks and lowering glances greet the Frenchman, as guarded by two

thousand men-at-arms, he hurries to the capital where his bride awaits him. In all haste, amidst the murmurs of a deeply offended people the knot is tied. Not a moment must be lost, lest something should yet occur to mar the marriage feast. And now for the rewards, shamefully showered upon the venal abettors of this unpopular union. A dukedom and grandeeship of Spain for the ambassador's infant son; titles to mercenary ministers; high and time-honored decorations, once reserved as the premium for exalted valor and chivalrous deeds—to corrupt deputies; diamond snuff-boxes, jewels and gold, to the infamous writers of prostituted journals; Christina rejoices; her *Camarilla* are in ecstasies; Bresson rubs his hands in irrepressible exultation; in his distant capital the French monarch heaves a sigh of relief and satisfaction as his telegraph informs him of the *fait accompli*. Then come splendid bull-fights and monster *pucheros*, to dazzle the eyes and stop the mouths of the multitude. *Pan y toros*—*panis ac circenses*—to the many headed beast. And in all haste the prince hurries back to Paris with his bride, to receive the paternal benediction, the fraternal embrace, and the congratulations of a few score individuals, who alone, in all France, feel real pleasure and profit in his marriage. And thus, by foreign intrigue and domestic treachery, has the independence of Spain been virtually bought and sold.

WELSH TRIADS.—Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in everything that is done. Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a grey coat in cold. Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward. Three things that seldom agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in the same house, and two lovers after the same maiden. Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be. Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood. Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the house wife. Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for his audience. Three things seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse. Three miseries of a man's house—a smokey chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

From the Athenæum.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By the Rev. A. Dyce. Vols. VIII., IX., X. and XI. Moxon.

MR. DYCE has brought his labors to a close: and the same conscientious care, which we had occasion to commend when noticing the earlier portions of the work, is equally apparent in every part of the concluding volumes. We have, therefore, little to look for from succeeding editors: nor is it likely that a new edition will be again attempted, seeing how completely Mr. Dyce has exhausted every source of intelligence,—the pains-taking which he has exhibited,—and the exertions which he has made to overlook no opportunity of rendering the text of his authors as perfect as it now seems possible to make it. M. Dyce's edition is complete in eleven handsome octavo volumes; and ranges in size and appearance with the variorum Shakspeares, and the editions of our old dramatists revised by Mr. Gifford.

In a brief preface, M. Dyce tells us what had been done by former editors:—

“Of Beaumont and Fletcher only three *critical* editions have been hitherto attempted. The first was that of 1750, commenced by Theobald and and completed by Seward and Sympson, in which the most unwarrantable liberties were taken with the text. The second, published in 1778, was at least an improvement on that of 1750, inasmuch as the Editors (of whom the elder Colman was the chief) rejected the greater portion of the arbitrary alterations introduced by their predecessors. The third was that of 1812, edited by Weber, who having availed himself of Monck Mason's *Notes* (printed in 1798), produced on the whole the best edition of the dramatists which had yet appeared. Much, however, remained to be done for Beaumont and Fletcher—principally by collation of the early copies. In this respect the above-mentioned editors were so unpardonable careless, that though (as their annotations prove), they used nearly all the early copies extant, they yet entirely overlooked a great number of readings, by which both the sense and the metre might have been restored. Nor were they less deserving of censure on another account: in too many passages which they happened not to understand, they deliberately substituted their own improvements for the authors' genuine language.

“The text of the edition,” he adds, “which I now submit to the public is formed from a minute collation of all the early copies: but I have not thought it necessary

to crowd the pages by noticing every trifling variation which the quartos and folios exhibit. Two of the plays,—‘The Honest Man's Fortune’ and the ‘Humorous Lieutenant,’—have been greatly amended by means of MSS.”

Of Beaumont and Fletcher it is remarked, by Shirley the dramatist, that “he must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their Lives.” This was said in the Boswellian sense of recording their conversations:—

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid!

“But the passage has been understood,” says, Mr. Dyce, “as if Shirley, either from modesty or from some less worthy feeling, had declined the office of their biographer. I apprehend, however, (for the whole address is rather affected and rhetorical), that the words ‘He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their Lives’ was introduced solely for the sake of impressing the reader with the most exalted notions of the genius and talent which, even in the common intercourse of society, distinguished the dramatic pair; nor do I believe that Shirley had ever been expected, much less solicited to undertake the task which, with all possible disadvantages, I must attempt to execute.” So little is known of Beaumont and Fletcher, that their Lives are mere tombstone and parish-register work at the best. Mr. Dyce, however, has done something for their biographies; and has stated with more precision than has hitherto been aimed at, the particulars already known concerning themselves and their writings,—and added, at the same time, a few facts of consequence altogether new to our literary history. A short outline of their lives (embodying the more important of Mr. Dyce's discoveries), will not be out of place in a notice of this kind.

Francis Beaumont—the third son of Francis Beaumont, of Grace-dieu, in Leicestershire, by Anne Pierrepont, daughter of Sir George Pierrepont, of Holme-Pierrepont, in Nottinghamshire—was born

sometime in the year 1584, at, it is said, the family seat of Grace-dieu. "Hoping to find," says Mr. Dyce, "the entry of Beaumont's baptism, I carefully examined the church-registers of Belton (in which parish Grace-dieu stands), but in vain; and it seems doubtful, therefore, if he was born at Grace-dieu." The year of birth is ascertained by an entry in the Matriculation Register at Oxford, and by the Funeral Certificate granted by the heralds at his father's death. From these it appears that Henry, John, and Francis, the three sons of Francis Beaumont of Grace-dieu, were entered, February 4, 1596-7, gentlemen-commoners of Broadgates Hall, Oxford,—then the principal nursery in that University for students of the Civil and Common Law. Henry was then fifteen, John, (the poet of 'Bosworth Field') fourteen, and Francis, (the dramatist) only twelve. Francis Beaumont, the father, filled for several years the important office of one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. His Will is dated the day before his death, April 22, 1598. The poet was then in his fourteenth year.

The three sons of the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, were destined by their father for the dry and uncongenial studies of the law. Francis, the youngest, subsequently entered (Nov. 3, 1600) a member of the Inner Temple. The Inns of Court were the great promoters of poetry at this time. Ben Johnson dedicated his "Every Man out of his Humor" to the Noblest Nurseries of Humanity and Liberty in the Kingdom—the Inns of Court. "When I wrote this poem I had friendship," he says, "with divers in your societies:"—but Beaumont was then too young to have known the great poet whose friendship he subsequently acquired. It was an age of poetry. The drama flourished; and the Muse in every mood was seen to the utmost advantage. No wonder, then, that a newly-admitted member of the Inner Temple, smitten with the particular passion of the time, became irrecoverably a poet—nay, a poet in print before he had completed his eighteenth year. His first work, a paraphrase from Ovid called "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," appeared in 1602, without the author's name. There is very little that is good or even promising about it. "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," says Mr. Dyce, "is evidently the production of an inexperienced author, who has swelled out the old fable with sundry ill-conceived

and ill-told incidents, and encrusted the whole with a variety of those frigid conceits from which even the best narrative poetry of that age is seldom altogether free."

John Fletcher was the grandson of Richard Fletcher, minister of Cranbrook, in Kent,—and son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, successively minister of Rye, in Sussex, Dean of Peterborough, Bishop of Bristol, Bishop of Worcester, and Bishop of London. No other dramatic poet of that time had equal advantages of birth with Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakspeare was the son of a yeoman of Stratford:—Ben Jonson the son of a poor man, whose widow, while the son was yet a child, united herself to a master bricklayer. Massinger was the son of an inferior officer in the household of the noble family of Herbert: and Marlowe and Greene and Ford and Webster were sprung of equally humble branches of the great body of the people. Dr. Richard Fletcher, the father, was "born in Kent, so his near relation informed me," says Fuller;—who includes John Fletcher, the son, among the "Worthies" of Northamptonshire. But Fuller, so far as regards the son, is completely mistaken. To Mr. Dyce's industry we are indebted for the interesting discovery of the date and place of the poet's birth. He was born at Rye, in Sussex; and baptized, as the Rye Register records, on the 20th December, 1579—three years later than the received period of his birth. The entry is as follows:—

"1759, December. The xxth daie, John the son of Mr. Richard Fletcher mynister of the Word of God in Rye."

Sussex is rich, we may remark, in poets possessing a mastery over the passions. Otway and Collins are well-known Sussex worthies. How exquisitely, in his "Ode to Pity," does Collins allude to the poet who drew and described Monimia and Belvidera!—

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream and mute?
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's Lute.

Had Collins known that Fletcher was a native of Sussex, we should have had, no doubt, some allusion in the Ode to the poet who drew and described Panthea and Euphrasia.

Fletcher was admitted pensioner of Benet College, Cambridge, on the 15th October,

1591—before he was twelve years of age. This was his father's college:—but the poet is not known to have taken any degree; and the duration of his college residence is a matter of uncertainty. He is said to have pursued his studies at the University with diligence and success. "His plays," says Mr. Dyce, "though containing various graceful recollections of the classic writers, evince no traces of superior scholarship:"—but we are not to infer from this, he remarks, that his scholastic attainments were inconsiderable. "Among our early dramatists, several might be named who were unquestionably masters of a deep and extensive erudition, which, however, is but faintly reflected in their scenes." Events of consequence in Fletcher's history occurred within the short period of five years after his admission into the university. In December, 1592, he lost his mother;—of whom nothing more is known than that "one name was Elizabeth," and that she was the mother of nine children, the youngest of whom, Maria, was born but a few months before her death. In the following January, his father was translated from the see of Bristol to that of Worcester; and on the 19th January, 1594-5, from Worcester to London. The Bishop was a handsome man, and much in favor with Queen Elizabeth; who was so anxious that his person should be seen to the best advantage, that "she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short." Other honors had been in store for him, but for the circumstance of his second marriage and the anger of Queen Elizabeth on that occasion:—"not," says Harrington, "for the *bygamy* of a bishop (for she was free from any such superstition) but a general dislike of clergymen's marriage, this being a marriage that was talked of at least nine days." The Bishop's second wife was Lady Baker, widow of Sir Richard Baker, of Sisingherst, in Kent, and sister of Sir George Gifford, one of the gentlemen-pensioners. "There is no doubt," says Mr. Dyce, "that the marriage was hurried on with unusual haste; for it took place in less than a year after the decease of Sir Richard Baker." He was suspended from his see for the next six months—the Queen resolutely refusing to see him; though it is said that she was afterwards appeased, and actually paid him a visit at his house in Chelsea. His marriage afforded material for the satirist; and a copy of verses on that occasion, recover-

ed by Mr. Dyce, is highly curious from the extreme license of the language and the happy turn of a concluding couplet. The poem is too long to quote entire; but the pith of the whole is contained in a very few lines:—

Yt is a question now in herauldrye
What name proude prelatys Ladye now may
 beare;
Though, London like, she be of all trades free,
And long hath bene a common occupier,
Her Lord of London cannot London give;
Yt is his owne but as he holds his place;
And that so proude a foole in yt should live,
Yt was but superfluitie of grace.
And Ladye Fletcher less may she be named;
How can a vicars sonne a Ladye make?
And yet her Ladyship were gretelye shamed,
Yf from her Lord she could no title take;
Wherefore they may divide the name of Fletcher,
He my Lord F., and she my Lady Letcher.

But the Bishop did not live to enjoy for any length of time either his new see or the society of his second wife. He died on the 15th of June, 1596;—"Suddenly," says Harrington, "taking tobacco in his chaire, and saying to his man who stood by him, whom he loved very well—"Oh, boy, I die." His affairs were found to be much involved. "He hath left behinde him," says a "Memorial of Reasons" for showing some commiseration to his orphans—"8 poore children—whereof divers are very young. His dettes due to the Quenes Majestie and to other creditors are 1400^{li} or thereabouts; his whole "state is but one house wherein the widow claimeth her thirds; his plate valewed at 400^{li}, his other stuffe at 500^{li}." The result of this "Memorial" is unknown. The poet was then in his seventeenth year. The Lady *Letcher* of the satire took a third husband,—a Sir Stephen Thornhurst: and dying in 1609, was buried in Canterbury Cathedral,—where a monument to her memory may still be seen.

How and when the acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher commenced, Mr. Dyce has been unable to ascertain. Whatever was its origin, it eventually ripened into the warmest friendship.

"There was," says Aubrey, "a wonderful consimilarity of phansy between him [Beaumont] and Mr. I. Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. * * * They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the Playhouse, both batchelors, lay together, had * * the same cloaths and cloake, &c. between them."

This is in some measure confirmed by a passage in Shadwell's "Bury Fair," where

a personage called "Oldwit" is made to say :—

"I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan; well, I shall never forget him; I have supped with him at his house on the Bank-side; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world."

Mr. Dyce remarks on this :—

"Perhaps Aubrey's informant (Sir James Hales), knowing his ready credulity, purposely overcharged the picture of our poets' domestic establishment; at least, we are certain that this community of goods was not during the whole period of their friendship; for Beaumont did not die a bachelor, and his marriage must have left Fletcher in undisturbed possession."

But Aubrey was not so "maggoty-pated" as Wood made out, and Mr. Dyce would lead us to believe. His "Lives" abound in curious particulars—rather confirmed than weakened by recent discoveries.

Beaumont's wife was Ursula, daughter and co-heir to Henry Isley, of Sundridge, in Kent. The father died in 1599;—several years before the marriage could possibly have taken place.

In his Will, which was proved 3d September, 1599, he declares as follows: 'I doe will devise and gyve all and singuler my mannors, landes, tenements, and hereditaments, in the countie of Kent or elsewhere within the realme of England, vnto Jane my lovinge wief in fee simple, viz. to her and her heires for ever, to the end and purpose that she maye doe sell or otherwise dispose at her discretion the same, or such parte or soe much thereof as to her shall seeme fitt, for the payment of all my just and true debts - - - and also for the bringinge vp and preferment in maryage of *Vrsa* and *Vna*, the two daughters or children of her the said Jane my lovinge wief."

This is all that is known of Ursula Isley before her marriage. It would, seem, however, that much of the property of the Isleys had already passed into other hands, and that the poet received but a very slender fortune with his wife.

His own days were, however, drawing to a close. "Beaumont died," says Mr. Dyce, "on the 6th of March, 1615-16; and was buried on the 9th of that month at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey."

"The cause of his death, as Mr. Darley remarks, seems to be indicated in the verses which were written to his memory,—

So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
Their praise grew swiftly as thy life declines.

Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease, consumes men in few years.

Two daughters were the fruit of his marriage,—Elizabeth and Frances (a posthumous child). Elizabeth married 'a Scotch colonel,' and was resident in Scotland in March 1681-2. Frances was living unmarried, at a great age, in Leicestershire in 1700, and was then receiving a pension of 100*l.* a year from the Duke of Ormond, in whose family she had been for some time domesticated. She is reported to have possessed several unpublished poems by her father, which were lost on the passage from Ireland to England.

The verses written by the poet of "Bosworth Field" on his brother's death are familiar to every student of English poetry. Not so the following lines, which may be confidently regarded as Fletcher's composition. "They seem," says Mr. Dyce (who prints them for the first time), "very like an episode on his beloved associate."

A Sonnet.

Come, sorrow, come! bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes!
Burn out, you living monuments of woe;
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow!

Virtue is dead;

Oh, cruel fate!

All youth is fled;

All our laments too late.

Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er-dying name,
Oh, happy youth, to thy still-growing fame,
To thy long peace on earth, this sacred knell
Our last loves ring!—farewell, farewell, farewell!

Go, happy soul, to thy eternal birth!

And press his body lightly, gentle earth!

Fletcher was five years older than his friend and associate; and survived him thirteen years. All that is known of his death is told by Aubrey, in his "Surrey." He is writing of St. Savior's, Southwark :—

"In this Church was interred, without any Memorial, that eminent Dramatick Poet, Mr. John Fletcher, Son to Bishop Fletcher of London, who died of the Plague the 19th of August, 1625. When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the Parish Clerk, aged above 80, told me that he was his Taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher staying for a Suit of Cloaths before he retired into the Country, Death stopped his Journey, and laid him low here."

There is evidently an error, here, of the 19th for the 29th. A person dying of the plague was always, where it was possible, interred the same day :—

"His burial is recorded at St. Savior's in three distinct entries. I. In one register; '1625. Au-

guste, 29. Mr. John Fletcher a man in the church.' 2. In another register; 1625. August 29. John Fletcher, a poet in the church. gr. and cl. 2s. ('cl.' seems to mean, as Mr. P. Cunningham observes to me, 'clerk'; Mr. Collier—*Introd. to Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare*, p. xii.—reads it 'ch.' i. e. church). 3. In the unbound monthly accounts on separate sheets; 1625. August 29. John Fletcher, gentleman in the church 20s."

Such, then, are the outlines of the lives of Beaumont and Fletcher—Beaumont dying before he had completed his thirty-first year and Fletcher before his forty-sixth. Their respective parts in the several plays which bear their names it now seems hopeless to determine. "The Faithful Shepherdess" was the unassisted composition of Fletcher, in Beaumont's lifetime,—and the only play that he is known to have given to the press. He prints it as his own; and Beaumont has a copy of complimentary verses before it. This, therefore, is decisive. But here the question arises why that collection of dramas in which Beaumont must have had—and really had—a comparatively small share, should be called "Beaumont and Fletcher's" and not "Fletcher and Beaumont's." As early as 1612, Webster, in his preface to "The White Devil," mentions "the no less worthy composure of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher." This is curious; because it shows that during their joint lives it was customary to give Beaumont the precedence. But the reader will like to see what Mr. Dyce has to say upon this subject:—

"None of Beaumont's dramatic pieces, with the exception of 'The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn' (1612), were given to the press till after his decease. Three plays only, 'The Scornful Lady' (1616). 'A King and No King' (1619), and 'Philaster,' (1620), were printed during Fletcher's life-time as the joint productions of himself and Beaumont; and the title-pages of those three dramas set forth that they were written by 'Beaumont and Fletcher,'—the name of Beaumont standing first, either because he was known to have composed the larger portion of them, or because that precedence was considered as a mark of respect due to a deceased writer. At a later date, no one was willing to disturb an arrangement which had become familiar to the reader; and hence, on the title-pages of the subsequently-published quartos, and of the two folio collections, the name of Beaumont retained its usual place."

There was, perhaps, another reason:—

"Beaumont's judgment" had become proverbial among critics. Fletcher is said to have set great value on his opinion,—

And therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth.

This is said by Cartwright;—who adds, in another poem,—

Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull.

Dryden adds his testimony in confirmation of this:—"Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure; and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. Still descending in the stream of tradition, this belief about Beaumont is further confirmed by Pope,—who did not live too late to be well informed on such matters:—

In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakspeare's nature and of Cowley's wit,
How Beaumont's judgment checked what Fletcher writ.

But this is a matter in which it is useless to look for further information. The subject, however, is an interesting one;—and critics will still endeavor to determine from internal evidence where Beaumont begins and Fletcher ends.

We cannot quit company with Mr. Dyce without noticing two little matters in which he is at fault. The printing of Bishop Fletcher's will is downright nonsense towards the conclusion:—and when he wrote "Though Mr. Wordsworth's opinion is against me, I must think that it is a mere dream of criticism to imagine that the grosser passages in Shakspeare's writings were foisted in by the players," he ought to have remembered that such was Cowley's opinion of the folio Shakspeare; nay more, of the folio volume of the works of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" in wit, which he himself has done so much good service to in this edition.

TRICKS ON TRAVELERS.—Several omnibuses have started, at the fare of twopence, to Charing Cross. Any one passing that spot will have to pay more, or, in other words, he will 'go farther and fare worse.'

From the British Quarterly Review.

PHRENOLOGY TESTED.

- (1.) *Contributions to the Mathematics of Phrenology.* By JAMES STRATTON. Aberdeen, 1845. pp. 35.
- (2.) *The Brain and its Physiology; a Critical Disquisition on the Methods of Determining the Relations between the Structure and Functions of the Encephalon.* By DANIEL NOBLE, M.R.C.S. Eng. London, 1846. pp. 450.

HALF a century has elapsed since Dr. Gall first announced to the world the elements of that system of Phrenology. This science, if science it may be called, has long since run the gauntlet of public opinion; it has outlived the first ardor of its supporters and the early virulence of its foes. Fifty years have been afforded for its establishment or refutation. In every enlightened country it has supported, during a long period, its public lecturers and periodicals; it has been made the subject alike of metaphysical and physiological investigation; the lights of science have been brought to bear upon it; anatomy, human and comparative; pathology, experiments upon living animals, and numerous other sources more or less direct, have been assiduously ransacked for evidence of its truth or falsehood. And now, when a critical inquiry into the functions of the brain, by a member of the medical profession, who is favorably known as a contributor to the medical periodicals of the day, has been offered to the public, claiming for Phrenology the rank of an inductive science, we are surely in a favorable position calmly to review the evidence which has been accumulated in favor of Phrenology, and dispassionately to ask whether or not it affords a correct physiology of the Brain, and a true picture of the human mind.

It may be remarked, at the outset of our inquiry, that Phrenology is not generally regarded by our most esteemed physiologists and metaphysicians as an ascertained part of their respective sciences. By the greater number of them it is more or less discredited: some utterly repudiating the entire system; others professing to believe certain of its general principles, but refusing to assent to the details. On the other hand, there are a few men of eminence, both in natural science and in letters, who have given their entire adherence to the system, and lent their aid in its support.

We make this general statement, for the purpose of pointing out that there must be

some uncertainty in the nature of that evidence upon which the system rests. If the evidence were of the same nature as that upon which other inductive sciences are founded, Phrenology would, long ere this, have been either generally acknowledged or universally abandoned by scientific inquiries. Upon what, then, does this uncertainty depend? In what respect do the facts and observations of Phrenology differ from those of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, and Mechanics? In this respect: they want precision and accuracy. They are not definite, nor tangible, nor measurable. They are chameleon-like in their color, and proteus-like in their form. The terminology of the system is altogether inexact. It has no place in other inquiries. The terms *large* and *small*, *full*, *rather full*, and such like, are altogether repudiated by the observers of nature in their departments. They have no existence in the vocabulary of science, and convey no meaning, or at least no truth that is at all worthy of confidence. If a thing is large, what is the size of it? if it is small, tell us the measurements.

Let us look a little more narrowly at the facts and principles of Phrenology. It proceeds upon certain postulates, which it contends are either substantiated by evidence, or such as will be readily granted by all parties. These are, that the brain is the organ of the mind; and that the size of an organ is, *ceteris paribus*, a measure of its power. These principles being granted, it is said that observation has determined that individuals having certain faculties or propensities in an eminent degree, have certain parts of the brain proportionably *large*, and, therefore, that those particular parts of the brain manifest particular faculties of the mind. From these observations and conclusions, it results that the brain is a congeries of organs, each of which is connected with a particular mental faculty; and that the size of each organ, and the power of the corresponding faculty, may be estimated by an examination of the exter-

nal surface of the head or cranium. The observations which are said to have determined these facts, may be described historically, as follows:—Dr. Gall remarked that a certain individual who displayed great mental powers of a certain kind—say, e.g., of making numerical calculations—had a fulness or prominence in a certain part of the forehead. He found that other persons similarly endowed, had a similar fulness. Hence he inferred that the part of the brain under that prominence was larger than usual; that that part of the brain was the organ of Number, and that Number was a distinct faculty of the human mind. Proceeding in this way, he found that particular dispositions and propensities, strongly developed in different individuals, were associated always with fulness or greater size of other parts of the cranium. He thus succeeded in peopling the surface of the brain with the thirty-five phrenological faculties. Dr. Gall was followed by Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. Combe, and others, who, from an extended series of observations, verified, with some modifications, the conclusions of the author of this system. The result of the whole of the phrenological inquiries, is, that we now have the surface of the cranium mapped out into thirty-five or thirty-seven compartments, each of which covers the organ of a certain faculty, and that the mind is made up of these thirty-five or thirty-seven faculties.

The entire truth of the system, it is to be remarked, rests upon the assertion that, in the opinion of a certain number of observers, in a vast number of instances, remarkable activity or power of the so-called faculties or propensities has been always found associated with large size of that part of the cranium which indicates them; and that great deficiency of those faculties or propensities has been accompanied with diminished size of the corresponding organs and parts of the cranium covering them.

Phrenology has had numerous assailants. Some have attacked it with the shafts of ridicule. Some have argued against it on metaphysical grounds, contending that the theory which it gives of the mind is inconsistent with our own consciousness. Others have attempted to invalidate the system, by showing its inconsistency with the structure of the cranium and the anatomy of the brain. Others, again, have opposed to it facts derived from the development of different parts of the brain, both in man and in the lower animals. And, lastly,

pathological observations and experiments upon living animals have been adduced as leading to conclusions subversive of the phrenological system.

Amidst this host of assailants the phrenologists have manfully kept their ground; defending themselves, indeed, with indifferent success, but still fighting with their backs to the wall reared for them by their facts and observations. "Disprove our facts," say they, "but while they remain, we care not for your theoretical objections. If our facts are true, we scorn your theories;—ours is an inductive science."

"In no other way," says Mr. Noble, "can Gall's physiology be judged; it is altogether an affair of fact, which observation alone can determine." * * * "Settle, in the first place, the direct question of fact, then reason, mutilate animals, compare anatomical structure in diverse species, conjecture psychical correspondence, give the best explanation you may to morbid phenomenon; but decide, first, upon the validity of the phrenological facts."—pp. 212, 213.

To the facts they appeal, and properly; to these facts then let us first direct our attention, reserving our criticism on those collateral points to which we have referred, and to which Mr. Noble directs himself at some length, for the subsequent part of our remarks.

The facts upon which Phrenology professes to be founded have been often disputed, and their accuracy denied. But the *pros* and *cons* on this point have been found to be altogether unsatisfactory, and such as to leave either party more strongly convinced of the truth of their own opinions. Here are instances, says one, in which the organ of, e. g., Destructiveness was large, and yet the individuals manifested no such propensity. Oh, says one phrenologist, the organ was inactive and inoperative from want of exercise or cultivation;—or, says another, it was held in abeyance and control by other faculties; or perhaps, says another, learned in anatomical niceties, there was a deficiency of the grey matter of the brain, or a defect in the quality of it;—size is a measure of power *only ceteris paribus*. But, says the objector, if there are all these exceptions to your rules, there are as many sources of fallacy in the observations upon which your system is founded; it must be, after all, very doubtful whether, amidst the exceptions, you have hit upon the rule. We appeal, retorts the phrenologist, to the most extended

series of observations; and to the skulls and casts of innumerable persons whose characters are well known; those of poets, historians, musicians, artists, philosophers, men distinguished for their piety or benevolence, or notorious for their licentiousness and crimes. With the heads of such persons our museums are filled, and they all display evidences in their exterior form of the characteristics which distinguished the individuals; and upon these heads the truth of our system rests.

If the inquirer now proceeds to test the truth of Phrenology by the accredited examples upon which it is founded, he finds, if he is accustomed to rigid and accurate methods of investigation, all that uncertainty of which we have already spoken. He is told that if he looks at a certain part of this cranium or the other that he will see that it is "full," or "rather full," or "large," or "very large" in one particular part; but the amount of this fulness compared with another head he is unable to ascertain. If he measures it by ascertaining how far the prominent point is distant from the ear, or any central point, and compares this measurement with a similar one on another cranium, he is told, if the result be unfavorable to Phrenology, that the heads are of different sizes—the one is large and the other small—or, if they are nearly alike in size, that he must take into account the breadth of the organ, as well as its prominence or distance from any central point.

Here the matter at present lies, and in this uncertainty each one is left to use his eyes and his judgment to the best of his ability, and form an opinion favorable or unfavorable to Phrenology, as he will in all probability do, according to the previous bias of his mind. We think we have fairly represented the *nature* of the evidence in favor of Phrenology—of the value or amount of it we have as yet said nothing—we deem it of importance to place the matter fully before our readers, in order that we may inquire whether there is any possibility of attaining greater precision, and of bringing the facts and observations of phrenology to an *experimentum crucis*. We think that there is. We cannot doubt that whatever differences the eye can see, the hand can certainly measure; and that there must be methods of mensuration by which the so-called facts upon which Phrenology is founded can be reduced to figures and verified to a demonstration, if correct.

"It is surely impossible," says Mr. Straton in the pamphlet before us, "to contemplate the amazing accuracy which instrumental measure has imparted to many departments of science,—an accuracy immensely beyond the reach of the finest unaided eye, and not feel a wish that some such services were rendered to phrenology. It is, indeed, easier to conjecture than to certify, why so little has hitherto been done in efforts to render these services. It cannot be the difficulties which stand in the way. The human head is not an object which, either by its magnitude or its minuteness, its flexibility or its irregularity, defies either the application of instruments or the powers of calculation. It seems impossible that those differences in size which are so obvious to the eye cannot be measured by some uniform scale, and expressed in terms of definite known value. * *

* That the ordinary specifications of size and proportions are all but intolerably painful, vague, and perplexing to some minds, is a fact publicly recorded by friendly hands with much ability, and much more bitterness than comports with beauty in philosophical disquisition. Stand the matter how it may, this much will be readily admitted, that the increasingly rigid requirements of scientific minds, the changing social arrangements," (?) "the progress of individual improvement—in short, the interests of all (except the unprincipled quack) call for the utmost precision in estimating and recording size, which is, in the nature of the case, practicable."

What "changing social arrangements," have to do with the matter we are at some loss to divine, but, thanking Mr. Straton for what he has so well done for the cause of truth by his measurements, we would address ourselves to the same task, and do what he has not done, bring Phrenology to the test of figures.

What, then, is the size of an organ in the estimate of a phrenologist's eye? It can be only its degree of prominence as compared with the neighboring surface of the cranium, or its distance from some central point. Of the breadth of the organ it is impossible he can form any estimate, except such as depends upon the breadth or size of the entire head; for if the organs do not always occupy the same relative part of the surface of the entire cranium, it is impossible for any phrenologist to define the precise limits of their cranial surface. Will any phrenologist undertake to say that the organ of Benevolence occupies a greater relative portion of the surface of the cranium in one head than in another, that in one it encroaches upon Veneration, and in another, Veneration encroaches upon it? We think not. If he did, there would be an end of all certainty in the matter. The only estimate which the eye can form is

and must be that which we have stated—the prominence of a part of the cranium compared with the neighboring surface, or the distance of that prominence from a central point. This distance or degree of prominence is a matter easily ascertained by actual measurement, and accordingly, phrenologists have accredited this mode of observation by the use of the callipers, and have, in many of their works, reported careful and extensive measurements made in this way.

Now comes the real difficulty. The heads or crania thus measured, all differ in size, and it is thus impossible to compare directly the measurements of one with those of another. If they were all exactly of the same size, or rather capacity, we could compare those measurements with precision, and say at once to the fraction of an inch how much more tune Handel had than Haydn. We could then, if we had the distance of the central point of each organ from the external ear—say which preponderated over its neighbor, as compared with the corresponding organ of another individual.

This difficulty, we conceive, is readily got over, and once got over, we think Phrenology must stand or fall by the result. It is a well known geometrical principle, that similar solids are to each other as the cubes of their homologous lines, or, the cube roots of similar solids are to each other as their homologous lines. If, therefore, we ascertain the capacity of any skull, which may be readily done by immersing it in water up to a given point, and if we ascertain by measurement the distance of all the organs from the ear (meatus auditorius), or from each other, we can readily produce a skull of *any given capacity* preserving the same *form* as the measured skull, and having all the linear measurements precisely what they would have been had the skull measured been of the capacity required. We may thus convert any number of skulls into skulls of precisely the same *size* or *capacity*, each one, however, retaining exactly its own *form*, and the same relative development of its different parts. This done, the problem is solved, and we can at once compare all the linear measurements of them with fractional accuracy.

For the purpose of ascertaining how far Phrenology would stand this test, we visited one of the oldest phrenological museums in the country, in company with a phrenologist of note, and a well known physiologist,

distinguished for his habits of patient and accurate observation, and with a phrenological bust before us, we carefully measured casts of the skulls of four murderers, Haggart, McKaen, Pollard, and Lockety. For the purpose of drawing a comparison between these and heads of persons characterized by intelligence, wit, imagination, the kindlier affections of our nature, the sentiments of firmness, courage, and morality, we measured the casts of the skulls of Burns, Swift, La Fontaine, King Robert the Bruce, and those of two females, Heloise, and Stella. These, we conceived would furnish many interesting points of contrast, by which the truth of Phrenology might be tested. We do not profess that these observations are sufficiently numerous for positive induction, but they may direct the investigation of others who have leisure and inclination to pursue the inquiry, and who may agree with us in thinking that this is the only certain method of ascertaining the truth.

We may add, that the capacities of the crania were ascertained by repeated immersions in water up to a line running between the meatus auditorius and the junction of the frontal with the nasal bones, and a careful measurement of the number of cubic inches of water displaced. In making the linear measurements, one leg of the callipers was placed as nearly as possible in a corresponding part of the meatus auditorius of all the skulls, while the other, guided by the bust before us, and by our phrenological friend, was with the utmost attainable accuracy brought to the centre of the organ to be measured; and, while they remained on the cast, the measurements were read off by the gentlemen assisting from the other extremities of our callipers, they having first satisfied themselves that they were properly applied to the several organs.

These measurements being made, we took the cranium of Swift as being about the mean; and in accordance with the rule referred to, by the following formula, as the cube root of the actual capacity of any skull is to the cube root of the standard capacity, so is any actual linear measurement of the former to the corresponding linear measurement in the same reduced to the standard capacity, we converted the measurements of all the other crania into those of a cranium having the same capacity as Swift's. That is to say, we converted all the crania into crania having the same ca-

M'Kaen	494
La Fontaine	491
Pollard	478
Lockey	475
Bruce	474
Burns	468
Haggart	461
Swift	450
Heloise	449
Stella	447

17. <i>Casualty.</i>		19. <i>Wit (B.)</i>		21. <i>Number.</i>	
La Fontaine	4.72	Lockey	4.26	M'Kaen	4.69
Heloise	4.69	Heloise	4.25	La Fontaine	4.35
Bruce	4.61	M'Kaen	4.00	Swift	4.3
Burns	4.59	La Fontaine	3.907	Lockey	4.26
Pollard	4.58	Haggart	3.81	Burns	3.92
Lockey	4.55	Pollard	3.76	Stella	3.9
M'Kaen	4.52	Bruce	3.63	Haggart	3.84
Haggart	4.51	Burns	3.55	Bruce	3.83
Stella	4.31	Swift	3.55	Heloise	3.79
Swift	4.30	Stella	3.49	Pollard	3.64
18. <i>Wit (A.)</i>		20. <i>Ideality.</i>		22. <i>Tune</i>	
Haggart	4.84	Lockey	5.33	M'Kaen	4.73
M'Kaen	4.21	M'Kaen	5.05	Lockey	4.63
Lockey	3.97	Pollard	4.88	La Fontaine	4.40
Heloise	3.93	Stella	4.83	Burns	4.21
Burns	3.82	Burns	4.78	Bruce	4.02
La Fontaine	3.81	Swift	4.70	Stella	4.00
Bruce	3.77	Heloise	4.60	Heloise	3.93
Pollard	3.66	Bruce	4.56	Haggart	3.91
Stella	3.59	La Fontaine	4.51	Pollard	3.90
Swift	3.40	Haggart	4.31	Swift	3.80

On glancing over these tables, of the results of which we could have formed no possible preconception before our calculations were made, we may well ask ourselves if they are correct, can phrenology be true? In a few points the results harmonize with the phrenological doctrine, but in others, and far the greater proportion, they are altogether subversive of it. Is it possible that two females, the accomplished Heloise and Miss Johnson, had more *Combateness* and *Destructiveness* than the notorious David Haggart—that Swift had less *Wit* in relation to the size of his brain and his other organs than all the other nine, and yet that phrenology can be true?

Let us glance over these tables in succession, and briefly examine the more obvious reflections which they suggest.

In comparing the measurements of the different crania, thus reduced to a common size, it will be necessary to keep in view the difference in size of the original heads, and to qualify our comparisons by the application of the acknowledged phrenological principle, that greater capacity, or greater size, gives greater energy to the whole character, but does not alter the individual peculiarities.

Beginning with Tables 1 and 2, it may be remarked of La Fontaine, who has the smallest organs of *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness*, that this certainly corresponds with the character of a man who left an accomplished and beautiful wife, who had done everything to captivate his affections and secure his esteem, for the sake of spending his time with the wits of

Paris. On the entreaties of his friends, he set out with the purpose of reconciling himself to her; but on inquiring at the house, and being told she was gone to church, he immediately returned to Paris; and when asked about his reconciliation, he answered, that "he had been to see his wife, but was told she was at church." Equally careless was he of his son, with whom he soon parted. Meeting him afterwards, and not recognising him, he remarked that he seemed a boy of parts and spirits; and on being informed that this promising boy was his own son, he answered very unconcernedly, "Ha! truly, I am glad on't."

The remainder of these two tables, however, is almost entirely opposed to phrenology; for, in the first place, Bruce is considered by phrenologists to have the organ of *Amativeness* "full," and we find that Haggart, Heloise, Burns, M'Kaen, and Stella, who all displayed this propensity to a great extent during life, have an organ of *Amativeness* half an inch less than that of Bruce, with relation, be it remarked, to heads of the very same size—nay more, they all have the organs less than Swift, who, says his biographer, "was naturally temperate, chaste, and frugal." What is the evidence afforded by history of the *amativeness* of the five individuals who have the organ so small? "You have mistaken me," says David Haggart, in answer to the question of Mr. Combe, who said, "You would not be the slave of sexual passion?" "You have mistaken me in this point of sexual passion, for it was my greatest failing, &c.;" and he adds,

that he believes he was a master of the art of seduction more than any that he followed. Is it necessary to mention, that all the intellectual accomplishments of Heloise failed to preserve her honor? and of Stella, we may only remark, that no two histories are like reach other than those of Abelard and Heloise, and Dean Swift and Miss Johnson. A writer in the "Phrenological Journal" adduces evidence from the life of M'Kaen, to show that he possessed strong amateness; and every one knows that Robert Burns was eminently endowed with this propensity. Of the whole five it may be remarked, that amateness formed a distinct feature in their history, and gave a direction to the whole tenor of their lives and actions; yet they had organs three, four, and five-tenths of an inch less than those of men who were never characterized by this propensity. Nor can it be answered, that these organs, although absolutely smaller than those of Swift and Bruce, were yet large in relation to the other faculties and organs of the individuals themselves; for on referring either to history or the subsequent tables, it will be seen that the intellectual and moral faculties of Swift and Bruce were many of them less, and the organs less, than those of the five persons just named.

Again, convincing evidence is afforded in the life of M'Kaen, that he had the strongest regard for his wife and children. In his last farewell to them, he says of his children, that they were "much the objects of his love, and he would retain for them to the last the highest regard as children begotten of his own body." In the narrative of his life, he says, that after his capture he would have committed suicide but for the "cruel idea" of leaving his wife and family in prison, under suspicion of being concerned in the murder when they were totally innocent*—yet he had confessedly small Conscientiousness.† That Burns displayed in his lifetime great Philoprogenitiveness, we need hardly stop to prove; yet these two individuals have organs considerably less than those of persons who never displayed the propensity at all.

Of the measurements in Table III., little can be said, as the functions attributed to this organ are vague and ill-understood. It may, however, be remarked, that if it gives permanence to ideas and emotions

the smallness of the organ in Stella is inconsistent with the theory, and that we would have expected a larger share of it in Swift, Burns, and Heloise, all of whom in their lives and writings abundantly evinced the permanence of their emotions.

The size of the organs of *Adhesiveness* in the different heads, appears to correspond pretty closely with what the characters of the individuals would have led us to anticipate, with one exception. Burns was certainly characterized by the strength of his attachments, yet he has the organ smaller than the other eight, and scarcely larger than La Fontaine, in whom the organ and the faculty were alike of the smallest measure.

Combativeness.—This table displays some facts favorable to phrenology, and others which are utterly irreconcilable with it. Lockey, a poacher and a murderer, has the smallest organ. Pollard, another murderer, has less than either Heloise or Stella, while Haggart, who was extremely apt to strike, has an organ which measures *one inch* less than Swift's, and *half an inch* less than Stella's, a patient and peaceable woman, and scarcely more than La Fontaine, a man of the utmost apathy.

In the organ of *Destructiveness*, Haggart also measures very little compared with others who displayed far less of the propensity, or none at all. He measures less here again than either Heloise or Stella, and *half an inch* less than the facile French poet. Burns, who displayed so much impetuosity of character, and wrote sentiments fired with energy, has the smallest organ of all.

Bruce has this organ very large, but still it does not exceed that of La Fontaine, so much as his exceeds those of Heloise and Stella, or theirs that of Burns.

The skull of Pollard, in which this organ is nearly of the same size as in Stella, smaller than in Swift or La Fontaine, and half an inch less than in Bruce, was that of a man who, according to a writer in the "Phrenological Journal," had evidently "been laboring under an excessive excitement of destructiveness which had become so habitual and ungovernable, as to give clear indications before hand of its existence and tendency." * He was a butcher by trade, and a man of very depraved habits. Under the influence of jealousy, he stabbed a man and his wife, and four chil-

* Narrative of the Life of James M'Kaen. Fifth edition, page 57.

† Phren. Journ. p. 605, vol iii.

* Phren. Journ. iii. p. 394.

dren, his own mistress, and afterwards himself, the acts being committed with the most savage atrocity. Of this ungovernable propensity to kill there is certainly no evidence afforded by the form of Pollard's head. The organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness, are comparatively small; they are so relatively; for on looking over the other tables it will be seen, that this head is the finest of the whole ten in its phrenological development. He is not deficient in *Firmness*, having nearly as much as Bruce and Haggart, who are said to have had this organ prodigiously large. He has more *Benevolence* than Bruce and Swift, who were both considered charitable men; more *Veneration* than Burns, who is allowed to have had both the organ and the faculty large; larger *Causality* than Swift, and larger *Comparison*, *Eventuality*, *Ideality*, and *Wit*, than either Swift and Burns, who both displayed all these faculties in an eminent degree. What, it may be asked, made this man a murderer? What induced him to be a butcher? How did he acquire depraved habits? Why, with such a head, did he not educate himself, and become another Shakspeare? We wish we had the skulls of Shakspeare, Milton, and Bunyan, we think we could match them, and show a head that (phrenologically) *should* have beat them all—but it did not.

Similar remarks as to the counteracting organs—those of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, might be made in regard to David Haggart; they are considerably larger than those of Swift, Heloise, Stella, and Burns. He has as large a *Veneration* as any of them, save La Fontaine, who *displayed* none at all; he has larger *Benevolence*, than Bruce or Swift; indeed, he has more of almost everything good than Swift. Nor can it be urged that he was instigated to the deeds of outrage and robbery by the desire of gain, for he has a smaller organ of *Acquisitiveness* than any of the other nine.

That Burns should have a very small organ of *Secretiveness*, and Lockety a very large one, is not to be wondered at; the one was open and undisguised in all his actions, and the other was a poacher. So far nature and phrenology are agreed. Nor is it less in accordance with truth, that Bruce, who gained his victories more often by stratagem and surprise, than by open attack, should also be largely endowed with this quality. But that David Haggart should have the organ so small, and La

Fontaine should have it so large, compared with these men, are facts which cannot be reconciled with Phrenology, and which Phrenology can never reconcile with truth. Of La Fontaine, who has the organ *large*, his biographer says, speaking of his writings, "he is truly original in his manner, which is so easy, so natural, so simple, so delicate, that it does not seem possible to exceed it;" and speaking of his character, he adds, "his life had as little of affectation in it as his writings; he was all nature, approaching to the extreme of simplicity, or even stupidity, without a grain of art."

Of Haggart, on the other hand, who has the organ nearly half an inch smaller than La Fontaine, the following is his own account of the faculty:—"As to this point, there were few that ever knew any of my secrets; even the best of them could hardly sound my depths, for I knew that if I could not keep my own mind, another would not do it. No man could ever say that he saw my countenance grieved, although I was in the greatest trouble of mind that a man could possibly be in." Nor could the large "Love of Approbation," which Mr. Combe says he had, overcome the activity and power of this little organ of secretiveness, for he adds, "the applause that I might have got, had I been desiring applause, was kept from me by my determined way of keeping my mind within my own breast, as I always did."

Haggart, who stole night and day for four years, with unexampled activity, has the smallest organ of *Acquisitiveness*. With the exception of the poacher, none of the others, so far as we know, ever stole at all. Swift, who with that exception has the largest organ, and the least *Benevolence* of the whole ten, was not a thief; but although frugal, was, "a most kind and generous master, and very charitable to the poor." The poor within the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than in any other in the kingdom; he built an alms-house for them, and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, "by constantly visiting them in person." La Fontaine, who has the organ also large, showed little of this propensity, for on his annual visit to his wife in September, he always sold off some part of his family estate.

La Fontaine has the largest organ of *Veneration*, and, omitting Heloise, the next in point of size, is Haggart's. Neither of

them can, we think, be accused of a tendency to venerate what is great or good. The immoral tendency of La Fontaine's tales is well known. One of them, which contained a very profane application of some words of Scripture, he dedicated to a celebrated divine. He dined on one occasion with a person of distinction, and though he ate very heartily, not a word could be got from him, until at last, rising soon after from table, on pretence of going to the Academy, and being told he would be too soon, he answered, "Oh, then I'll take the longest way." Racine once carried him to the Tenebræ, the Romish service in representation of our Saviour's agony in the garden, and perceiving it was too long for him, he put a Bible into his hands. Fontaine happening to open it at the prayer of the Jews in Baruch, read it over and over with such admiration, that he could not forbear saying to Racine, "This Baruch is a fine writer; do you know anything of him? On another occasion, hearing some ecclesiastics conversing on the merits of St. Austin, after a profound silence, he asked one of them, with the most unaffected seriousness, "whether he thought that St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais?" In these two crania, those of Haggart and La Fontaine, the organs of "the propensities" are small.

Of the measurements of Eventuality, we would only say, that surely this is the true organ of Destructiveness; we advise phrenologists to try it, for here all the murderers are at the top, and all the quiet people at the bottom,—La Fontaine excepted, who, for aught we know, might have been a murderer, if he had had temptation and opportunity.

The measurements of the organ of Wit require no comment; Swift has the smallest! Indeed, on carrying the eye over the tables, we think that the worst head of the series is that of Swift. The posterior region of the head is on the whole larger, and the middle and anterior regions smaller than most of the others.

With reference to the energy with which the predominating faculties of these ten individuals were manifested, it will be seen, by reference to the capacities of the different crania, that the smaller heads were, generally speaking, the most energetic. Swift and Haggart, who are rather below the mean, and should therefore have been least energetic and active, displayed the greatest energy and intrepidity of charac-

ter; the one was the most absolute monarch of the populace in Dublin that ever governed; and the other displayed the most unwearied energy and perseverance in crime. La Fontaine, on the other hand, with the largest head of all, was a man of the utmost apathy, being the greater part of his life a mere dependent in the house of Madame de la Sabliere, who, when she turned away all her servants, declared that she had kept but three animals in her house, which were her dog, her cat, and La Fontaine.

We have thus far, in compliance with the appeal of phrenologists, addressed ourselves to the facts of their system. We confess that our facts are few, but they are derived from accredited specimens of the evidence on which that system rests. They are as extensive as our time and our present limits permit. The measurements were made with a sincere desire to arrive at truth; they were made with the utmost care; the calculations are founded upon principles in which we cannot see any fallacy. The results are, to our mind, totally incompatible with the truth of the organology of this system.

We have pointed out these difficulties, not in a spirit of hostility, or prejudice, but, as we trust from a desire to forward the interests of truth, by directing attention to more correct methods of observation and more extended inquiries than those to which phrenology would limit us. We are fully alive to the services which phrenology has afforded to metaphysics, and to those which its founder has rendered to the anatomy of the brain. With reference to the former, while we cannot admit the large pretensions of some of Gall's followers, or that the thirty-five faculties of his system afford a theory of mind more in conformity with our own consciousness, or more nearly approaching to elementary faculties than the thirty-five innate faculties of Kant, or those of any other metaphysician; yet we readily admit that Phrenology has forced upon us more correct notions of mental *faculties*, as distinguished from affections of the mind, ideas, or the principles by which these, the functions, only, of the mind are regulated. We have, at least, more accurate formulas, and a more precise language for our metaphysics, than we had before.

Of the brain, our anatomy previous to Gall's time, was a description in Babylonish dialect of unmeaning and accidental heights and hollows. It is now advancing

towards an accurate knowledge of its structure and arrangements, and the connexions between its different parts. When the comparative anatomy of the brain shall be fully known, and shall have been studied with reference to the habits and physiological phenomena characterizing the different

animals in the scale; when the inferences from these observations, shall have been corrected by experimental inquiries, and extended and confirmed by pathological researches, we may then, perhaps, begin to find out the "True Physiology of the Brain."

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE STUARTS IN ITALY.

La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart negli anni 1743-6, descritta Latinamente nel 1751 dal Gesuita Giulio Cordara, e ora fatta Italiana da Antonio Gussalli. Milano, 1845.

THAT civil war is the saddest of national misfortunes, and unrighteous rebellion the highest crime that man can commit against man, are propositions which few will dispute, when stated apart from political feeling. Yet not only is a totally different judgment formed upon these points amid the din and excitement of troubled times, but in almost every case popular legend and tradition are prone to clothe these scourges with attractive colours, which even the iron pen of history is loath to deface. Nor is this surprising, since scarcely any cause, however unworthy or desperate, has been entirely without the support of high-minded and heroic characters, who, in hazarding all that was dear to themselves, and precious to their country, have acted solely and constantly for conscience' sake. Thus have the religious wars in France, the rivalry of the Roses in England, even the skirmishes of the Covenanters in Scotland, developed characters and incidents honourable to human nature, and prolific in themes for the biographer and the poet. The various risings during last century, for the restoration of the house of Stuart to the British throne, are instances still more in point, for there principle was in direct antagonism with expediency. Setting aside the plea founded on divine and indefeasible right, and granting that the unconstitutional conduct of James II. had virtually released his subjects from their duty, still the hereditary claims of his son were beyond all doubt, and the miserable calumny which questioned his birth was too monstrous an assertion to tell in favour of a party which had none other to urge. It were vain now to speculate on the results to our country, had the Prince of Wales been placed under

the training of judicious Protestant instructors, and called to the succession when the avowedly make-shift reign of William had reached its natural termination. But undoubtedly the individual character of those sovereigns who "reigned in his stead" was not such as to gain the confidence of foreign powers, or to conciliate the many at home, who, grudging them even a lip-service, reserved the allegiance of their hearts, and the obedience of their hands, for him whom they held to be their rightful lord.

Thus far was the Jacobite cause based upon sentiments worthy of sympathy, nor was it without other propitious influences. Its country leaders (for at court there was little to choose between a corrupt government and a self-seeking opposition) included many heads of the most ancient houses, especially in those districts where family influence retained an almost feudal sway; men more ready to hazard their all in behalf of a houseless exile than to calculate the advantages of facile conformity, or the gains of revolutionary vicissitude. It had the warm support of the ladies, ever prompt to sympathize with the unfortunate. The mass of its followers were persons in whom the olden ties of loyalty and clan-ship conscientiously resisted the innovations of political wisdom. That the qualities essential to a more than temporary success were wanting, that the ultimate failure was total, and that the eventual results of the Hanoverian sway conciliated all disaffection, and raised our country to an unparalleled prosperity, are circumstances in no way detracting from the romantic interest that hangs round the Jacobite struggles.

A theme which brought to our very doors

incidents fitted for the days of chivalry, and which connected our fathers with adventures worthy of the paladins, has naturally inspired many a popular melody, and become a favourite in our national literature; and although a standard history of the rebellions of last century remains to be written, the materials for it, recently re-arranged in the interesting volumes of Mr. J. E. Jesse and Mrs. Thomson, may now be regarded as nearly complete. Some gleanings may, however, still be found, especially on the Continent; and to this point our present paper is given. The revolution of 1792 has indeed swept from France most traces of the mock pageantry of St. Germain, as well as of the stately court of Versailles; but in Italy the traveller is often startled by some memorial of vagabond royalty, in connexion with the Stuart name. At Florence, while pacing "Santa Croce's holy precincts," he may gaze on the memorial raised to Alfieri's wayward genius by her who found in his affection a solace for the neglect of her degraded husband, Charles Edward; in an adjoining chapel he may visit the spot of her own repose; at the Palazza Guadagni (now San Clemente), the home of her ill-starred union, he will find furniture bearing medallion portraits of the spouses, the arms of England in the hall, and ^{C. R.} _{III.} upon the chimney weather-cocks, as if in mockery of a royalty the sport of every wind. Travelling onward, he may note lapidary inscriptions commemorative of the exiles and their temporary sojourn, in the ducal palace of Urbino; in the Cattani villa, near Pesaro; at Viterbo, whither the son of James II. repaired to meet his bride, and at Montefiascone, where the marriage ceremony was performed; at Alba Longa, where Charles Edward dragged out his last dishonoured years; at Frascati, where he was buried—where his brother, the good Cardinal-Bishop, long and admirably maintained the respect due to his birth and his mitre—and where a grey-haired retainer of the decayed house still loves to gossip of his former masters. Lastly, at Rome he will find himself surrounded by Stuart memorials, and may yet pick up some Stuart relics. The Muti (now Savorelli) palace was the home of the little court from their first arrival in the metropolis of their Church until the death of Charles Edward; the Cardinal resided chiefly at the Cancellaria; Santa Maria in Trastevere, his titular parish, bears his

arms; his mother's heart is enshrined in the church of the Santissimi Apostoli; whilst her tasteless tomb encumbers St. Peter's, in the crypt whereof are the ashes of her husband and her two sons, whose monument, erected by the heir of George III., suitably closes a career habitually marked by contrasts and contradictions.

In the Communal Archives of Urbino there is preserved a record of the residence of "*James the Third, King of Great Britain*," in that city, which throws some new lights upon a part of his history as yet little illustrated.* It was the fate of the Stuarts to experience and to manifest to the world the faithlessness of the Bourbons, who, with a selfish policy that has been amply avenged on their posterity, affected an interest in the English exiles only at the moment, and to the degree, consistent with their own temporary objects, and who never cherished them but to squeeze the fruit and toss away the rind. The treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis XIV. recognised the Hanoverian succession, was but the first of a series of untoward events for the Jacobite cause, and it was rapidly followed by the death of that monarch, and by the entire failure of the titular King's descent upon Scotland. The Regent Orleans was not the man to befriend a falling cause; James, on his return to the Continent, found no asylum open to him but the papal city of Avignon; and though, for a prince whose family had made such sacrifices for the Romish faith, and whose residence under almost any temporal sovereign might have compromised his host, the Papal states were the natural asylum,—even in that town the jealousies of England denied him a tranquil abode. As the Stuarts were at once the martyrs for Popery, and the means whereby heretical England might be reclaimed, it became equally the paternal care and the policy of successive pontiffs to afford them an honourable retreat, and to promote their eventual restoration; but Clement XI., by birth an Albani of Urbino, was moreover a man of kind and generous dispositions, in whom illustrious misfortune was sure of a friend. He therefore readily offered his aid in extricating James from his embarrassing position; and regarding it as a matter of public scandal, that one with such claims should wander as a vagrant, spurned from door to door, he settled upon the royal exile a

* Diario di Giovanni Fortuniano Gueroli Pucci, sulla venuta permanenza e discesso da Urbino, del Rè della Gran Bretagna Giacommo III. Stuardo.

pension of 12,000 scudi (2610*l.*), and invited him to select for his abode some town in the Italian dominions of the Church, at the same time suggesting Urbino. The reasons for this preference may have been the private influence which his Holiness could there render subservient to the convenience of his guest, and also the superior accommodations of the stately palace, wherein the long line of its illustrious Dukes had, until within a century, kept a court celebrated throughout Italy as an asylum of the muses and the graces, a haven of letters and arts.

When James had decided upon accepting Urbino as a residence, the Pope consulted his comfort by appointing to its government Monsignor Alemanno Salviati, a prelate already well known to the Prince at Avignon, and by sending one of his own nephews to attend him on his arrival, with a suitable guard of honour. After visiting Rome to attend the functions of St. Peter's day, and to pay his compliments to the Pontiff, who presented him with 20,000 scudi (4350*l.*), he arrived at Urbino on the 11th of July, 1717, accompanied by the Dukes of Ormond, Mar, and Perth, and by a large suite, chiefly of Scottish gentlemen.* Recent improvements have rendered its rugged site comparatively accessible, but even then his Swiss carriage was dragged up to the palace by only three horses. Next morning he gave audience to the principal resident nobility, with the Gonfaloniere or chief magistrate at their head, who kissed the lapel of his waistcoat, after which he attended high mass in the cathedral. From the details of similar ceremonies, the empty pageants of a nominal royalty, we gather a few curious particulars of this shadowy court. The most important and imposing of such occasions were those for devotional purposes, including a daily procession to mass, followed by the Romanists of his own suite, and the chief inhabitants of the town. On fêtes-days, and at his usual afternoon promenade, that indispensable observance of Italian life, he drove in a coach-and-six, escorted by his courtiers on horseback, and attended by liveried lacqueys and a guard of honour. A smile at such *attelage* may arise, when we add that the distance from the palace to the cathedral is scarcely the length of a state-carriage when harnessed, and that the

longest of the three drives then practicable does not exceed a mile. Each of these led to a convent, but not unfrequently such visits were more with a sporting than a spiritual object, and were ended by "some hare-coursing with his clever little Danish doggies."

The stagnate gaieties of this provincial town received a remarkable stimulus from the arrival of so distinguished a guest, and the leading residents established public assemblies for Sunday and other holiday evenings during the winter. These 'King James III.' good-humouredly attended, joining freely in the conversation, and taking his place at the card-table to play *ombre* with the ladies. He also honoured by his occasional visits the evening receptions at the Casa Bonaventura, 'at which there was first a musical performance by native and other artists, until his Majesty rising, bowed thrice to the ladies, and retired, but without allowing any of the gentlemen to attend him to the door, except his own suite, who, after seeing him to the palace, returned to the ball and cards which followed, with beautiful refreshments, all in sumptuous and brilliant style.' As the carnival of 1718 advanced, amateur theatricals were got up by the Academicians of the Pascoli, the entertainments being Agrippa, Griselda, and the Feats of Hercules, the last of which became an amazing favourite of the titular king, who presented the performers with a silver bowl which they sold for 164 dollars.* In order, however, to enjoy the more refined amusement of the opera, he made an excursion to Fano, a town possessing for him associations of no ordinary interest. Laura Materozzi, daughter of an ancient family there, probably owed to the accident of her mother being sister of Cardinal Mazarin her elevation to sovereign rank, as wife of Alfonso duke of Modena; her daughter Maria Beatrice became Queen of England,

* This amusement, transmitted from the palmy days of Venice, was managed in much less classic taste than its name would seem to indicate. On a wooden stage resting upon barrels, a group of men supported shoulder-high a smaller stage, on which stood another smaller group, upon whose shoulders a third tier placed themselves; and so upwards until seven or eight tapering stories rose in a living pyramid, crowned by a boy called the crest, whose *coup de force* consisted in cutting a somerset upon the head of his single supporter. A variation very popular in the 'Ocean Queen' consisted in placing a man's feet upon the sharp and mobile iron prows of two gondolas, as the base of an obelisk composed of three posture-makers successively standing on each other's shoulders, and crowned by a *crest-boy* heels upwards!

* There is in the same archives a list of the court, about fifty in number, including two ladies, one of whom was the high spirited Countess of Nithsdale.

and mother of the exile. During Lent, oratorios were given at the governor's expense, and the Easter solemnities were performed by James with exemplary devotion, though with a magnificence becoming his conventional rank. These having been concluded, musical entertainments were provided for him by the families of Bonaventura and Staccoli; but on the 18th of May a courier brought tidings of the death of the widowed Mary of Modena in France, and the tiny court of her son was suddenly changed into a scene of mourning, the funeral offices of the dead being repeatedly performed, with every elaborate and costly observance of the Romish ritual, wherein the entire city participated, in mourning attire. In return for these various civilities, the Chevalier gave a public banquet every two months, on the inauguration of the new Gonfaloniere, or mayor.

On the 6th of October, 1718, he set out incognito, in the hope of meeting at Ferrara his bride Maria Clementina Sobieski, and of bringing her to Urbino for a short time, before transferring his residence to Rome. These plans were, however, rendered abortive, by the news which met him at Bologna of the Princess having been arrested at Innsbruck, at the instigation of George I., and the Chevalier in consequence summoned his suite to join him in Rome, to which he immediately repaired, and whence he soon after visited the court of Spain, to superintend the embarkation of Ormond's unavailing expedition to Scotland. The recollection of the attentions he had met with at Urbino was not soon effaced from his mind, and, on his return to Rome in the autumn of 1722, after passing the summer at Lucca baths, he carried his Queen to visit his mountain refuge. During their stay of three days, his favourite interlude of the Feats of Hercules was repeated, with other diversions and religious functions which it is unnecessary to detail.*

His court had been gladdened by the birth of an heir to his visionary honours at Rome, on the 31st of December, 1720. The infant was ushered into the world in

presence of ten cardinals, four Roman princes, the senator, two conservators, two ambassadors, two bishops, many 'milords,' and nine Roman princesses: his baptismal names, hitherto partially overlooked, were James Philip Louis Casimir Thomas Silvester-Maria Charles Edward.

Regarding the marriage of James, little is known but that it proved unhappy. The intrigues that spring spontaneously in courtly soils seem to increase in rancour as their field is narrowed and obscured. In the few documents that remain to shed a sickly light on the pageant royalty of the Muti palace, we may trace a struggle between the influence of Maria Clementina over her husband, and that of Hay titular Earl of Inverness, master of his household, which ended in the lady's retiring to a convent. It would be very profitless to rake up these squabbles, or to weigh recriminating statements as to the husband's morals and his wife's temper; but we may quote portions of a letter addressed to her in French, on the 11th of November, 1725, as throwing light upon their respective manners:—

"I am very glad, Madam, that you have taken the step of writing to me on this occasion, since I have thereby an opportunity of fully explaining to you my feeling in the same manner, which I prefer to doing so verbally, having long been aware from experience that you are so prejudiced against whatever originates with me as not to listen to me patiently. I am also apprehensive that my sentiments have not been clearly explained to you, and I would fain believe that you in no way authorized the manner, so little respectful or decent, in which these matters have been discussed with me.

"Certain it is, Madam, that I have ever loved you alone, and that I have never desired anything more anxiously than to please you in all respects, always with due regard to reason, my honour, and the advantage of my affairs.

"I know but too well that we have often experienced anxieties and difficulties, but these I should always have endured with greater equanimity, had I not observed them to be occasioned less by the vivacity of your disposition than by your over-readiness to listen to petty complaints and insinuations, and to fancy yourself hurt in the persons of those who retailed them; and you cannot but recollect with what patience I have for two years submitted to your sullen humours, and how, when you scarcely would speak to me, or look at me, I had recourse only to silence.

"You will, I trust, reflect that you not only have at all times possessed my entire and undivided affection, but that, in as far as my circumstances and station permitted, I have neglected nothing that could contribute to your contentment: as regards expense I never restricted you; you are free to go where you choose; you have seen whomsoever you thought fit; you write and

* In compliment to his sojourn at Urbino, Cardinal Hannibal Albani dedicated to him the handsome volume illustrative of that city published under his auspices in 1724. The Casa Bonaventura above named retained until the present year two interesting pictures, one representing the Chevalier's marriage, the other his eldest son's christening; both full of portraits in the gorgeous court dresses of the day. These are now the property of the Earl of Northesk.

receive letters without restraint; and you know, moreover, that, far from encouraging your life of solitude and retirement, I did my best to induce you to extend your amusements, which would have also added to my own. In short, everywhere and in everything have I left you at liberty to follow your own tastes and inclinations, only reserving to myself the mastery of my own household and affairs."

After adverting to the questions regarding Lord Inverness, and other domestic details of small moment, he continues:—

"Such being the state of matters, I could not but be equally surprised and offended when a threat was brought to me, that, if I did not dismiss an able, faithful, and laborious minister, you would go into a convent; for even had I been disposed to replace him by another, after such a proceeding my honour required me to retain him. But setting aside this motive, I could not at the present juncture displace him, without ruining my interests and throwing my affairs into the greatest confusion. He, however, tired and vexed at being constantly the object of your undeserved aversion, as he so long has been of that of my enemies, has asked leave to retire, and only my positive orders retain him about me. See, Madam, to what difficulties you expose me! What honourable man will venture to serve me after the scenes you have publicly exhibited? Do not then wonder that I expect from you some token of regret for the disrespect you have shown me, and for the injury you have done yourself and me by so unheard-of an exposure, and that you will thereafter open your heart to me unreservedly: if you do so I shall forget the past, and shall in future only study your satisfaction and happiness.

"I protest, Madam, that I know of no just ground you have of complaint against me; were I conscious of any, I should assuredly remedy it, but I am persuaded that if you take time for candid reflection, you will be touched by all I am writing to you, and by my gentle and kind behaviour towards you. Do then repent of the past, and do not drive matters to extremity, which indeed you cannot do without precipitating yourself into irretrievable mischief, and incurring responsibility to God and man.

"This, my dear Clementina, is all I can say upon a sad and lamentable subject. I conjure you to make it matter of serious meditation. Think how glorious it is to avow an error, and that it is but by correcting it you can restore your happiness; and do not any longer resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle, never again to relax or cease.

"JAMES R."

This letter was recovered a few months ago, with other similar documents, from the Count Sigismondo Malatesta of Rome, heir, through his wife, of the Canonico Angelo Cesarini, the secretary and testamentary trustee of Cardinal York. Many

Stuart relics have been obtained in the last few years from the Malatesta palace. Some old family portraits were bought by the Baroness Braye, and a number of books, papers, medals, miniatures, and engravings have been secured by Lord Walpole, the Rev. James Hamilton, Mr. Dennistoun, and Mr. R. J. Macpherson. This last gentleman, a landscape painter in Rome, whose family suffered for their stanch Jacobinism, obtained from the Muti villa at Frascati, long occupied by Cardinal York, an interesting picture of the Muti palace, when decked out and illuminated for his elevation to the purple, with portraits of his father, himself, and most of their little court. This picture has since passed into the possession of the Marquis of Douglas. A beautiful portrait of the elder Chevalier, painted at Urbino and left in the palace there, has been lately sent to Fingask Castle in Perthshire, the former owner of which, Sir Stuart Thriepeland, was "out" in "the fifteen" and "the forty-five." Among the Malatesta papers was found a most voluminous diary kept by the cardinal's secretary at his desire—a heap of puerile prolixity, from which, nevertheless, many curious particulars might be selected.

But it is time to turn to the work named at the head of this article. An expedition, such as that of Charles Edward in 1745, naturally aroused much sympathy and interest on the Continent. The hereditary principle had not yet been exposed to such rude infringements from the popular will as a later age has witnessed. By foreign communities, unversed in constitutional niceties, and generally of Romanist convictions, the exile of the Stuarts was viewed as a purely religious persecution—an impression confirmed by the uniform support they received from the Holy See. Further, the aggravation of their sufferings by the heartless conduct of near relations who had supplanted them, and the favourable contrast of their high-bred and elegant address with the harsh, rude manners of the early Hanoverian princes, conciliated a majority of Europe to their pretensions. The total failure of the enterprise ere long dashed these wide-spread aspirations, but the heroic features of the cause, and the rumoured romance of the Chevalier's personal adventures, awoke far and near an intense curiosity for the details. Of the various attempts to supply this information abroad, that of the Jesuit Cordara would probably have been the best calculated to fulfil its

purpose, but for the perverted pedantry which induced him to clothe in a dead language a work written on a purely popular theme, and it was not until last year that an Italian version of it appeared, to renew for the moment the interest of a long past topic.

Giulio Cesare Cordara was born in 1704, of the noble family of the Counts of Calamendrana in Piedmont, and received his education at Rome. At an early age he was enrolled in the order of Jesus, and soon distinguished himself by the easy eloquence of his writings, both in Italian and Latin. These qualities recommended him as continuator of the History of the Jesuits, begun by Orlandini; but after the publication of one volume, the undertaking was suspended, and passed into other hands. He subsequently increased his reputation by a variety of literary performances, including several saintly biographies. None of his compositions are, however, more creditable to his industry than the long-neglected narrative which we have now to notice. Cordara survived the suppression of his order, and died at a very advanced age. From such a writer we cannot reasonably look for much novelty as to the leading incidents of the insurrection, and of the two campaigns through which it was protracted. Neither can we regard him as our best authority for the wanderings of their hero, after the rout of Culloden had rendered him an outlawed felon. But as to the means whereby the Prince trained himself for what he considered his mission, and the circumstances under which it was prepared in Italy, we feel ourselves bound to accept the accomplished Italian as a new and important witness.

"Edward, titular Prince of Wales, was reared from infancy never to forego the desire or the hope of recovering the crown, and even in early youth, it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, with a certain princely air; a noble, generous, and fervid disposition; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights; a nimble yet robust frame, and an equable temperament, were native gifts, to which he added a studious acquaintance with all courtly habits and observances, and an admirably gentlemanlike and easy manner, with an unfailingly joyous and fluent address. Though avoiding all arrogance, he never demeaned himself to folly or trifling. He was averse to idleness, but much more to those sensual indulgences which Rome offered to a youthful Prince. He knew several languages, and could converse freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French; his ac-

quaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive for his years. But the bent of his mind lay enthusiastically towards military life, as the arena of glory and distinction. And although he had nothing to desire in point of station and magnificence at Rome, where the citizens paid him royal honours and deference, yet he was sick of his residence in a community of priests, where, surrounded by peaceful pursuits, he found himself constrained in his prime to drag on an inactive existence.

"Meanwhile, however, he strengthened and hardened his limbs by every masculine exercise. His delight consisted in horsemanship and in the chase; not in soothe the effeminate and boyish amusement of birdlime and snares, but the more manly and bracing sport of shooting, in which he was so skillful as never to miss. This he preferred to everything else, frequently passing the entire day from dawn to sundown in rugged forests, exposed to winter rains and solstitial suns, and reaching home at night-fall, famished, scorched, or benumbed, yet happy. He thus disciplined himself for the hardships of war, until, feeling his courage and energy equal to them, he began to lament his ignorance of military skill, the sole means of elevating himself to sovereignty. The power of delineating fortifications, and talking speciously of theoretical tactics, he looked upon as superficial matters, in which any one may become an adept. He therefore urgently besought his father no longer to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown, to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty. Whilst secretly approving this youthful ardour, his parent mildly restrained such premature outbreaks, pleading the necessity of succumbing to circumstances and to evil times. This, however, the Prince redargued, saying, that on the contrary we ought to struggle against adverse events, and by our own energy repair the injustice of fortune."—*Ital. Transl.*, pp. 4—6.

In 1734 the long smouldering struggles of Spain and Austria once more turned Lower Italy into a battlefield, and as the victorious army of his most Catholic Majesty was commanded by the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., the opportunity was favourable for gratifying the wishes of his Grace's nephew. The young Prince was therefore sent to the Spanish camp before Gaeta, as a spectator of the siege; but the quality of an actor better suiting his fervid spirit,

"he flew to the lines, and there so entirely devoted himself to the duties of a soldier, that, though but a novice in his fifteenth year, he set an example to the most steady officers and most experienced veterans. The troops kept their eye upon him, anxious for his safety, as amid heat and dust, he galloped about the camp, reconnoitred the trenches, mines, and outworks, or rushing where the shot

fell thickest, was the foremost with voice and example to repel the enemy's sallies. Although all this somewhat disconcerted the Duke, to whom the youth's safety had been especially committed, and who blamed him for so rashly exposing himself, he could not refrain from admiring such gallantry, and holding it up as an example to others. When the Austrians at length surrendered, Edward was the first to penetrate the fortress, not by the opened gate, but by a breach through the battered walls, amid the admiring plaudits of the army."—pp. 7, 8.

From these scenes the Prince returned to his father, more than ever anxious to enter upon the career of military glory of which he had thus temptingly tasted, and which he regarded as the destiny of his life. The repose of Europe was of brief duration, and in the new complications which brought about the seven years' war, the English government seemed to have its hands full. It was about this time that the Cardinal de Tencin was called to the French council-board, who, owing his hat to the Chevalier de St. George, took a warm interest in the Jacobite cause, and warmly urged it upon his master. Flanders was then the seat of war, and France having difficulty in making head against the English and Austrian arms, a descent upon Scotland in the name of the Stuarts was suggested by the Cardinal, as a politic and well-timed diversion. The scheme being approved by Louis XV., two English gentlemen reached Rome on the 15th of December, 1743, one with secret credentials to arrange a plan of action with the titular king, the other provided with false English passports to facilitate the transit of Charles Edward. To James, in whose bosom the pulsations of ambition had long been stilled, the proposal for an invasion was little pleasing. Experience had amply taught him the weakness of his cause in Britain, and the hollowness of French professions. Whilst, therefore, he admitted the duty of an effort to win for his children a crown that for himself had lost its attractions, he hesitated ere he should commit a beloved and hopeful son to the hazard of an expedition, without more detailed calculations of its chances and more ample guarantees for its success. At length he escaped from the dilemma by a course natural to weak minds, and threw the responsibility of deciding upon the Prince himself—whose youthful enthusiasm had as yet been chilled by no lessons of personal disappointment.

Within twenty days Charles was ready,

but the English fleet in the Mediterranean, and the British influence with some of those states which divided Rome from France, rendered the risks of the journey such as to demand the utmost prudence, and above all, a secrecy impenetrable by the spies who surrounded the royal exiles. From the verbose narrative of the Italian writer, we select the following particulars of the arrangements by which these perils were barely surmounted:—

"One of the English gentlemen was sent back to France to warn Louis of the speedy arrival of Edward, whilst the other was despatched with his baggage to wait for him at Massa, and prepare matters for their journey onwards through the Genoese territory, it being decided that the Prince should ride thus far in the character of a courier. A trusty and courageous servant, well acquainted with the roads, was desired to hold himself in readiness on a given day to attend one of the papal court to France, but under threat of ruin should a word of this transpire. The 9th of January, 1744, being fixed for the departure, a great hunting party was announced for that day at Cisterna in the Pontine Marshes, about thirty miles from Rome. To that place, surrounded by forests and abounding in game, there were sent forward a number of chasseurs and servants, with the provisions and material required for a fifteen days' *chasse*, such as the Prince and the Duke of York generally gave there at that season. Those only were in the secret whose assistance was required, and the scheme was conducted by one Dunbar, a cautious Scotchman, with ready tact in circumstances of difficulty, who had been tutor to the Prince when a child. There was some doubt as to imparting the secret to the Duke. Edward inclined to do so, for he could not bring his mind to set off without an adieu to a beloved brother, whose discretion, superior to his years, seemed to ensure his silence. Nevertheless, upon full consideration, the step seemed inadvisable, as any shade of sadness in his face might awake suspicion. Edward, therefore, absorbed by the glory of the enterprise and suppressing every natural feeling, went about to the last, maintaining his wonted hilarity with his brother, his attendants and friends, to the great astonishment of the King and of Dunbar, who watched him with the consciousness of what was impending. Still more was their surprise the evening preceding the departure, when, it being generally known that the Princes were to set out next morning for Cisterna, the chief Roman nobility came as usual to pay their respects. Edward, unchanged in countenance and spirits, received and conversed with all just as usual, talking of the *chasse*, and amusing the circle with games. His father's firmness was equally unflinching, and, after dismissing their visitors and supping with his sons, he wished them good-night. Thereafter the Prince secretly spent an hour in his parent's chamber, who placed in his hands a patent of regency, to be published when the fitting time should arrive.

"Edward's slumbers were brief. At two in the morning he rose, and ordered a carriage and three saddle-horses to be got ready, that he might be off before dawn and begin his sport the same day. Having sent to desire his brother to follow when he liked, he got into the carriage with his governor, the Chevalier Sheridan, and drove to the gate of San Giovanni, preceded by the Chevalier Stafford, first equerry, after whom the servant, who had been previously engaged to go to France, rode with a led horse. Edward, on driving up, found these horsemen at the gate, and as if taken with a sudden fancy to ride, stopped the carriage, jumped out, and vaulted into the vacant saddle. As a blind to the servants, he called out to Sheridan to go by Marino, whilst he would take the Albano road, adding with a boyish boast, "Let us see who will arrive first." Both ways led to Cisterna; but whilst the former was then the great post highway, the latter, though somewhat shorter, was in winter almost impassable from mud and water-courses, and from it a cross-road immediately branched to the left, towards Frascati. Edward feigned a fancy for the country track to Albano. Sheridan, as if to prevent him, exclaimed, "Now do not! Why, at this season that way is no better than a bog. What if the King should hear of it?" But he addressed a deaf ear; for the Prince, applying his spurs, was off in a twinkling, followed by Stafford and the servant. As they held to the left towards Frascati, Sheridan, to prevent the coachman observing this, pretended to slip and hurt himself in getting into the carriage, thus distracting the man's attention, and detaining him until it seemed time to give the word for proceeding. Edward, having thus got out of sight, pulled up and dismissed Stafford, with instructions how to perform his part; he then muffled his face as if against the cold, and the carriage being meanwhile well on its way, he turned his horse, and with the servant regained the gate at full speed, whence he took to the right, making the circuit of the walls under cloud of night to the Via Flaminia, and so by the Ponte Molle fell into the Florence road. There being then a regulation against supplying post-horses to any who started with his own, Edward had provided the following expedient to evade it. After thirty-five miles he quitted the highway, and rode up to the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, then occupied by Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish ambassador, for one of whose household he was readily taken. The Cardinal, privy to the device, had a pair of saddle-horses bespoken from the next post, with which Edward again took the road in the disguise of a courier; and so changing at the usual stages, he reached the Genoese territory in four days.

"Whilst he thus travelled day and night, a fine comedy was enacted at Cisterna. The actors were few, but well versed in their parts; the *primo* being Chevalier Sheridan, whom we left abandoned by the Prince outside the Porta San Giovanni. On arriving at Cisterna he was asked as to his master, and, on hearing that he had not appeared, he affected amazement and regret, blaming the boyish folly of quitting the good road at that season, and his own stupidity in not having

prevented it. After three hours thus passed in suspense, the Duke of York came up with his suite, and anxiety gave way to alarm. Edward having addressed a letter, revealing his design, to be given to his brother on reaching Cisterna, the sadness naturally resulting from such news admirably tallied with the concern befitting the simulated circumstances. Just as the Duke, affecting to believe some serious accident to his brother, who ought to have arrived so long before him, was hurrying off messengers to ascertain what had befallen him, the Chevalier Stafford was seen spurring onwards. On dismounting he desired them to take heart, and not look for the Prince, who would not probably appear for three days, having fallen from his horse near Albano, and bruised his side by the shock, occasioning a slight swelling: that he had gone in consequence to the Villa Albani [which was then occupied by the Stuarts], where, though not apprehending the slightest danger, the surgeon wished him to lay himself up for a short time, as otherwise the recovery might prove tedious. He added that the Prince's greatest anxiety was that the King might hear nothing of the accident, and his especial wish that neither his brother nor any of the suite should stir, but that the hurting arrangements should proceed just as if he were there. Sheridan, as if believing this news, in a state of great excitement protested that he would at once ride to Albano, and abuse Stafford outright for abandoning the Prince committed to his care. The other urged him in God's name not to move, as the superintendent at the villa and a servant were all that the Prince needed, whilst the arrival of others would rouse suspicion among the peasantry, and so the accident might transpire, occasioning much grief to the King and indignation to the Prince. All the party were convinced by these reasons that his Highness's wishes ought to be observed; and Sheridan, yielding to their united representations, at last remained quiet. Stafford returned to Albano, and the Duke of York gave orders that no one should speak of the mishap.

"The comedy thus arranged was received as fact by all, indoors and out; Stafford kept it up by daily messages as to the Prince's health, which regularly improving rendered certain his arrival on the third day. At length, just as the Duke was about setting out to meet him, there came a letter from Stafford to say that his Highness desired the party to transfer their headquarters to the lake of Fogliano, where he would join them on the morrow. This they did, giving out that Edward had preceded them from Albano, and though he did not appear, the Duke desired the *chasse* to go on all the same, and that every one should attend to his own business. The place was ten miles from Cisterna, at the foot of Monte Circello, a lonely spot inhabited by a few fishermen. Means were taken to intercept all letters which alluded to the Prince's absence, and the fishermen who resorted to the Roman market, a dull and incurious race, were instructed to say to any one who might ask after the Prince of Wales or his fall, that he was quite recovered, and entirely occupied by his sports. Presents of wild boar and venison were

at the same time forwarded in his name to the chief Roman families, and by these various devices eleven days elapsed ere his absence was known."—pp. 21—32.

When the truth at length transpired, great was the bustle, infinite the surprise, endless the speculations of the Roman public. But a warm interest in his success, fervent wishes and devout prayers, were the willing tribute of all classes to one whom they regarded as the pride and ornament of their city. A pamphlet, comparing the flight and fortunes of Charles Edward to those of Demetrius, son of Seleucus, as recounted by Polybius, issued from the press, and by its spice of vapid pedantry secured a run of passing popularity. But whilst his admirers were thus trifling, the Prince urged his way towards the land of his fathers. At Massa he joined his English friend, who had got over the difficulties attendant upon a strict *cordon sanitaire* on the Genoese frontier in consequence of the plague in Sicily, and continuing his journey without delay he reached Genoa (about 330 miles) at noon of the fifth day. There, in the house of a friend, he sought a brief repose after attending somewhat to his person, 'not having changed his dress or slept all that while, nor eaten more than a few eggs, hastily swallowed by the way.' Notwithstanding these fatigues he started the same evening in a hired carriage, and on the morrow was at Savona, where all his previous exertions had nearly proved vain. The King of Sardinia, being allied with Austria and England, kept the Ligurian passes strongly guarded against any descent by the French or Spaniards into Italy—a British fleet, under Admiral Matthews, sweeping the coast for the same purpose. As the best means of avoiding this double danger, Charles Edward had engaged a light vessel of Finale to carry three persons from Savona to Antibes in France, but an ill-timed storm not only impeded its arrival, but during six entire days prevented any sort of craft leaving the port. Irritated by this loss of time, and unaware how soon his escape might become known to the English cruisers, he formed the daring resolution of pushing on to Finale, where he found his bark ready, sprang on board and made sail, hoping to pass in the night Villafranca, where the fleet was riding. In this he succeeded; but as his boat crossed the bay from Monaco to Antibes, scudding under a press of sail through the boiling surf, she was descried at dawn from the British mast-

heads, and an armed tender was instantly dispatched to overhaul so suspicious a craft. The chase was continued into the port of Antibes, which they reached together, the English insisting that if the Finale boat was admitted they also should be, on pretext of victualling. To get rid of the dilemma the commandant ordered both off, saying that he could not give pratique to any boat from the Italian coast. Thus repulsed into the very jaws of the enemy, Charles with difficulty obtained that the English should start first, and when they were gone discovered himself to the harbour master, who, with many apologies, took him out of the Finale boat ere he sent it off again for Monaco, whither it was hotly pursued by the English cutter. It was not before dusk that Charles ventured to leave the harbour, and after a few hours' halt he hurried to Avignon by land, whence, after a long consultation with the Duke of Ormond, he resumed his route to Paris.

There the Prince was destined to experience from the Bourbons that Punic faith of which his father might have, with good reason, forewarned him; and, after a storm, less damaging to the invaders than to the British fleet, the din of preparation for a descent upon England died away, when it had served the usual purpose of false alarms. Under these circumstances the conduct of Charles was dictated by a prudence beyond his years; and instead of either relying upon the hollow promises of Louis, or of manifesting a pique he could not but feel, he turned to good account the remissness of France in his behalf, by giving out that it was not on foreign aid he relied for his restoration. During the sixteen months he spent at Gravelines and in Paris he never went to Court, avoided all unnecessary displays, and appeared in public exclusively with English, Scotch, or Irishmen. This system quickly reached Great Britain through spies and friends, where it at once calmed the suspicions of the government and gratified the feelings of the Jacobites.

But although the abortive armaments of Dunkirk and Brest had served their end, by raising merely the panic of an invasion, Charles Edward had no intention of letting himself be the cat's-paw, and his British partisans the dupes of such selfish and hollow policy. Upon their loyalty and his own energy he resolved to cast the hazard; and, single-handed, to dare the conquest of a kingdom which he believed de-

voted to his cause. After above a year spent in arranging the machinery requisite for the enterprise, with a circumspection which defied detection, he decided upon sailing for Scotland. In the small and secluded harbour of St. Nazaire, near the estuary of the Loire, there lay snugly a sloop-of-war, carrying 18 guns, chartered in the name of one Walsh, an Irish gentleman. Thither the Prince secretly repaired with seven trusty comrades, who, "in full reliance on their own bravery and the justice of their cause, embarked to overthrow one of the most important sovereignties of Europe." About the middle of July, 1745, they sailed from Belleisle, along with a French frigate, which, without any apparent concert with the sloop, had private orders to precede her, and look to her safety. To this precaution the Prince's escape was probably owing; for having fallen in with an English convoy off the Irish coast, the French frigate fought the enemy's ship-of-war for seven hours, whilst the sloop bore away for the Hebrides, where she landed the adventurers, after a passage of eighteen days.

With authorities at hand, more accurate, ample, and recent, as to the conduct and incidents of the rebellion of 1745-6, we need not dwell upon the details of Cordara, which however give, on the whole, a sufficient account of what he undertook to narrate. A few passages may, however, interest our readers.

"The mountaineers in Scotland, called *Highlanders*, are a fierce race, possessing extraordinary vigour of body, and by nature and habit apt for war. They dwell chiefly on lofty and rocky ridges, in a country broken up by alternate mountain ranges and ravines. They for the most part subsist on the produce of the soil, descending at proper seasons to cultivate the lower valleys, whose rich and fair fields yield copious crops of wheat, rice (!) and other grain. Many, however, spend their lives in hunting, for which the numerous and generally well-wooded hill-tracts offer every facility; they eat the flesh and sell profitably the skins of the wild animals. They speak a peculiar language somewhat resembling that of the Irish, and know nothing of the low-country dialect. Their garb is of the simplest; no breeches nor stockings like ours, nor any long cloaks, but a sort of cassock, tight to the waist, a short mantle on the shoulders as a protection from cold, a pair of breeches on the thighs for mere decency, such as our running couriers long ago used, and on the lower part of the legs and feet a pair of sandals, as all their *chaussure*; in other respects they are unclad, and thus are unembarrassed in their movements and agile in running. They wear on their

heads a light woven bonnet, and seldom cut their hair. In war, besides guns, they use a peculiar sort of long swords, which they manage with great dexterity. The nation is divided into many clans, and these again into many families. Each clan boasts itself descended from some founder of Irish extraction. Refusing alliances with strangers they intermarry together, whereby every clan becomes like one great family, which, though split into various branches, all comes from the same stock without admixture of blood; and to this they specially attend. Each of these has a Chief, revered by all as a father, to whom all public and private matters are referred. They are most strict in the observance of friendship and hospitality, and above all things abhor dissimulation and fraud; they avenge to the death any offence, and are prompt in such retribution."

There was much in the character of Charles Edward to captivate and retain the affections of such a people. Struck with a costume so adapted to the active and hardy life in which he delighted, and so convenient for such a campaign as he was about to encounter, he at once donned "the garb of old Gaul," and never laid it aside during his expedition. The impression made upon the clansmen by his well-judged compliment was quickly ripened by the charm of his popular manners and unfailing good humour. Familiarly accosting his comrades by name, he had ever an encouraging word ready for any emergency; and despising such luxuries as were attainable, he shared all hardships with the soldiery, marching among them on foot, through heat and cold, fen and forest, tempest and torrent—eating their coarse food, sleeping under their tents or bivouacking in his plaid upon the ground. One trait mentioned by Cordara has also, we think, been recorded by Sir Walter Scott. "While his court, at Edinburgh, was graced by many bright eyes and winning smiles, an impertinent chamberlain expressed surprise to the Prince at his indifference to the charms around him. Beckoning to a gigantic Highlander who stood near, Charles stroked his beard, and toying with his bristly cheeks and chin, exclaimed:—'Such are the damsels to whom I have now to make love; one such is worth more to me than all the beauties in the world!' Yet among his many fine qualities none was more highly appreciated, or of greater service to his cause, than the moderation he displayed in prosperity, and the mercy which mingled with his victories."

In various allusions to the Presbyterian clergy our Jesuit drops the silver pen of his

order, and dipping the goose-quill into undiluted gall, emulates the elaborate Billingsgate wherewith pontiffs once were wont, in their monitories and bulls, to bespatter rebels, temporal or spiritual, and which was most liberally bandied back upon them from beyond the Tweed.

"Edward's only opponents were the Calvinist preachers, who noways dissembled how irksome his presence was to them. Abhorring the name of Catholic, stupidly infuriated against the Romish church, they could not tolerate a Prince born and bred in Rome; and, mortally hating him themselves, they conscientiously concluded that they must be perpetually hateful to him. Against an armed conqueror they dared not move, but they muttered and fretted in secret, and grumbled as if their devotional exercises were about to be suppressed. In order to get rid of such rancour, and at the same time to conciliate a turbulent and factious crew, Edward announced, on the very day of his arrival in Edinburgh, that, under the new government, every one should be free to profess the religion most to his fancy; and at the same time made proclamation that meanwhile there should be no interruption of the usual worship and sermons, but that, until the war should be ended, Sovereigns should be prayed for only generally, and not by name. This order, however, did no good; for next day, when at the sound of the bells the churches filled, not one of the ministers came forth to preach, having all fled or concealed themselves, leaving their pulpits mute until the city returned under the rule of King George. Thus did that wretched rabble, too cowardly to stir up the people by words, betray their occult rage by a base and obstinate silence."

Indeed one of the most notable symptoms of the restoration of the former régime some weeks later was,

"that the Calvinist ministers and preachers, who had till now entirely avoided appearing in public, crept forth from their holes like bewildered creatures, and in all their churches and conventicles resumed their rhetoric with an insensate fury, that seemed in a single day to make up for the silence of months."

Our author, while strongly exposing the perfidy of France in promising succours which were never sent, seems in a great measure to attribute the failure of the insurrection to that cause, as the hopes thus raised among the followers of Charles prevented their reliance solely on their own exertions, and an argument was afforded to Murray, and others of the less dashing leaders, for adopting at Derby that temporising policy which unquestionably sacrificed their only chance of success. That "it would have been better for the Stuart

cause, as well as for the honour of Louis, that aid should never have been promised, than that it should have been faithlessly withheld," is a mere truism; but the disorganized state of the Chevalier's force, the jealousies of the clans, and the coldness of the English Jacobites, were assuredly the immediate causes of the retreat, though not one of them is alluded to by Father Cordara. The tone adopted by the Prince regarding foreign support was uniformly that of a patriot and a hero, who had boldly thrown himself with a handful of friends upon the shores of his father-land, to win, by the favour of its people alone, the crown to which he asserted a right; and the mercenary bands of many nations sent against him by the English government afforded a contrast to the native troops who marched under his own banner, of which in his proclamations he failed not to make skilful use. The retreat from Derby was against his earnest desire and protest. From that moment the prestige of success was gone, and the rebellion, which had frightened London from its propriety, became at once an insignificant rising, procrastinated only by the inexplicable stupidity of the government, and disgraceful inefficiency of their officers.

We shall not dwell upon these blunders, and the struggles by which they were vainly combated; nor shall we follow the outlawed Prince in his island lurkings, of which this volume presents a spirited and generally correct account. The Duke (Earl) of Perth and Lord Elcho might have smiled to find themselves written down in sober history as *Pert* and *Elk*; but the imbecility of Wade and the cowardice of Gardiner's dragoons will not escape the contempt of Cordara's readers, though under the *noms de guerre* of *Wat* and *Gartneriana*.

It was to the devotion and energy of Sheridan, with whom the reader has already become acquainted in Italy, that the wanderer at length owed his escape. For some weeks the companion of his master's concealment, and dismissed only when the Prince was obliged to assume a female disguise, Sheridan had the good luck to reach Flanders, from whence he hurried to Versailles, and demanding an audience of Louis, so powerfully represented the dreadful situation of Charles Edward, that two armed vessels were at once placed at his disposal for the rescue. About the middle of August, 1746, they sailed from St. Malo, with a number of Jacobites on board,

skilled in all the hiding-places of the Hebrides. After sixteen days spent in minute search, the Prince was discovered in the heart of Lochaber, squalid, emaciated, and in rags, from twenty weeks of incessant anxiety and indescribable hardships; and thence in six days he reached Arisaig, where the ships waited. His mission thus happily completed, the commanding officer would have hastened from his perilous position, but no argument could induce the Prince to embark, ere all those of his followers, whose haunts were known to him, had assembled, in obedience to a summons sent by him in every direction. At length they mustered, to the number of one hundred and thirty-two of all ranks, "the melancholy wreck of a too fatal campaign." After seeing them one by one on board, he sprang the last into the boat, and, "as a favouring breeze carried the vessels rapidly on their course, he sat gazing fixedly on his ungrateful land, without uttering an accent of indignation or of grief." On the 29th of September he landed at Rescoff, in Brittany, and "after offering thanks from his inmost heart to God, his comrades and his friends," hurried to Paris. There he had the joy of embracing the Duke of York, and there too, after being to court and city the idol of the passing hour, he had ere long one further instance of Bourbon baseness,—a new proof of popular caprice.

Would that the life of Charles Edward Stuart had closed here, where Cordara has left it, and that his biographer could conclude with the touching sentiment of Voltaire, "let the man, who in private station groans over his light misfortunes, contemplate those of this Prince and of his ancestors." The blight which nipped his early prospects cankered his moral constitution. Of all the gracious and noble traits of his youthful character, not one long survived his ill-starred expedition.

"Forsaken first by fortune, a lot sufficiently cruel, he was thereafter far more deplorably abandoned by himself. Ever lamenting his exclusion from the command of nations, he renounced for himself domestic happiness and civic reputation. Married late in life to one whom he rendered so wretched that the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany was obliged to separate them, he lost the control of reason over his own actions, and with it the regard and even the pity of mankind. Alas! how changed from the handsome and engaging Edward of twenty-four, when dragging out a wretched age in misery and under constraint!"—*Ital. Editor's Dedication*, pp. 6, 7.

The hint of insanity in these lines is not sustained by any sufficient evidence. The brutalized condition of the *Count of Albany's* advanced life was wholly, we suppose, the effect of liquors, his gross and unrestrained indulgence in which has been with much probability attributed to the hardships and habits of his anxious wanderings after the catastrophe at Culloden. His debauchery became at length dreadful. To use the words of an aged servant of the Cardinal who remembered him well, "no street-porter could equal him." His usual after-dinner allowance was six bottles of strong foreign wines, and "he seldom missed being drunk twice a day."

Some recent researches among the Malatesta papers enable us to add a few melancholy traits of the closing scenes. His marriage to Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guèdern, which was celebrated at Macerata in 1772, soon turned out wretched, from mutual faults. Disgusted by his besotted person and habits, she sought solace in the company of a younger and more congenial admirer. The fashion of Italy authorized her *liaison* with Count Alfieri, and her husband probably saw it with indifference; but Cardinal York, himself a scrupulous model of moral propriety, interfered to repress a scandal which was in his eyes the consummation of his family's downfall. His efforts and his indignation were however alike unavailing, and a separation was the natural issue of the ill-starred union.

On the 7th of January, 1788, the fine constitution of Charles Edward sank under his protracted excesses. Successive apoplectic and epileptic seizures affected his brain. On the 27th one side became paralysed, and he lost his speech; on the morning of the 31st life was extinct. His last hours were tended by the only being for whom his heart appears to have retained any warmth. Charlotte, his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, in Lanarkshire, whom by vain acts of a visionary sovereignty he had legitimized and created Duchess of Albany, then resided in his palace, and closed his eyes. The Cardinal could feel but little personal grief for the loss of a brother from whom he had been much estranged since those better days which the narrative of Cordara has enabled us to place before our readers; but he was deeply sensible of the duty that devolved upon him, of suitably honouring the demise of one in whose tomb terminated all hope of continuing his proverbially luckless line.

His father and mother, treated as Sovereigns by successive pontiffs, and by all the Romanist courts of Europe, had been interred with royal honours; but as no such recognition had ever been accorded to their heir whilst living, it would have been a farce to demand it for his remains. The Cardinal could neither attempt in Rome a ceremonial unauthorized by the government, nor make up his mind to bury his brother as less than a king; but from this dilemma an escape was offered by his episcopal jurisdiction, and the pallium of Frascati extended its protection over a *British* crown.

In conformity with this expedient, the cathedral of that little town became the scene of that pageantry which would not have been sanctioned on any other stage, and the observances in the Muti Palace were limited to devotional formalities which did not hazard any rebuke from the government. These consisted in the erection of six altars in the antechamber, where upwards of two hundred masses were performed during thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise, each costing about eighteen pence. The office of the dead was meanwhile chanted by the Mendicant orders, the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidoro alone being permitted access to the chamber of death. Extensive disease was detected by a *post-mortem* examination, both in the heart and the brain, and after a cast had been taken from the face, the body was embalmed, and cofined in full dress, with the George and St. Andrew in *pinchbeck*. An inscription was prepared in lead with CAROLUS III. MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, and a *wooden* crown and sceptre were carved and gilt; but by one of those steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, so frequent in the Stuart annals, the former, from deference to the Papal Court, was placed *under* the coffin-lid, and the latter were carefully hidden in cotton-wadding. The remains were privately transported in a horse-litter to Frascati, where their incognito was succeeded by scarcely less humbling honours. The notarial instrument, taken on their reception there, no longer indeed passed over the gauds of sovereignty unnoticed, as had been done in that drawn up at the Muti Palace: the apparatus and solemnities in the cathedral were even conducted with many royal forms, but the show was shorn of regal splendour by the Cardinal's circumscribed means. Around the lofty catafalque there burned a hundred and twenty-four large wax lights; the

walls and chapels were draped in black cloth, trimmed with tawdry gilding, and hung with appropriate Scriptural texts; the church was crowded by curious spectators generally in mourning, including many English. The funeral service of the first day was succeeded by the entombment on the second, and concluded by a requiem on the third; but several weeks elapsed ere the body was placed in a lofty niche as its provisional resting-place, whence it was subsequently transported to the crypt of St. Peter's. Among the tributes to the Prince's memory, dictated by condolence with the living or flattery of the dead, were these touching lines:—

“Di Carlo il freddo cuore
Questa brev' urna serra:
Figlio del terzo Giacomo,
Signor del Inghilterra.
Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diede?
Infideltà di popolo,
Integrità di fede.”

It is needless to linger upon the formal intimation of the Prince's death communicated to friendly courts, and the protests regarding his own rights disseminated in various languages and quarters by the Cardinal. The only response noticed in his diary was that by the reigning Pontiff, Pius VI.; though sufficiently guarded in terms, he fondly caught at it as a *quasi* recognition of claims which he seems to have put forward rather from conscience than ambition.

“To the Lord Cardinal Negrone, Pro-datorio.

“From the Vatican, 1st February, 1788.

“Most obliging is the attention rendered to us through your means by the Lord Cardinal Duke of York, in communicating to us before any one else the Protest made by him on the 27th of January, 1784, for which you will return him lively thanks in our name. Having read that protest, we have found it moderate and prudent, and have therefore nothing to say against it. At the same time you will add our condolence on the loss of his elder brother, for whom we shall not cease to intercede. And meanwhile we very heartily give you our paternal Apostolic benediction.”

The will of Charles Edward, executed in 1784, left everything to his daughter the Duchess of Albany, burdened only with the legacy of a piece of plate to the Cardinal, and with annuities to his attendants; that to one John Stuart, master of his household, on whom, after the fashion of his family, he had bestowed an undue favouritism, being inconsiderately large in his narrow circumstances. The means of the exiled family

at this period may be gathered from a variety of documents. The Prince had enjoyed an income from funded property of 1740*l.* (half of which was however assigned to his wife), and from the French court a life pension of 2400*l.* The Camera Apostolica paid the rent of the Muti palace, amounting to 435*l.*, and his palace at Florence, sold by the Duchess after his death to the Duke of San Clemente, brought 4345*l.*, besides 2172*l.* for the furniture. He left little or no ready money, and we have not seen any estimate of the valuables found by the duchess in his palaces; but at her death, within two years after his, her jewels, plate, and movables were inventoried at 26,740*l.* She gave over to the Cardinal the crown jewels, which included a sceptre, a richly enamelled collar, George, and star of the Garter, and a St. Andrew's cross, all brought from England by James II. She was entitled to a reversion of 400*l.* a year from her father's French pension, and, in the event of her surviving the Cardinal, to 650*l.* yearly from the Camera. The latter provision never fell to her, but her kind uncle, apprehensive that the charges and annuities upon her succession might straiten her circumstances, not only gave up a large portion of his palace at the Cancelleria for her residence, but assigned over to her the entire allowance of 2200*l.* which he enjoyed from the Camera, retaining only his benefices. On her death, in November, 1789, he succeeded to all her fortune, burdened with a pension to her mother, who survived to extreme old age at Fribourg in Switzerland, as Countess of Alberstroff.

The Countess of Albany (born Princess of Stolberg) had, under her deed of separation, the above-named sum of 870*l.* a year, besides her pension from France equal to that enjoyed by Charles Edward; but her jointure, which was originally 40,000 livres a year, had been reduced to half, or 800*l.*, by a compromise with her husband. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the French Revolution ere long sadly narrowed her means, and those of the amiable Cardinal, not only from the confiscation of benefices and Crown pensions, but in consequence of much of the funds descending to his Eminence from Charles Edward having been invested in that distracted country. The proper feeling which supplied from the civil list of George III. the exigencies of the Cardinal of York's declining years, and the graceful manner in which the last and most

blameless of the Stuart line received and acknowledged the bounty of his more fortunate relations, are well known to our readers.

The Countess of Albany's *liaison* with the great dramatist of modern Italy subsisted until the death of the latter, who left her his property and manuscripts. He was succeeded in her good graces by Baron Fabre, a French artist of some repute, and not a few of our countrymen who visited Italy during the first years of the peace were received in her palace on the Arno. Her portrait hangs in the Florence Gallery, by the hand of her last lover, to whom she left all her own and Alfieri's effects. Some of these were bequeathed by M. Fabre to Montpellier, his native town, together with the library and picture-gallery which there bear his name. A few Stuart remains devolved by his will, with the bulk of his fortune, upon Signor Santirelli, a well-known sculptor at Florence, who preserves with jealous care the large seal of Prince Charles, and his portrait in crayons, with that of the Countess, taken probably at the time of their marriage. In his heavy bloated face, blooming under a flaxen bob-wig, it is hard to trace the handsome features and winning smile, which had wiled so many of our great-grandmothers from their allegiance to the house of Hanover.

A few words as to the fate of the Stuart Papers, that long accumulated store of documents so promising as historical materials, so compromising to family interests. The Duchess of Albany having sent her chaplain, Father Waters, a Benedictine monk, to arrange her father's succession at Florence, desired him to make over the whole archives to her uncle, as head of the family and representative of its claims. This, however, Waters omitted to do, and after her death they remained in his possession, with the Cardinal's sanction. There they were casually seen by Sir John Hippley, about 1794-5, who wrote to Mr. Burke, and by him the matter was brought under the notice of the Prince of Wales (George IV.). His Royal Highness took great interest in the papers, and authorized Sir John to treat for their purchase. This was effected in 1798, in consideration of an annuity of 50*l.* to Waters, which the latter lived only a few months to enjoy, but as the consent of Cardinal York had not been sought in the transaction, a pledge of secrecy during his life was annexed to the transfer. The papers were consigned to the British Vice-Consul at

Civita Vecchia, to await the arrival of a frigate in which they were to be shipped, but that town having meanwhile fallen into the hands of the French, their removal became impracticable. Signor Bonelli, an Italian gentleman resident in London, was sent out to attempt their recovery, and on reaching Rome, he applied to the Abbé Paul Macpherson of the Scotch College. This was a matter of much delicacy, no British subject being then permitted by the French authorities to approach the coast. Macpherson, however, contrived to obtain a passport to Civita Vecchia, and, having ascertained from the Consul where the papers lay, he applied to the Commandant of the place for leave to search among them for certain documents required in a litigation in Scotland. The Commandant desired to see them, and, happening to take up a transcript of King James II.'s memoirs, exclaimed that, as the papers seemed of no consequence, having been already published, the Abbé might dispose of them as he thought fit. Under this permission they were sent to Leghorn, and thence shipped to Algiers, whence they reached England.

Another mass of papers, of which the larger portion consisted of correspondence and documents regarding the rebellions of 1715 and '45, belonged to Cardinal York, and remained after his death in the hands of his executor, Monsignor Angelo Cesarini. There happened in 1812 to be at Rome one Robert Watson, who had been compromised in London, first as private secretary to Lord George Gordon, and subsequently as a member of the Corresponding Society, after which he had found it convenient to live abroad. He purchased these papers for about twenty guineas, and fitted up a room to receive them, there being several cart-loads. Having made great boasting of his acquisition, the matter reached the Cardinal Consalvi, himself a co-executor of the Cardinal, who seized the papers on behalf of the Papal government, offering to repay Watson all his outlay, a proposal which he refused, and left Rome, after vainly protesting against such interference with his lawful property. In November, 1838, he hanged himself in a London tavern, when eighty-eight years of age. Consalvi's object was probably to possess himself of any matter tending to compromise the Holy See, but finding the seizure very useless to his government, he, after the war was over, presented the papers to the Prince Regent. They have since been

drawn upon with skill and good effect by Lord Mahon, and many extracts from them appeared in the Appendix of Dr. Brown's "History of the Highlands." The documents which we have quoted as "the Malatesta papers" had been overlooked when Watson's purchase was made, and have supplied some of the facts which we now for the first time give to the public.

The Cardinal's executor, to whom we have more than once referred, was appointed by a testamentary deed of somewhat mysterious import, the original of which we lately examined at Rome. After expressing his entire confidence in Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Ercole Consalvi—and in the Canon Angelo Cesarini, Rector of the Seminary at Frascati, subsequently Bishop of Mileto, "in daily intercourse with whom he had passed the greater portion of his life,"—he declares them universal heirs of his whole means, effects, and rights *in trust*, "having specifically confided to them his precise will and intention, both as to the heir to succeed to his property, and as to the legacies payable from it:" he further declares that his trustees "shall be quite free fully or partially to publish and explain the instructions confided to them, how and when they think right, without any obligation to manifest these until it shall seem to them fitting so to do;" and that "should any individual or sovereign attempt, under whatever pretext, to constrain them on this point, the whole inheritance shall thereby at once absolutely devolve upon them as their own." The deed, in conclusion, renews his protest of 1784, in favour of the nearest lawful heir of his pretensions to the Crown of England, to whom he also formally transmits his royal rights. It was dated the 2d of July, 1790, and registered at Rome in 1810. An unsigned draft of a similar deed, without date, but evidently posterior, which was found among the Malatesta papers, omits the name of Consalvi, and adds that the extensive losses, both of funded property and valuables, suffered by the testator in the revolution at Rome, as well as the sacrifices of money and jewels previously made by him, at the Pope's request, towards the support of the Holy See, obliged him to forego many of the dispositions he had at heart, for the benefit of his attendants and friends. The political adherents of his family had gradually thinned away; many of them had made their peace with the English Government, and nearly all the

rest had paid the debt of nature; indeed, no British name appears in a list of his household dated 1799.

A considerable portion of the Cardinal's real property consisted of land in Mexico, and in 1808 his acting executor Cesarini made a formal memorandum of the instructions which had been verbally given him, and sealed it up with orders that it should not be opened until the Countess of Albany's death had taken place, and until the Mexican estates should be realized. But these having been confiscated in the South American revolution, as ecclesiastical property, a papal rescript was some years after obtained, authorizing the memorandum to be examined, which was done in 1831. In it the Propaganda Fide of Rome was declared heir of the Cardinal's whole effects,

with instructions as to the manner of applying the income in aid of certain foreign missions. A suit was therefore instituted for recovery of the land in Mexico, and was lost, an offer from Duke Torlonia of 6500*l.* for the claims in dispute having been previously refused by the Propaganda. The amount realized under this settlement has not been stated, but there are circumstances connected with the Cardinal's latter years which render it probable that he survived most of the heir-looms of his house. We have already recounted the fate of his papers; his library went to endow his favourite seminary at Frascati; his remaining furniture, plate, and family relics have been gradually absorbed by English collectors at Rome, during the last half century.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

GOSSIP AND MISCHIEF.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For once escaped, back to our cell
No art of man can us compel."

Mrs. Barbauld's 'Enigma on Words.'

A word once let fall cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.—*Chinese Proverb.*

It was in a pleasant drawing-room, opening on to a lawn and flower-garden, that on a pleasant summer evening some eight or ten friends were assembled to drink tea. There were two maiden ladies of uncertain ages, but very certain fortunes; and Mr. and Mrs. Jessop—he the chief apothecary of Broomfield, expecting every moment to be "called out" to relieve some ill that flesh is heir to, and rather fearful of losing his importance should no such catastrophe happen; and yet in his heart knowing very well that he should enjoy a quiet evening and unbroken rubber of whist amazingly. Then there was a retired officer, a middle-aged bachelor, who tortured a flute, and drew from it excruciating shrieks, which, however, he called an accompaniment to the piano. In short, it was just one of those sociable meetings of every-day sort of people which, in a sociable place like

Broomfield, are occurring somewhere or other every night in the year. Mr. Webster, the host was the principal attorney of the place, a good sort of man, and strictly honorable in his profession; and his wife was a little bustling body, fond and proud of her husband, and prodigiously jealous of new-comers, who might take away his clients. Indeed so very much interested was she in all things that could aggrandize his fortune, that she was rather distrustful of those happy acquaintances who kept out of law, and could find nothing in which Mr. Webster might help them.

Dora Leigh, the youngest of the party, was on intimate terms with all. She was a kind-hearted girl, of one or two-and-twenty, free from care, and full of health and spirits. With deep blue eyes, regular features, and a profusion of rich golden hair, she was almost pretty enough to have set up for a "Belle;" indeed, now that her most intimate friend the beauty of Broomfield had become Mrs. Fowler, there were many who were inclined to promote Dora by a sort of brevet rank, until some magnificent candidate should come forward to eclipse her. She had gained, too, some little consequence from officiating as brides-

maid to the *ci-devant* Grace Smythe; and from being, as her intimate associate, most certainly lifted into a higher sphere than that in which she had moved before; for the portionless beauty had married as the world calls "well;" that is to say a man of large fortune, and of good family. But she had married well in a much better sense, Mr. Fowler being a high-minded man and full of generous feelings. He was considerably older than his wife, she being about Dora's age, and he just forty; but a disparity of this sort often proves of very little consequence, when characters and tastes are congenial. Perhaps, with a peculiarly sensitive nature like that of Mr. Fowler, it had the effect of making him more devoted, more attentive, more thoughtful and watchful over her happiness than a younger husband might have proved; for he felt a sort of gratitude to her for bestowing her young and warm affections on him in preference to some more outwardly attractive rivals. But necessary as it is, this has been a long digression from Mrs. Webster's tea-party, where, to own the truth, a sort of gossip was going on, which now and then passed the boundary-line, and merged into scandal.

"A fine house, you know, don't make happiness," said one of the party; "and I cannot but think Grace Smythe must have liked some of her younger admirers better than that serious-looking middle-aged man. By the way, I wonder she don't make him dye his hair; I could not but notice at church last Sunday how grey he has grown."

Dora laughed. The idea of Mr. Fowler, the very personification, in her eyes, of truth and intelligence, dying his hair, presented itself to her mind as irresistibly ludicrous.

"Why do you laugh?" said one of the maiden ladies, pulling her cap forward by an instinct which thus betrayed the secret she was anxious to keep.

"I was thinking," replied Dora, "that if Mr. Fowler should stand for Broomfield at the next election, as there is some talk of his doing, and meanwhile were to dye his hair, what a jest it would be in the mouths of his opponents. And as for Grace liking her younger admirers better than Mr. Fowler, she would have married one of them if she had."

"Ah, if she could; but perhaps though they fluttered about her, they did not propose."

"Indeed but they did; some of them, *I know*," replied Dora warmly; "though Grace was much too generous to boast of such things. Besides, she would have had many more offers if she had been heartless enough to lead her admirers on for the mere triumph of refusing them. It is not because people don't talk of their lovers that they have them not; and Grace was one who never made a boast of her conquests."

"And much to her credit," chimed in the bachelor major.

Dora's emphatic "I know" had impressed her hearers with the conviction that she was entirely in Mrs. Fowler's confidence. This was quite true; they had been like sisters from childhood, and had shared with each other the thousand-and-one secrets and mysteries which young girls for the most part create out of the most harmless nothing's. In a recent instance, however, this confidence had assumed a graver and less innocent character; for Grace had had the weakness or fondness to betray to her friend a circumstance which her husband had related to her, the concealment of which was conducive to the happiness and peace of mind of more than one individual. It is true that its publicity could not affect the lives, property, or character of the living; but it would be attended with very painful results nevertheless.

"It must be very disagreeable," said Mrs. Jessop, still pursuing the discourse about the absent—"it must be very disagreeable to Mrs. Fowler, I should think, to have her husband's niece constantly residing with them."

"My dear," interposed her spouse, "no other home would be so proper for Miss Danvers, I think."

"She is very amiable, I believe?" returned the lady interrogatively, and appealing by a look to Dora, who found herself referred to as an authority, and was not quite insensible to the consequence she had derived.

"Very amiable indeed," she replied; and as clever as she is kind and good.

"And rich!" exclaimed another. "They say she will have twenty thousand pounds when she is of age."

"Not quite so much as that." And Dora, unconsciously to herself, spoke with the air of one who could give very exact information if she chose.

"I never could understand why my husband was not allowed to make Mrs. Danvers' will," exclaimed the hostess, who was

busy at the tea-table, and had alternated a few interjectional remarks on the Fowlers, with inquiries of her guests touching their predilections for green tea or black. "Mr. Webster has made Mr. Fowler's own will, and transacted his most private business. The idea of taking his sister up to London in her weak state of health, not three months before her death, and arranging all her affairs with a London lawyer seemed to me very ridiculous."

"People little know what a good reason there was for that proceeding," said Dora, in a low voice to Mrs. Jessop, who sat next her.

"Indeed! A secret?" responded the lady in a whisper. "Well, I have heard as much."

"Have you really?"

"Oh, long ago—I forget the particulars."

"Then I must not refresh your memory, though I know all about it," the thoughtless girl could not forbear adding.

Oh, Dora, Dora, beware the petty pride of boasting that a confidence has been placed in you! You are caught in the net of an artful woman, who laughs in her sleeve to think how easily you are deceived, and who never heard that a word of mystery was attached to Mrs. Danvers or her daughter, till your pride of the trust reposed in you betrayed that you were unworthy of it.

"What do you say to a walk in the garden?" exclaimed Mrs. Jessop so soon as the tea equipage was removed. The proposition was voted an excellent one. The drawing-room opened to a verandah, whence one step conducted to the refreshing turf and serpentine gravelled-paths. Naturally the party divided into twos and threes; some to talk politics, some (of the ladies) to descant on that self-supplying, inexhaustible theme—domestic management; one relating how and why she had given her housemaid warning, and another declaring her cook had got quite the upper hand, believing her mistress would put up with anything, because her "master" said (oh, rare excellence!) her simple roasts and broils were perfection. One or two of the party perhaps noticed the gorgeous August sunset spreading across the sky its gold and Tyrian dyes, the mighty herald-banner of night and her glittering train. And doubtless the eyes that were uplifted to this contemplation regarded also things more near, and marked how the convolvuli folded themselves to rest, how the shrubs deepened

almost to black, and the rose blushed to darker crimson with the deepening twilight. But the pure, and beautiful, and odorous lily bell was the last and longest to shed around the daylight's fading rays, till in the deep shadow it seemed, like Truth, a self-sustaining light!

Neither regarding sunset nor summer flowers, however, Mrs. Jessop contrived a *tête à tête* with Dora Leigh, drawing her, as if by accident, into the least attractive and most secluded of the many paths which meandered through Mr. Webster's rather extensive grounds. This done, by the old trick—though old tricks are new to the young and unsuspecting—of appearing to be cognisant of all she wished to know, the artful, unprincipled woman succeeded in her object; and Dora Leigh, almost before she was conscious of her weakness, had betrayed the confidence of her dearest friend!

The cold-hearted, narrow-mined scandal-monger gloated over the intelligence she had thus extracted, just as if the evil or misfortunes of others removed so many of their thorns from her own path; while, day by day, Dora Leigh became more conscious that something was at her heart which robbed it of its serenity—the memory of her fatal error! And this became a haunting Presence which no sophistry of her own could dispel.

Months had passed away, and the scene was a very different one from Mrs. Webster's flower-garden. Dora Leigh was now on a visit to her friend Mrs. Fowler, who had requested her society for a month, as the best consolation she could find for the unavoidable absence of her husband, he being on the continent transacting some affairs in which the interests of a political friend were vitally at stake. His niece, Selina Danvers, of course remained at home with Mrs. Fowler, who often smiled when she had occasion to play the chaperon to companions so nearly of her own age. A circumstance, however, had occurred which rendered it likely that, so far as Selina was concerned, her matronly duties would soon cease. A very few days after her uncle's departure, Miss Danvers had received an offer of marriage from a gentleman every way worthy of her, and so far as worldly position was concerned, highly eligible for a husband. Handsome, amiable, and intelligent, Arthur Staunton was well calculated to win affection; and the truth was, that Selina was deeply and sin-

cerely attached to him. Moreover, he was heir to a baronetcy, and in present possession of an ample fortune. So very certain was Mrs. Fowler of her husband's opinion of him, that she had exercised her matronly authority so far as to sanction his addresses, and permit his frequent, almost daily visits. Of course she had written all these particulars to her husband; and she was delighted to find he approved of her conduct. In one of his letters, however, there occurred these words; "But rejoiced as I am to hear of such a prospect of happiness for Selina, I wish I had been on the spot; for there is a circumstance which ought to be communicated both to Mr. Staunton and his father, and which could be explained verbally far more pleasantly than by letter. You know the sad story to which I allude. However, a few weeks' delay can signify but little, though I feel very uneasy until they know the truth."

"I wish I could show you your uncle's letter," said Mrs. Fowler to Selina, who had waited with throbbing heart and flushed cheeks to gain some glimmering of its contents; "but there are some secrets in it," she added with a forced smile. "However, he will write to you himself by the next post, and tell you how heartily he rejoices in your prospects." And in due time the letter arrived, and henceforth Selina felt that it was scarcely possible a cloud could come athwart the horizon of her destiny.

No such arrangement had ever been verbally made; but somehow or other it grew into a habit for young Staunton to ride over to Mr. Fowler's, a distance of only three miles, every morning, and offer his attendance on the ladies in their walks or drives, and in fact enter into any project which might be in agitation. And no doubt he felt duly grateful to Mrs. Fowler for pursuing the charitable and considerate system of pairing off with Dora Leigh whenever opportunity offered, and leaving him to pay exclusive attention, and enjoy mysterious low-toned *tête-à-têtes* with the lady of his love. That these were not very wearying, may be presumed from the fact, that he seemed every day to grow more and more anxious to take her entirely to himself, and earnestly entreated Mrs. Fowler to commence preparations for the wedding instead of waiting, as she insisted on doing, till her husband's return to England.

But on one eventful morning the usual hour of his coming had passed without Arthur making his appearance; and this,

moreover, on an occasion when he had actually made an engagement and appointment to be with them. Selina said little, but moved often to the window; while her sense of hearing, quickened even to a degree of fantasy, imagined the sound of his horse's hoofs half a dozen times. Mrs. Fowler looked at her watch more than once, and with much gravity railed at the inconstancy of lovers; but her raillery was in reality born of that full trust and security which could alone have permitted it. Dora Leigh, on the contrary, said little, but was full of vague apprehensions, which every now and then possessed her, she hardly dared ask herself why.

Presently there was a sound. No fancy now: it was really a horse's gallop; and scarcely had this stopped, when the sonorous peal of the bell proclaimed that it had obeyed some impetuous touch. The next instant the gates were flung open, and hastening towards the house, Arthur threw his reins to the groom, and, all splashed as he was, from choosing a short but bad road, made his way into the presence of the ladies, almost without giving time for a servant's announcement. It was evident at a glance that something terrible had happened, for his countenance bore the expression of intense anguish, and he seemed for a while unable to articulate; and when at last he did speak, in answer to hasty interrogations and exclamations, his words were incoherent. Selina had taken his hand, rather than he having offered his; and, in her anxious questioning, had leaned the other upon his shoulder, and brought her face near to his own. The action seemed to arouse him; and, holding her for a moment at arm's length, he exclaimed, gazing at her as if he would read her very soul—"No, no!—you are in ignorance of the truth. It cannot be that you would have deceived me!"

"Deceived you? Never!" she cried, and perhaps the unwavering light of her clear soft eyes was even more convincing than her words. "Of what did you suspect me?"

"Perhaps Mr. Staunton will give me an interview?" interrupted Mrs. Fowler, with as much composure as she could command, for her countenance had assumed a livid hue, and she leant for support on the back of a chair.

Meanwhile Dora Leigh had sunk upon a sofa, and her features seemed almost convulsed with internal agony. But just then no one observed her.

"As you please," murmured Arthur

Staunton, and he followed Mrs. Fowler into another room.

"Will you tell me what you mean by deception," said she, after a moment's pause, "or shall I guess?"

"It will be no guess," he replied; "I can see that you know to what I allude."

"I think I do. But rest assured of two things: first, that Selina is in perfect ignorance of those sad events, a knowledge of which would make her feel shame for the memory of one parent, and pity for that of the other. Only on his deathbed did Captain Danvers confess himself a bigamist; only then did he acknowledge, what the precautionary arrangement of his affairs would almost have announced, that a youthful entanglement with an unworthy object, followed by a secret marriage, had prevented her being legally his wife whom he had wronged from his selfish but absorbing passion, but for whom, for twenty years, he had felt increasing love and devotion. This canker-worm at his heart had laid the seeds, there is little doubt, of the disease which carried him off; and his widow—for so I insist on calling her—never rallied from the shock of that bitter, cruel knowledge. Think you it would have been wise or well to afflict their innocent child by apprising her of the ignominy which attaches to her birth?"

"It is true, then?" murmured Arthur, not heeding the last question, and drooping his head upon his hand: "I had hoped, even against hope, that the whole story was a fabrication."

"It is true," returned Mrs. Fowler, "as you would have been informed, with every detail, before now, had my husband been at home—and he will be at home to-morrow to speak for himself. Meanwhile, you may comprehend my reasons for delaying all preparations for the marriage. But stay, and I will show you a letter in which he alludes to his intentions"—and fortunately the letter was at hand. "And now, tell me," she continued, "how have you heard this story, which I believed to be a profound secret?"

"A secret! Why it is the talk of all Broomfield, and with the most gross exaggerations—exaggerations that make out Mr. Fowler to have lent the shield of his protection and sanction to his sister's disgrace during long years, in which Selina lived beneath a roof where infamy was her example."

An exclamation of agony escaped Mrs. Fowler's lips, and she clasped her hands as if in some mental appeal to the Most High. Arthur Staunton proceeded—"I may as well

tell you the truth. My father, who, with all his high qualities, is of a most impetuous temper, and whose one weakness is inordinate family pride, has forbidden our union under pain of his lasting displeasure, and has already started for London to meet Mr. Fowler there. He knows the hotel at which to find him, and I dread to dream even of the consequences of their interview."

Horror at this story being the "talk of Broomfield," now yielded to the terror of that meeting; for Sir William Staunton was in the army, and Mrs. Fowler had reason to know that he entertained those impious and ridiculous notions which too often belong to what is falsely called "the code of honor." For a little while she was stunned by the anguish of her mind; but presently it seemed strung up to a supernatural power of exertion. She sought Dora Leigh to ask her sympathy, and perhaps even her advice, though utterly unsuspecting that this sorrow had come upon them from her weakness and want of good faith. But with all Dora's faults, meanness and moral cowardice were not among them, and she was prepared to confess her error, even before her changing cheek and trembling form betrayed it.

What a distressing, humiliating scene was that which followed between those two dear friends! And Dora Leigh was most overpowered, because no word of reproach escaped from Mrs. Fowler. She felt she could have crawled in the dust before her.

"Dora, I am more to blame than you are," she exclaimed through her tears, for tears had now come her relief—"I betrayed the trust of my husband; you have only been false to friendship."

"Bless you for your mercy!" returned the other; "but something must be done. I will go up to London directly—this very day—will see Mr. Fowler, confess my fault, appease his wrath before he returns home—before you see him."

"No," said Mrs. Fowler, "not that; for I will go with you. I had thought of this before: I will take my husband's letter, and at any rate prove to Sir William there was no intention that he should be deceived. Alas! my husband, if once insulted by suspicion, may be too proud to defend himself."

During this interview Arthur Staunton had found his way again to Selina's side. He was in a calmer temper, and full of love and trust; but he evaded an answer to her anxious questioning. He would not for worlds have been the one to let in the sorrowful know-

ledge to her heart. Her dismay was great when she found Mrs. Fowler and Dora preparing for their sudden journey; a journey evidently occasioned by the mystery in which she was not permitted to participate. Yet she felt that, whatever it was, she was surrounded by those who loved her; and she strove to find comfort in Mrs. Fowler's assurance, that her "uncle would explain everything to her."

It was evening: in a private, well-lighted drawing-room of one of London's palace-like hotels stood two individuals, for the visitor had refused to be seated, and the other, though under the dominion of aroused passions, was by habit too much of a gentleman to return to his chair. He was also much too gentlemanly to enter upon a noisy vulgar quarrel; and whatever their discourse had been, it had not been heard beyond the room. But a painter who had studied the expression of human emotions would have interpreted the feelings which were at work.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Fowler was announced, followed as we know by Dora Leigh. Her first impulse, after so long a separation, was to rush into her husband's arms, forgetting for a moment, in the joy of seeing him, both her fault and her sorrow. But men are rarely such creatures of impulse as we are; and Mr. Fowler was by no means so oblivious. But in extenuation of his harshness, we must remember that his proud sensitive nature was writhing under the knowledge, just received, that she had betrayed his confidence. He stretched forth his arm rigidly to prevent her nearer approach, exclaiming, "Stay, stay; your unexpected presence here convinces me that explanations are indeed necessary."

The wretched and rebuked wife slid, as it were, into a chair, for her limbs refused their support. And as she leaned upon its arm, large silent tears of agony coursed down her cheek. They might have been unobserved by her husband, though not by Sir William Staunton, whose impetuous temper had been somewhat relieved by its first outbreak. Perhaps his son could have named a second weakness of character—for certainly some people might have thought his soldierly gallantry and devotion to the gentler sex bordered on one. He had often been heard to say he would rather oppose a charge of cavalry than have to refuse the request of a weeping woman. Dora Leigh had remained standing; and now, with courtier-like civility, Sir William

drew forward a chair. She, however, declined to be seated; and approaching Mrs. Fowler, took her hand—the hand which grasped her husband's letter—and holding it, as if by that affectionate clasp strength was given and received, commenced, in a clear though trembling voice, the history of the betrayal. She attempted no extenuation of herself; but two men of the world were able, from that very candor, to perceive that her fault had not been deliberate; and that she had been in a great measure the dupe of a heartless gossip. She shed no tears until she spoke of Mrs. Fowler, and even then she tried to drive them back as hindrances to her speech. But she grew eloquent from the very intensity of her feelings; and when she thought a *look* of Mr. Fowler meant that his wife's conduct was inexcusable, she exclaimed, "Blame me—blame me as much as you will; but forgive and pity her. Remember, we have been as with one heart and mind from babyhood—the habit of a life is not to be easily broken. One year ago I should have been wronged—yes, wronged, for friendship has its rights—by her hiding a care from me; and though I know and feel that now she is bound by a higher and dearer duty still, it was a knowledge not to be recognised at once. Mr. Fowler, she betrayed your confidence in the early days of her marriage, before she had grown used to do without my sympathy—before she thoroughly knew the duties of a wife. You must forgive her, indeed you must; and not only forgive her, but confide in her if possible more than ever."

Mr. Fowler passed his hand across his eyes; and whether he felt compelled to obey the authority Dora assumed, or that his own heart was pleading, he hardly knew himself. It was enough that he found himself by some strange magnetism, by the side of his wife, with an arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

"And the innocent," continued Dora, approaching Sir William—"is the innocent Selina alone to suffer?"

He did not answer for a moment; there was a struggle still going on in his heart; but presently he approached Mr. Fowler, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Let all our bitter words be forgotten, and let our union defy the malice of the Broomfield gossips."

A warm and cordial grasp was the best reply. "And Selina," murmured Mrs. Fowler; "can we still keep this tragic story from her?"

"I fear not," replied her husband with a sigh.

"It has been a bitter lesson," sobbed Dora.

"May all wives profit by it!" said Mrs. Fowler, looking fondly and pleadingly at her husband: "it is but half a marriage without perfect confidence. Trust the wife who loves you better and better every day, who has lost all girlish awe of your superiority, who has learned to pour out her own giddy heart before you: trust *her*, it was the childish bride who betrayed you. Trust me—trust me for the future: you must promise?"

And notwithstanding the past, he did so promise.

Fears lest the exaggerated story should reach Selina's ears abruptly, induced her best friends to break to her the exact truth; but the shock to her mind was such, that it delayed her marriage some months. And perhaps, to the kindly hearts and really generous natures of the two "culprits," no punishment could have been so severe as witnessing the sufferings of a dear friend brought on by their thoughtless words.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

POETRY OF THE EAST.

It was on a gleaming morn in April (so speaks a legend older than mythology), that the Genius of Hope, issuing from beneath the arch of the Rainbow (where floats in air his shadowy shrine, ever fleeting, still returning), first met the gentle Spirit whose name is Memory. Sadness, immortal sadness, rested on her brow; and hardly could the bright Lord of the Future win to his gaze that oft-reverted eye, which evermore seemed to linger on some far vision fading amid the distant clouds. "Come where the young Morn is scattering her first roses on the glowing East," he cried; "come, melancholy nymph, and with me sinking amid her splendors, learn how Hope can pierce to yet unrisen noon! You turn away; yet listen. Is there no common bond to unite us? We both in this consent; that for neither is the hard and earthly soil of the Present a fitting home. Both alike of etherial birth, not for us is it to abide where in the narrow circle of the day that now is, the dull children of the Present, with eyes that only seek the dust, toil through their miserable hour of life; or mock us with the counterfeit of a Hope and a Remembrance that are but the poor image of the paltry Present itself! Floating ever above the world, we visit in dreams those better spirits that, born for a higher sphere, even in yonder lonely world, dwell in circumfused heaven. Speak to me then in more than these sad

sighs. Gaze not still on faded shadows melting to air behind thee, but turn on Hope's enkindled eyes those tearful lids, and they shall sparkle with the light of mine!"

"I dread thee, fair, false Spirit," she sadly said (and her voice was dim as the song of a far off stream at midnight, when, whether it be gushing waters or sighing winds, the listener knows not), "I dread thee, bright Betrayer! Is not thy pledged truth witnessed to by broken hearts; is not thine own horrible shadow named Despair? Ah, fly to those too beauteous bowers of thine, that still as they vanish are renewed, again to vanish, and again to bloom; nor seek to withdraw me from my silent home, where I dwell, and wander weeping, amid the voiceless spectres of dead joys. Around me they love to gather; and gathering, image to my thought the perished Past; even as the dim moonbow at midnight shadows forth yon glittering arch wherein thou rejoicest, Spirit, to abide." And yet, even as she spoke, nearer and nearer came she to the bright phantom, drawn by those resistless eyes in which all the joys of all eternity seem mirrored; shrinking, and tremulously blest she came; and in the kindling blaze of morn they met, and they were happy.

It was a strange love; and, marvellous was the mutual influence and change of both. From that hour it has been that

Memory herself has learned to smile—sadly perhaps, but still to smile; in the visions of the Past (who knows it not? a melancholy mystery of joy has been inwoven; childhood, and youth, and manhood, have borrowed celestial tints to the eye of Age; events have but to retreat into the past to become transfigured and glorified. The brighter genius of Hope, again, has learned to shade and mitigate the splendors of his brow; soberer hues invest his form; the recollections of Memory have taught him to correct the too triumphant anticipation of happiness to come!

Nor long was that heavenly spousal unblest. An infant Spirit was soon visible disporting among the cloud-palaces; at times with his joyous sire bathed in the fresh glow of sunrise, at times resting in his meek mother's bosom amid the sad magnificence of the sunset heavens. The Child, the creature, of pensive Memory and exulting Hope; the winged Faëry who brings down to earth the language of Heaven, and tells to Heaven the claims of exiled earth; the inspired Infant, glory-crowned, lyre-armed, and unconquered, though thus armed,—the Witness, the Sympathizer, the Consoler, the illuminator of the Past, the prophet of the greater Future,—who is this—who can this be—but blessed POESY?

And among the ethereal Powers (the manifold spirits who dwell invisibly amid the unfathomable interspaces that divide from each other the rolling worlds—spaces unpeopled, as blind mortals deem, but, in truth, ever crowded with busy and multitudinous life)—among the unseen Powers that rule the destinies of the universe, the bright Child soon became acceptable and beloved. Midway between mortal and immortal, he conciliated each with each. The celestial powers grew to acknowledge congenial thoughts with man, as they listened to this ardent interpreter of man, and understood how much of divine is inwoven in man's nature; how he strives—unconsciously strives—for native heaven, and in the midst of weakness, with an eye more potent than his arm, beholds the glory he fails to grasp, and conceives the perfection he cannot realize. They saw—for Poesy taught them to see—how before him, amid all his misery, there ever gleams—now faintly, now more full and fair—the unapproachable IDEAL, the Revelation of transcendent Beauty, from their own world; and recognizing in the inspired Child of

Hope and Memory, the representative of all god-like strivings in humanity, they marked the authentic tokens of his birth, when they observed how, in the power of his spirit, man, unable to apply the bright apparition of perfection that haunts him, to the harsh and heartless Present, and still more unable to tear from his inmost soul the dear conception itself, habitually, irresistibly, transfers to the Past and the future—to the illusive worlds of Memory and Hope—the Beauty and the Happiness the Present refuses to receive!

This is a leaf torn from the Records of the upper world. We must not delay to comment upon the fragment; they who require the commentary would be little profited by receiving it.

Meanwhile it is wondrous to observe how the voice of the parent's spirit is heard alternately to speak in the divine Child. Sometimes both are so blended and interwoven (as you have marked the mingled expression of the parents strangely blended in an infant's face), that it were hard to determine whether Hope or Memory—the spirit of the Future or of the Past—be more manifest in the combination; the glow and ardor of the one, or the mournful majesty of the other. The Ideal Beauty—which is to Poetry as the Spirit to the bodily Frame—seems in such a case to hover in both worlds, and to borrow from both; to linger now amid the Actual made glorious in the visions of memory, now amid the Possible made real in the visions of Hope; Imagination the glad and busy servant of either. But sometimes the strain is more distinct and definite. The Youth of nations, as of men, is full of *Hope*; and so is their Poesy; a joyous, happy, outbreathing, in which every picture (and their whole language is in pictures), is laid in brilliant dyes. The Old Age of the world, on the other hand, brings thought; and with thought sorrow. All has been tried in turn; and little seems to remain but the lees and dregs of time. Such feelings of sadness and desolation belong to Humanity itself—continuous, corporate humanity—as truly as to the Individual Man; for through the unbroken transmission and accumulation of knowledge, all reflective Humanity comes to have its own single personality and experience, and lives and grows and feels as one Man. In truth, no thoughtful spirit can help identifying itself with the world's history; young though he per-

sonally be, the man feels himself an inevitable portion of the age in which he is cast; he is a student of Earth's long and sad experience, as though it were his own. We, then, who dwell in the vesper twilight of Time, shall we not receive its shadows? How shall the youngest of *us* rejoice amid a worn and withered world? The mournful spirit of *Memory*, pathetic in even its brightest visions, becomes the presiding power of almost all the poetry such a world receives as interpreting the universal heart. We grope among the relics of the past for old enchantments, and try to revive the dying embers, and strive to live again in a world where all was mystery and adventure, and the soul of man still tarried amid that half-revealing light in whose glimmer alone Imagination—no noonday sunflower—puts forth all the richness of her bloom, and all the magic of her fragrance.* And just as, refugees from the present, and hardly daring to hope, we love in these days to recall the shadows of old-world history, so yet more do we love, to a degree quite unprecedented in the poetry of other times, to linger among those of *our own* youth. It is but another and more familiar development of the same principle; the man is his own world; and to the habitual faith of the heart, every life begins, as the world began, in Paradise!

But still and ever, when the soul of man rises above the world, on these wings it soars; no doubt, the accurate depiction of Fact will itself instruct or amuse; no doubt, when Fact itself is affecting, will affect; no doubt, when affecting Fact is musically told, will delight; and the art to accomplish

* The new-born enthusiasm for the Middle-ages and their Religion, is largely owing to this feeling—a feeling natural enough in its imaginative bearings, however preposterously inapplicable to practical purposes. In fancy, men may dream themselves into the mediæval world: but no power on earth can ever really put back the Clock of Time by one century of its movement. You may indeed, and without much difficulty, disfigure or transform the recording Dial (which is History), till it belie itself; but you cannot interfere with the play of the interior mechanism itself; as well attempt to arrest the rotation of the earth, yourself a portion of the mass you would control! Thank God, you cannot; it were a dangerous and delusive gift for man, this incommunicable prerogative of the royalty of Heaven. Let us be content with our own place in the mighty procession of ages; better is it in the worst of times to "fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great," than to "fall into the hand of Man;" better to trust to the movements of Providence, than the short-sighted, perverse, and almost always more or less selfish substitution and renovations of human theorizers!

this is a pleasing and a happy Art. But—for essential poetry, the creative Power in its high and peculiar sense, it descends to us from the region of a beauty and perfection that Fact, though indispensable as the bough to the soaring bird, yet simply as Fact, can seldom, if ever supply; and the Present, to become essentially poetic, must receive the reflection of a light above and beyond it. Our Parable aims at no minuteness of scientific accuracy, nor will endure a train of specific qualifications; it expresses enough, if it express this—that Poesy, by inherent right and energy, stretches forth into the realms of what has been (imagined into pleasurable beauty,) or of what might be and may be (quickened thereto by the impulses of hope); that these are the haunts from which it mainly blesses the subject world. Even in its very Despair (for there is a poetry of such), its Despair is to shatter, or to see shattered, the glorified image that *these* have furnished!

And yet, no doubt the Present itself, in its profound simplicity, is poetic; but it is such to those only who either can catch its own hidden life, and indwelling mystery, or who can invest it with colorings *not* its own; and for both, we may be sure the seer must first be endowed with a power to gather around him the rich recollections of Memory, and the glorious possibilities of Hope; among these is born and grows the Ideal, which afterwards divinizes the Present; and this, too—even though it be, as we willingly recognize, among the greatest gifts of the poetic inspiration, to see aright the very things that be around us, to see them *down* to that divine depth where the Real and the Ideal are blended, and Poetry and Truth are one!

So far are we indeed from overlooking this in our estimate, that we believe that to create for our age the true Poetry of the Present, but of the Present glorified in the light of the Future, the Poetry of Hope—joyous, on-looking, prospective,—might fairly be set forth as at this hour the appropriate task and office of the highest imaginative genius among us. To unfold to our hearts, a new and better image of themselves; to teach us no longer to rest satisfied with the resources, however precious, of the Past; to give utterance to the onward tendencies of the universal Heart; to furnish the imaginative interpretation of the age's deep desire;—this were the proper function of the true Prophet of the Time. No doubt there is something divine in every

age, could we but penetrate to it; the world and its history is, after all, the work of God—the work of God as truly as the eternal heavens, and the green earth, and the heaving amplitude of ocean are his work. And though man's marring perversity be therein mingled, yet the materials are God's, and no perversity can annihilate *them*. While, again, reflect that this weakness and this wickedness are applicable to all ages no less than to our own; yet how readily we seem to catch the divine element in the far and dream-like Past—that Past in which our own despised Present will yet be absorbed and in its turn beautified. We ourselves then ask for the inspired Man who will open to us the hidden divinity of the time that now is, by suffusing it with the glory of the time that shall be; we demand the gifted seer who will give us not merely the lovely images of the elder day, but the Ideal and high Exemplar of our own. We require one who will say to us, and say in tones we cannot choose but hear, "Behold where ye *now* stand, sons of men! and mark whither ye travel; observe what new powers and principles, hardly known to yourselves, are now swelling to their development; behold what ye are—but only that ye may see and know what ye may yet be!" Such a man, no doubt, must be, in some sense, "beyond his age;" he must stand on the head land height of the Present, that he may see far and clear into the coming time; but he must nevertheless be intimately and deeply imbued with the essential spirit of his own age. The mightiest athlete cannot bound forward, if you remove the ground from beneath his feet; the profoundest and most enrapt of the sons of song cannot soar into the empyrean from any but the familiar ground of known fact and feeling. The man of whom we speak is one who thoroughly understands his age, and gives it voice; but one who, while the world is listening, and with glad surprise acknowledging its inspired spokesman, can modulate insensibly his strain, till the fascinated listener is gradually won into a nobler region, and, feeling himself for the while a citizen of a better clime, learns at last to make that clime permanently his own. In tracing, then, as we have done, the birth of the Poetic power to the deep, irrepressible desire of man for a glory not now revealed—a glory that he fondly ascribes to the vanished past and the imagined future; in beholding the cradle of the infant rocked by sighing Remembrance on the one side, and smiling Hope

on the other—its parents and preservers,—you must not charge us with forgetting the claims of the Present, when we tell you that it is on this same Present we would have these rich stores largely lavished; that it is to the gifted interpreter of the mystery of the present, the director of its course, the animator of its energy—to him who, in whatever form, or multiplicity of forms (for they are endless), will, directly or indirectly, open out to men the grandeur of themselves, and their destinies, and their universe, in special relation to their *existing* epoch, we would be inclined to assign the highest and rarest honors of the Muse.

The function of the poet—taking the word in its widest sense, and in whatever language he speak, even the language of colors on canvas, even the deep language of musical harmonies—the specific and essential office of the poet is this—As the Divine is the Interpreter of Duty, and the Philosopher the Interpreter of pure Truth, even so is the Poet the Priest of the Beautiful. Of all these alike it is indeed the office to teach man to realize their own spiritual nature, and through spiritual organs to live in a spiritual world. And hence their offices are often blended, and they seem to occupy at times each other's place; for how indeed can regions which doubtless are ultimately bound in one supreme Unity, be ever wholly severed! The *Philosophy* is best which after its thousand voyages of Discovery anchors at last on the solemn shores of Religion, and through all the laws of Nature beholds with pleased wonder that harmony of form and motion and quantity which is the inwoven Poetry of the Universe;—and that *Poetry* is in its turn surest and most permanent which builds on philosophic truth, or at the least delights to harmonize with its teachings;* and that *Theology*, again, is noblest which sees in its divine Object the last substance of Truth, and the source and centre of immortal Beauty. To the Poet belongs, however as to the others, his special and distinctive task; to invest the universe in grandeur and beauty, and each object in its own beauty—the terrible, and even the deformed, being not without a *relative* æsthetic excellence of their own, as stimulating imagination and emotion; to elevate his

* "The Poetry of the loftiest, and seemingly, of the wildest odes, has a logic of its own as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes."—Coleridge, *Biogr. Liter.* i., 8.

fellow-men through the pleasurable potency of the Beautiful; and thus in a manner, through the attraction of Beauty; to do for the soul perpetually and permanently what *Love*, while its enthusiasm abides, effects so wonderfully in even the rudest human heart.

A very clever and interesting little volume happens to lie before us—the “Palm Leaves” of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes. We shall dedicate an hour to musing over his pretty volume, and the thoughts its suggests, in our own somewhat discursive way of criticism; thanking the chance that at this moment enables us to sun ourselves in the cloudless sky, and breathe the perfumed air, of those soft Eastern thoughts and topics, in the very depth of this most mournful of all past—may God grant of all future—Irish winters!

This agreeable writer does not appear to have aimed so much to absolutely personate the Eastern, and immerse himself unreservedly in the habitual feelings of the East, as to interpret those feelings to the West, through the medium of Western reason and imagination. And we repeat, that except with extraordinary powers of *objectivity* (as our German neighbors style it), this is no doubt the safer undertaking; more likely to be natural, honest, and true. To breathe the mental atmosphere of Orientalism is in many respects a descent from our actual position; it is no easy matter to rid ourselves of our own gifts; for good or evil, the intellectual power that slumbers—hardly lives—in the Oriental, *must* work, survey, penetrate, infer, predict in the accomplished Englishman. Mr. Milnes, whom, if we rightly remember, no less than three sister volumes of poetry have already made favorably known to the public, seems to us to have very happily, and even at times profoundly, seized some of the better spirit of Mohammedan life; assuredly could the Osmanli condescend to reflect at all on the criticism of the Infidel, even his self-complacent superciliousness could hardly complain of so mild a censor.

And no doubt to one fresh from the ferment and restlessness of Europe, there is a certain charm in the comparative repose of that oriental life. Its external gravity, decorum, and ceremoniousness; its quiet enjoyment of the present, untroubled alike by forecast or regret; the very simplicity of the general tone of thought; the unbroken uniformity of manners; the storms of passion,

when they do arise, rapid, direct, transitory,—these are characteristics which we can well conceive attractive to the wearied spirit of the tourist from more boisterous and busy climes. The very tranquillity of fading empire adds to the impression. The capital itself, with all its imperishable grandeur and beauty, as seen from its glittering Bosphorus, stands amid a solitude; within some hundred yards of its walls, the plain behind it extends in silence and desolation, and this an irrecoverable desolation. The empire has the interest and dignity of sure decay. Deep inward decline has pervaded every portion of its vast frame; its occasional bursts of vigor are but the conclusions of protracted dissolution. The separation of the elements may indeed be arrested; but no power can restore the energy of life. To traverse its provinces, whether in Asia or Europe, is to traverse ruins more venerable than the ruins which hallow its landscapes; it is to move amid the desolated chambers of the mouldering edifice of empire!

Such scenes and impressions may well calm the reflective spirit. We can afford to smile at the terrors that once shook every heart at the very name of these haughty invaders, and better taught than they, to return compassionate sympathy for their degradation. Nicopolis, Mohacz, the very walls of Vienna twice all but taken, Solyman by land, and Barbarossa by sea, the long and perilous struggle from the day wild Othman and his Turkmans planted their daring feet upon the plain of Nicomedia, for well nigh four hundred years,—command respect for a fallen foe, whose very existence is now dependent upon the notes and protocols of the powers of Franguestan, whose authority is at the mercy of every shifting wind of European diplomacy. Fortunately for her, unless under the maddest misapprehension of their respective duties, every Western power in Europe is bound to protect the permanent unity of Turkey. The unsleeping vigilance of Russia, watchful to seize every excuse, and invent every plausible pretext, for securing power beyond her southern frontier,—power which must make her inevitably and irremediably predominant in Europe,—which must give her the command at once of seas beyond the arctic circle and of the Mediterranean, and extend her monstrous sway from the waters of the Adriatic to the wall of China,—this, which Turkey is wholly unable to

meet, all Europe in arms is bound to resist.*

There is little, indeed, to induce sympathy with this people beyond the force of such defensive considerations as these. The miserable and hopeless vices of their government which has made some of the finest portions of the earth a desolation,—joined to their impracticable arrogance and indocility, gives them small claims to protection, on the score of national spirit and character. For any such measures of political reform as the *Gulhanè*, to which Mr. Milnes alludes, it is very doubtful whether their position is at all calculated.† The empire is held together solely by the rigorous domination of the Ottoman race over multitudes of tribes as hostile to each other as to it; and all attempts at liberalizing the constitution of Turkey are almost certain to eventuate in revolt and mutual conflict among the half savage races whom despotic pressure alone keeps in order. Egyptians, Maronites, Druses, Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Turkmen, Arabs; these have no common bond, but common subjection; teach them their "rights" as against the sovereign of the Porte, and you teach them their independence of each other; sanguine collision follows, universal struggles for supremacy, and, in all probability, an eventual partition among the wily powers who so disinterestedly exhort them to realize their essential privileges as freemen.

Turkey, too, is in a state in which even voluntary reform, and concessions from the supreme authority itself, are of very doubtful utility or policy. We know not that all the labors of that very remarkable man, the late Sultan Mahmoud, can be said (the annihilation of the janissaries excepted) to have resulted in any one definite or perma-

* When Catharine founded Cherson she had an inscription set up upon the architrave of the gate looking to the west—"This is the road to Byzantium." The Turks themselves speak mysteriously of an old prophecy that existed even before Constantinople ceased to be Christian, importing that a people from the north would yet master the City of Bosphorus. The custom of burial in the vast cemetery at the Asiatic side of the city, is said to grow out of this gloomy conviction among the Ottomans.

† On this point we would refer to some very judicious and sensible observations in Mr. White's "Three Years in Constantinople," published last year (1845): a work which contains a great variety of curious and interesting matter, somewhat loosely put together indeed, upon the internal arrangements of Constantinople, with which the writer appears to have made himself most laboriously and minutely familiar.

nent benefit. Mufti and Ulema, if they cannot prevent change, are thoroughly able to render it nugatory. The Turkish people, have, as a body, not an indifference to knowledge, but a positive impatience and disgust at it. The old spirit, which a very doubtful story attributes to the Caliph Omar, at Alexandria, rules still in the resolute and impassive breast of the Turk. What needs he beyond the Koran? There is the rule of life; and who but a fool would ask *more* than a rule of life? An Arab story now and then to gently stir the fancy, a *gazel* to accompany and cheer the solemn pipe,—such are the utmost limits of his intellectual demands. We have been lately informed, indeed, of several promising instances of a growing taste for literary accomplishment in the Turkish capital—the rise (we presume it may, under sad peril of undignified ambiguity, be styled) of a literary "Young Turkey," but with the exception of the few who may be expected, in all societies, to penetrate somewhat farther than the spirit of their time allows, we must be permitted to wait for more substantial proofs of this fact than (what, to be sure, is rare and laudable enough) the collection of some thousand European volumes in the libraries of a few wealthy Effendis.* Primary schools, in-

* Mr. White, in the work already cited, gives us a great deal of curious information upon the material interests of Constantinopolitan literature. In his survey of *bazaars* and *tcharshies* he comes among the bookselling guild. His account is not very flattering. The dealers in knowledge enjoy and enforce a rigorous monopoly; some unhappy authors will perhaps secretly wait a sigh of sympathy to the Bosphorus when they learn that "it is common to say of a close-fisted dealer 'he is worse than a *sahhaf*' (bookseller)." The establishment of a newspaper was one of Sultan Mahmoud's innovations in 1831; but "*The Moniteur Ottoman* is a dull court-circular; and the Smyrna journals, abandoned to chance communications, are neither prompt nor exact in circulating or detailing events." Printing (introduced by Achmet III. not much more than a century ago) is looked on with an evil eye for a reason as old as the days of Faust and Gutenberg; that the manuscript copyists are an extensive and powerful craft. The Koran is always transcribed by hand; the booksellers we are told, affirm that "presses are made from the calcined wood of Al-Zacum, the dread tree of the lowest pit, while transcribers have their seats near the gate of the seventh heaven." A finely illuminated Koran will bring over 40,000 piastres sometimes. Dr. Walsh (one of the best of our Turkish informants) tells us that the pretext for excepting the Sacred Book from the press was "that it would be an act of impiety if the Word of God should be squeezed and pressed together," a ridiculous but highly successful subterfuge to secure the interests of the copying trade. The work excepted forming, however, nine-tenths of all Turkish read-

deed, abound, such as they are; and an education of some extent is conducted at the *medressehs*, connected with the mosques. Mohammed himself had very little of the popular dread or dislike of extended knowledge; "the war against ignorance," he said, "is the great holy war." But the heads of ecclesiastical and civil affairs think—and perhaps they soundly think—that the only chance for permanence to the existing Ottoman system, is in the steady maintenance of the national ignorance, legitimate darkness, and bigotry established by law; the old frame is too feeble for violent remedies; it may expire in the struggle. A system, whose essential strength was in its narrowness; whose shield and buckler was its hard, impenetrable pride; which conquered, because it could not conceive it possible to be defeated; and even when defeated, made defeat a sort of indirect triumph, by still giving all the glory to its own mysterious Allah, with a profundity of resignation that nothing could disturb;—can such a system last on any principles but its own? Can it survive the intrusion of the modern spirit, the restlessness, versatility, inquisitiveness, of the west? The cardinals of the Austrian party at Rome, and the Ulemas, who stroke their beards in sorrow, as they mourn over the old janissary days at Constantinople, might, we doubt not, arrive at some conclusions of edifying harmony on the subject.

It can hardly be with the approbation of this class of personages, that a change has of late years taken place, which, just because it is so very superficial and external, is perhaps only the more alarming indication of growing indifferentism—the assumption of the Frank *costume* in the city of the Sultan. The Sheiks and the Ulemas still, indeed, retain the picturesque pelisse; but other functionaries have universally exchanged their graceful and magnificent garb, for the tight and tasteless apparel of the west. "That which was most remarkable at Constantinople," says the very agreeable traveller, M. Mishaud, "in times not far distant from our own, was the variety and richness, of the costume. Strangers admired, above all things, the Indian shawls, the magnificent furs [the Armenian fur trade—to descend to mere utilitarian views—

ing, left a fatal blank in the prospects of typography; nevertheless there are now four imperial presses in Constantinople; the *pica* and *brevier* of the West seems making its slow but certain way through all obstacles.

has materially suffered by the change], the beautiful Cashmere turbans, the flowing robes, which had been from all antiquity the dress of the Orientals. Lady M. W. Montagu, in her letters, says, that when she saw a number of Pachas, with their long beards and their splendor of garb, she fancied she beheld old Priam and his council. Now all is changed! Among the inhabitants of Stamboul, there are only the Jews, the Greeks, the Armenians, and some Dervishes, who are dressed as in former times. A reform in the costumes has begun [this was 1830], and day after day the Turks are abandoning the prejudices which relate to their dress. The turban has lost its glory; it is scarcely remembered that there were sixty different ways of wearing it. The Ulemas, who have remained faithful to the turbans, have reduced it to a simple shawl, wound round the head. The common head-dress is a red cap, with a tassel of blue silk. An assemblage of Turks, with their red, yellow, and white turbans, used to be compared to a border of tulips; they are now only like a field of corn-flowers and wild poppies. The slippers and yellow boots have been replaced by Frank boots and shoes; instead of their long robe, the Turks were a frock-coat with buttons, like a polonaise; those who belong to the army have a narrow vest, with a clasp in front, pantaloon, which tighten as they come down to the bottom of the leg; and over this a blue or scarlet mantle. The official regulations of costume have, indeed, respected the beard, and all which relates to the hair; yet even the beard [oh, profanity unutterable! the beard of a true believer!] has undergone a revolution; the military and the young Effendis hardly ever wear it. It is right to fix this date in Mussulman costume; in a short time the change will be more complete and travellers who arrive after us will find in Stamboul only the dresses of the Franks." Amid all these apostacies, however, the ladies (blessings on their millinerian toryism!) steadily refuse to yield, and still swathed in fur and muslin, and every other possible constituent and color of dress, roll along as delightfully absurd as ever.

Dress, which must so largely enter into the pictures of the poet,—and woman, who seldom loses her share in his day dreams, bring us back to poetry and Mr. Milnes. One of the best and happiest of his sketches is devoted to the latter topic. He unfolds to us with a skilful and delicate

hand the poetry of the Hareem existence. He has taken care to correct an error (which even Byron has permitted himself to perpetuate) about the Mohammedans denying souls to the female sex; the fact being, as any reader of even Sale is aware, that the Koran explicitly and repeatedly assigns to woman a place in the future world. The difficulty with Mohammed appears to have been to conciliate their future felicity with the perpetual presence of those dangerous rivals with prodigious black eyes, and all made of the purest possible musk, who were to console their august masters in Paradise. The Mohammedan heaven is in all things a mere prolongation of present conceptions of happiness, without any attempt to elevate them; in this, as in all other false religions, lies its essential evil and debasement; and the Eastern woman has her place in Paradise exactly as she has her place in this life, that is to say, an *inferior* one in both. A good wife obtains, however, her proportionate reward; and the accommodating inspiration of the Eastern Doctors has pronounced, that if a faithful Moslem should by some rare caprice—perhaps dying young and inexperienced—actually desire the society of his earthly wife, in even the world of the Houris, the favor will be granted him by special dispensation.

Our author stands up very decisively in defence of the conjugal arrangements of the East. He admits the intellectual education narrow and scanty,* but “as regards

* Constantinople, however, as Mr. White instructs us, “can boast more than one female author. Among the most celebrated of these is Laila Khanum, niece to the celebrated poet, Izzet Mollah. Her poems are principally satirical, and she is held in great dread by her sex, who tremble at her cutting pen. Her *divan* (collection of poems) has been printed, and amounts to three volumes. Laila Khanum is also famed for her songs, which are set to music, and highly popular. Hassena Khanum, wife of the Hakim Bashy (chief physician), is likewise renowned for the purity and elegance of her style as a letter-writer, which entitles her to the appellation of the “Turkish Sevigné.” Turkish poetry (which is exceedingly abundant, and of which the readers of this Magazine have had many opportunities of forming some idea) is usually constructed with the utmost artifice of rhythm. It is a universal and favorite accomplishment. In former times, Turkish state papers were frequently drawn up in this form: and various unhappy “brothers near the throne” have sung their song of the swan with the bowstring round their necks. See Von Hammer’s account of the death of Mahmoud, the unhappy brothers of Selim I. *Gesch. des Osmanischen Reiches*, Bd. 3. The romantic history of the princely poet, Dschem, is well known. His oppressor and brother, Bajazid, and himself argued the matter with each other in a poetical correspondence.—*Ibid.*

the physical happiness of the weaker sex, and the regard paid to their well-being, I do not hesitate to say, that I can find no superiority in the morals and manners of West, and am led to fear that the evils connected with the relations of the sexes, are more productive of suffering and debasement in many so-called Christian countries, than in those that remain attached to the habits of the elder world.” This favorable opinion is embodied in the following very pretty stanzas:—

“THE HAREEM.

- “Behind the veil whose depth is traced
By many a complicated line—
Behind the lattice, closely laced
With filagree of choice design—
Behind the lofty garden-wall,
Where stranger face can ne’er surprise—
That inner world, her all-in-all,
The Eastern woman lives and dies.
- “Husbands and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests;
His will the single perfect law,
That scarce with choice her mind molests;
Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth—
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman’s worth.
- “If young and beautiful she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine,
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honor has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.
- “Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
And birds make music to their loves,
She lives a kind of faery life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
That wears the palpitating hours.
- “And when maturer duties rise
In pleasure’s and in passion’s place,
Her duteous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace:
So hopes she by untiring truth
To win the bliss to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth
That time can never taint or dim.
- “Thus in the ever-closed Hareem,
As in the open Western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being’s busy foam;
Through latitudes of varying faith
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.
- “Home of the East, thy threshold’s edge
Checks the wild foot that knows no fear,
Yet shrinks as if from sacrilege,
When rapine comes thy precincts near;

Existence whose precarious thread
Hangs on the tyrant's mood and nod,
Beneath thy roof its anxious head
Rests as within the house of God.

"There, though without he feels a slave,
Compelled another's will to scan,
Another's favor forced to crave,
There is the subject still the man,
There is the form that none but he
Can touch—the face that he alone,
Of living men has right to see,
Not he who fills the Prophet's throne.

"Then let the moralist, who best
Honors the female heart, that blends
The deep affections of the west
With thoughts of life's sublimest ends,
Ne'er to the Eastern home deny
Its lesser, yet not humbler praise,
To guard our pure humanity
Amid the stains of evil days."

These fair beings, we regret to say, however docile and devoted within walls, and to their masters, are apt not to display themselves in the most amiable light to the unhappy Christians they chance to meet in their peregrinations of the streets of Stamboul. Mr. Madden (but this, to be sure, is twenty years ago) tells us, in his amusing volumes, that "he has had the honor of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women." The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality; and hence it is from them chiefly a Frank passenger has to expect such gentle maledictions as—"May the plague fall on your house! May the foul bird defile your beardless chin! May she who would marry you be childless!" The amusing Persian satire which was given to the public some time ago by Mr. Atkinson, *jeu d'esprit* though it be, opens to us a little of the private life of the Hareem, and in glimpses not quite so tranquil as those which Mr. Milnes' muse loves to contemplate. Mr. Milnes is, no doubt, perfectly accurate on the subject of polygamy. It is an utter mistake to suppose it universal in the East. The little work to which we allude firmly confirms this statement; representing even bigamy as a certain means of misery to the unhappy lord who vainly calculates that conjugal happiness must grow in the ratio of its *factors*. Indeed, that even *one* of these sources of perfect felicity may be found quite sufficient to exercise the *Islam* of a believer, the pleasant publication of Mr. Atkinson abundantly instructs us. The following are the bounden duties of a Persian Lady, duly alive to what the dignity of her sex demands in cases of marital insubordination:

"If he (the husband) still resists, she must redouble all the vexations which she knows from experience irritate his mind, and day and night add to the misery of his condition. She must never, whether by day or night, for a moment relax. For instance, if he condescends to hand her the loaf, she must throw it from her, or at him, with indignation and contempt. She must make his shoe too tight for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. On the other hand, should these resources fail, the wife may privately convey from her husband's house everything valuable that she can lay her hands upon, and then go to the *Kâzi* and complain that her husband has beaten her with his shoe, and pretend to show the bruise on her skin."—*Customs and Manners*, &c., p. 60.

There is a sublime of daring about this last precept which our readers will appreciate. The duty of indulging in unceasing gossip is soon after raised to the dignity of a religious obligation:—

"A woman dying without friends or gossips has no chance of going to heaven; whereas happy is that woman whose life is passed in constant intercourse with kind associates, for she will assuredly go to heaven. What can equal the felicity of that woman whose daily employment is sauntering hand in hand with friends, amid rose-bowers and aromatic groves, and visiting every place calculated to expand and exhilarate the heart. That woman at the day of the resurrection will be seen dancing with her old companions on earth in the regions of bliss. The very circumstance of living in such a state of social freedom and harmony always produces a forgiveness of sins. If a damsel dies before she has established a circle of intimates, the other world can never be to her a scene of happiness and joy."—p. 75.

The special duties of the Mosque are similarly laid down. The ladies are to exhibit themselves in all the magnificence of a fashionable Church at Cheltenham in the height of the season, with only those circumstantial differences that correspond to the difference of longitude. They are to go to the porches of the mosques to behold the young men tall as cypresses, and with cheeks like the tulip; they are carefully to betray their crimsoned feet, accidentally but invariably to raise their veils in raising their tapers; nor are they ever to be so misguided as to suffer prayer to supersede the higher duty of social conversation. But we must return from an inimitable little book, which proves that the Author of the "Directions to Servants" might find his own grave minuteness of sarcasm rivalled among the rose gardens of Persia.

One of the most amusing modifications of Oriental life is connected with the pilgrimage to Mecca. The West can supply some instances of gentlemen who have once or even twice in their lives become husbands

from motives not wholly dissimilar; but it was reserved for the Mecca pilgrimage to reduce matrimony to a lucrative *profession*. The cause is this: Mahomedan law prescribes that no unmarried woman shall perform the pilgrimage; and that every married woman shall be accompanied by her husband or some other very near relation. Burckhardt tells us that accordingly,

"Female hadjis (pilgrims) sometimes arrive from Turkey for the hadj; rich old widows who wish to see Mekka before they die; or women who set out with their husbands, and lose them on the road by disease. In such cases the female finds at Djedda delyls (or, as this class is called *Muhallil*), ready to facilitate their progress through the sacred territory in the character of husbands. The marriage contract is written out before the Kadhy; and the lady, accompanied by her delyl, performs the pilgrimage to Mecca, Arafat, and all the sacred places. This, however, is understood to be merely a nominal marriage; and the delyl must divorce the woman on his return to Djedda; if he were to refuse a divorce the law cannot compel him to it, and the marriage would be considered binding; but he could no longer exercise the lucrative profession of *delyl*; and my informant could only recollect two examples of the delyl continuing to be the woman's husband. I believe there is not any exaggeration of the number in stating that there are eight hundred full grown delyls, besides boys who are *learning the profession*. Whenever a shop-keeper loses his customers, or a poor man of letters wishes to gain as much money as will purchase an Abyssinian slave, he turns *delyl*."—*Travels in Arabia*, &c., vol. i., pp. 359, 360.

We would humbly suggest to the illustrious barrister who has so long supported in London the old reputation of our island for matrimonial ambition, to advocate the adoption of this piece of Orientalism; his legal acquirements would no doubt enable him to turn the "contract before the Cadhi" to good account, and to set a worthy example to aspiring *delyls* for all time to come.

Paulo majora. The subject with which the author of "Palm Leaves" seems to have been most impressed is the character and condition of Eastern Religion. And no doubt with all its tedious train of superstitions, its purifications, its formal orisons, its pilgrimages, there is much of sublime and stately impressiveness in the religion of the Prophet. The following sentences in Mr. Milnes's Preface expresses this very forcibly:—

"I never," he says, "experienced a stronger impression than the first day I spent in a Mohammedan country; it is like returning at one leap to the old dispensation—to the condition of mankind standing without mediation, without sympathy, alone beneath the will and the might of God. There the whole of life goes on in the distinct presence of the Invisible; there prayer is no special mental process, but a plain act of dutiful service, a mere obedience to the laws and conditions of existence;

there reverence is the distinction between man and the inferior animals, and the scoffer and scorner would be rebels against the common sense and decency of mankind."

We may add, too, that the curious art with which the religion is interwoven with Old Testament associations, brings us irresistibly into a solemn elder time; we are in, or near, the very land of the old Patriarchs, who still command the profound reverence of the Mohammedan; and the very names, the immemorial names of Ibrahim, and Ismael, and Solyman, remind us how much, in spite of all our quarrels, we have in common with him; how widely, beyond all the vast limits of Christianity and of Judaism, the mysterious old Book we read in our Churches has leavened the history of the world.

The religion itself, as a practical system, is not unlike the substance and style of its Koran; the basis a great truth, the details abounding in puerile and extravagant inventions. The great secret of its durability must, of course, be found in the remarkable degree in which the religion and the general character of the nations who profess it, suit and fortify each other. Islam is made for the Turk, and the Turk for Islam. Nay, opium and fatalism perform corresponding offices in the physical and mental constitution of the man, almost as accurately as the ablution, which is a *religious* duty, is also a *bodily* convenience. The sagacity with which the extraordinary man who constructed the religion, while borrowing freely from all quarters, contrived, on the whole, to adapt his conceptions to the condition of the clime and people he had to deal with—a condition afterwards easily generalized to other Oriental races—is one of the many wonders that encompass a name which, take it for all in all, is, perhaps, the most memorable in all the merely human records of man. This is a large assertion; but what other single name, if substracted from history, would leave its subsequent course a blank to the same extent? Of *some* it might be surmised that they were the creation of their time, hardly less than their time of them; if *they* had not achieved results, others probably might; they were but first in a race of events where many were running; the fated event *itself*, in a measure, selected its own instrument, and empowered him. Or again, of *others*—the Zinghis, the Tamerlane, the Napoleon—it might be said, that, though perhaps endowed with greater inherent powers than the son of the poor

widow of Mecca, and in their lifetime personally effecting more extensive results, yet those results have passed away; they have sunk, and the waters of time have re-united over them silent, deep, and tranquil as before. But to Mohammed *neither* affirmation is anywise applicable. He effected what there is not the slightest reason to suppose any other man would ever have attempted had he perished in his infancy; the nurse that carried that feeble infant, carried the single Fate of centuries; his sole arm changed all the relations of history; and he receives at this day, after a lapse of twelve hundred years, the unbroken homage of one hundred and twenty millions of souls.

The tide has, of late years, turned in the popular estimate of this extraordinary person. No doubt he was an impostor; but imposture in the great men of history is a question of degree. He was an impostor—so was Napoleon, that prince of sublime charlatans; a religious impostor—so was Oliver Cromwell. How far (as was undoubtedly the case with the English usurper) sincere fanaticism mingled with the imposture in the instance of Mohammed, is a question which we seem to be almost wholly without *data* to determine. We are certainly inclined to rate the amount of this ingredient higher than the common views of his character admit. We must remember that Mohammed lived in the midst of an uncultivated race, prone to recognize supernatural impressions; a people of romantic and fiery fancy, among whom the weak-minded would be ready to believe in others, the strong-minded in themselves. And if, on the one hand, his singular practical sagacity be alleged as likely to suppress the impulses of enthusiasm, on the other, the very consciousness of his own matchless superiority was strongly calculated to encourage the notion of special endowments, and a special mission from heaven. And all experience establishes that (as in the memorable instance cited awhile since) intense enthusiasm is frequently compatible with the most perfect command of all the practical faculties. The observation of Locke, on the characteristic distinction of insanity, is analogously applicable here. Insanity, he tells us, reasons rightly from wrong premises. Enthusiasm is but a milder form of derangement, a less virulent type of monomania; and the principle of Locke, extended to embrace it, shows us how it is perfectly possible for the same mind to adopt unhesitatingly some preposterous illu-

sion, and working out all the results of that illusion in endeavoring to give it reality in the world, to arrange means for the profoundest policy, the most felicitous ingenuity, and the most indefatigable perseverance. Mohammed, indeed, was remarkably unpretending for the aspirant to a religious supremacy. He really seems never to claim more than is absolutely necessary to secure his authority; he disclaims miraculous power, and repeatedly impresses upon his followers, that, though commissioned to proclaim the last and greatest of revelations, he is still but a simple messenger and spokesman of God. He appears, too, to have been a man of as much natural amiability and good feeling as is compatible with great ambition; and hardly ever sanguinary, except in immediate subservience to his one predominant object. As to his conquests in Arabia—what is to become of historical *heroes*, if we please to be fastidious about victorious aggression; and why should harder measure be dealt to Mohammed than—we will not say to such wild desolators of mankind as Zinghis or Timour, but to Cæsar or Alexander, or even of Alexander's wily father? To us his motives appear, on the whole, of a much loftier order than have influenced most of the great subjugators of mankind; for though his religion came soon and unhappily in collision with Christianity, no one will pretend that it was not incomparably superior to its first direct adversary, the base and grovelling idolatry it supplanted in Arabia. And even as regards Christianity itself, it will hardly be denied that if the state of our religion in the seventh and eighth centuries did not absolutely deserve so awful a scourge, it was at least not very marvellous that the men of the Desert should have *mistaken* the popular Christianity of that day for something not utterly unlike the idolatrous theology they had solemnly sworn to subvert in all its forms, and under whatever pretext it might exist.

That the religion is beginning already to yield, though slowly—very slowly—to the foredoomed march of Christianity, is perceptible by many indications. The Mecca and Medina pilgrimages are not what they were; the stricter ordinances of Mohammedan law are undisguisedly violated by the fashionable Turk. Western ideas creep in with western arts and conveniences; the military superiority of Europe (intelligible to even the most resolutely blind of the East-erns) compels respect for its other attainments, and insinuates the unwelcome con-

viction, that its knowledge, and its religion, may not be so contemptible after all; while in the mean time, the national centres of Mohammedanism are almost universally helpless; dependent for their security on the indifference or the mutual jealousies of the Christian powers. A "crusade," would now be a pitiful massacre. No Saladin will ever again defy him of the Lion Heart, or hew down the knights of France at Tiberias, while on the Mount of the Beatitudes, a Bishop of Saint Jean d'Acre "lifts the true cross as a standard at the very place where Christ said, whosoever shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also."* The military strength of the religion was in its steady and remorseless bigotry; and there is reason to suppose, that among the more cultivated Moslem circles, this is sometimes found to be rapidly evaporating into a well-bred latitudinarianism. The crafty old tyrant of Egypt, though his name combine two of the most illustrious titles in the early history of the faith, is commonly suspected of absolute infidelity.† Unhappily the perpetual presence of the Roman and Greek Churches is little calculated to accelerate the conversion of Mohammedans. Sale took as his motto the sentence of St. Augustine:—"Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non aliquid veri permisceat;"‡ and the *aliquid veri* in the religion of Islam, is perpetually and justly offended at that deification of saints and prostration before images, which the contemptuous Turk regards as an essential of the Christian's gospel. Doubtless, among the heaviest charges against the Southern corruptions of Christianity, will stand this miserable hindrance which they unceasingly present to the knowledge—and so to the dissemination—of pure religion among the vast multitudes that line that frontier of Christendom, and that take, of course, their habitual estimate of the genuine religion of Christ, from what their eyes witness of its operation.

* Michaud.

† Mohammed Ali has, however, been employed for more than twenty years back in erecting a magnificent Mosque of Egyptian Marble at Cairo. It is a vast and irregular structure, but irregularity is not incompatible with great general effect in edifices of this style. Though usually charged with utter indifferencism, the Pacha, in that spirit of petty superstition so frequently found allied with infidelity, delays the completion of his mosque, from apprehension of the fulfilment of a prophecy which has pronounced that his life is to terminate with the laying of the last stone of this structure.

‡ Quæst. Evangel. ii, 40.

But it is time for us to leave the East and its Poet, yet ere we suffer our curtain to drop, we are tempted to gratify our readers with the following excellent bit of characteristic painting, the preface to a series of such tales as have delighted the Easterns in all ages:—

"THE KIOSK.

"Beneath the shadow of a large-leaved plane
Above the ripple of a shallow stream,
Beside a cypress-planted cemetery,
In a gay painted, trellice-worked kiosk,
A company of easy Muslims sat,
Enjoying the calm measure of delight
God grants the faithful, even here on earth.
Most pleasantly the bitter berry tastes,
Handed by that bright-eyed and neat-limbed boy;
Most daintily the long chibouk is filled,
And almost before emptied filled again;
Or, with a free good will, from mouth to mouth,
Passes the cool Nargheeec serpentine.
So sit they, with some low occasional word
Breaking the silence, in itself so sweet;
While o'er the neighboring bridge the caravan
Winds slowly, in one line interminable
Of camel after camel, each with neck
Jerked up, as sniffing the far distant air.
Then one serene old Turk, with snow-white beard
Hanging amid his pistol-hilts profuse,
Spoke out—"Till sunset all the time is ours,
And we should take advantage of the chance
That brings us here together. This my friend
Tells by his shape of dress and peaked cap,
Where his home lies; he comes from farthest off,
So let the round of tales begin with him."

WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THOMAS HOOD.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the decease of the widow of the late Thomas Hood, the celebrated humorist and poet. The public are aware that Mr. Hood's life was closed in the midst of much physical suffering and much mental anxiety; and there is little doubt that the unwearied exertions of Mrs. Hood, her unceasing attendance on her husband's death-bed, and the grief and trial which preceded and followed her bereavement, have been the immediate cause of the disease which has thus prematurely terminated her existence. She expired on the morning of Friday, the 4th of December.

The children of Mr. Hood, are, we are sorry to learn, in consequence of the death of their last remaining parent, left entirely dependent upon the small fund, amounting, we believe, to about 800*l.*, collected by public subscription at the period of Mr. Hood's death. The pension of 100*l.*, granted by Sir Robert Peel ceases with the death of Mrs. Hood, who lived but a twelvemonth to enjoy it. We believe that Lord John Russell has already been applied to by the friends of the family to continue the pension to the children; but his lordship has intimated his inability to comply with the request, since the pension becomes, by the death of Mrs. Hood, the property of the public. We feel confident that the wishes and intentions of the public will be best answered by a new grant of the same trifling amount to the orphans, to whose departed and highly-gifted parent that public owes so large a debt of gratitude.—*Times*.

From Frazier's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—No. I.

DISRAELI, THE YOUNGER.

[The following spirited sketch of this eminent author and writer is from the pen of S. H. Francis, Esq., author of the popular series published in Frazier's Magazine on the Contemporary Orators. Though not free from a little scandal, it is highly graphic and entertaining.]—ED.

PRETENSION and presumption are so repugnant to the feelings of the British people, that even talent of a high order will be undervalued, if its possessor be too eager to display it. Forgetting that the desire for praise and admiration is the great spur to intellectual exertion, we too readily mistake its promptings for a more ignoble habit of mind. Vanity is often confounded with the love of fame; and the ebullitions of an ambitious spirit or a luxuriant imagination are undeservedly condemned as mere extravagancies of self-esteem. Amidst the tares and weeds, we overlook the true but humble shoot that struggles feebly though steadily to the light. We laugh at superficial errors and follies, because we are unable or unwilling to discern the germ of truth which they obscure. A forced and often an unnatural union is demanded between merit and modesty; though all experience teaches us that where intellectual power exists, latent, perhaps, but really in greatest fortitude, it is often there that the most violent, the most ill-regulated, the most extravagant efforts are made for its development. Thus it is that we allow painstaking, humble mediocrity to deceive us, while we disregard its natural superior; and we stifle and crush many a strong aspiring spirit in the very throes of its young life,—if, indeed, we do not more frequently turn it aside into false channels, to expend its natural force in une congenial modes of action. It is our practical genius that makes us hate ideas. As we will not take paper money that is not immediately convertible into gold, so we will not accept the products of the intellect if they have not a kind of market value. We cry "*Cui bono?*" of a Canning, while we trust our purses to a Peel. The symptoms of genius breed in our minds just so many suspicions, till genius itself must put on the uniform of prejudice, and pass upwards from the

ranks to the command; or it will be derided as a mere carpet warrior—a gay popinjay of scarlet and feathers. No doubt we are often right and always safe in the long run. If we disgust some at the very outset of their career, whom a little justice or a little judicial charity of construction might have made great or brilliant men, we at the same time extinguish many an incipient charlatan. Comfortable generalities save us the trouble of much thought or analysis; and an universal condemnation of every effort to emerge from the dead level of correct mediocrity—a studied neglect or lavish ridicule of every such attempt, even though it might be (as in poor Keats's case) the death-struggle of expiring genius, will save us from being plagued with new ideas, and from the necessity, which happily is a law of the human mind, of testing them and giving them their due place. If by this indifference we sometimes miss a great gain, we at least lessen the chances of our being imposed upon by false pretences, and therefore of our suffering an ignoble loss. Whether this habit of mind be a right or a wrong one it matters not here; it is a fact. We apply the "workhouse test" to all new ideas. If a Columbus came among us with the theory of a new world, we would try the navigator's claims by putting him to the oar.

There is another habit of the national mind which, like this instinctive mistrust of theories and new ideas, affects the efforts and position of a man who desires to rise in the world. The English are suspicious of sudden success; they value no reputation, however brilliant, if it has sprung up, mushroom-like, in a night. Their commercial habits, as well as their political experience, point to one great moral rule. Slow and steady it is with them that wins the race. The idea of apprenticeship, realized in all trades and professions, pervades also their notions of political usefulness. If they murmur at seeing a prince of the blood put to the command of an invading expedition, so they equally object to see a new or undisciplined mind invested with political power, even though the individual so se-

lected may be the creature of their own favor. It is the same in all pursuits of life. Rapid fortunes made by a contract, or a lucky turn in the stock-market, are always looked at askance. Be the gold ever so solid, or ever so securely hoarded, the reality of its existence is scarcely believed in. Or such fortunes are likened to the house built upon sand. A superstitious instinct prognosticates their instability. "Light come, light go," is the phrase. Again, in literature, sudden fame, however well deserved, is undervalued. Though all the world may be ringing with the writer's name, though the echo of laughter may resound from Dover to California, and Continental Europe, in sympathy, enjoy unintelligible humor in impracticable translations, —still this cold, calculating English mind, so loving probation and gradation, will hesitate even to accept the notorious fact; and will give you, in place of enthusiastic praise, a dry and sagacious prophecy that such a writer, if he "went up like a rocket, would come down like the stick."

If we are obtusely dubious of the fact when it stares us in the face, it is not surprising that our national prejudice should extend with still greater force to the effort to realise it. If we undervalue a reputation acquired on a sudden, it is natural that we should go the length even of ridiculing the attempts made to acquire it. Woe to the aspiring mind that will strive to reach the goal by any but the beaten path! At every deviation he will meet impassable barriers; and every successful obstruction of his efforts will be hailed with exulting laughter by the unsympathising multitude, while he will himself be thrust back again to the very rear. We have been so often taken in by charlatans and impostors, both in politics and literature, that our natural magnanimity and generosity have become absorbed in a necessary selfishness; and we show a remorseless want of pity for the extravagancies of an exuberant mind, if its ambition be too great to put itself in harness, and submit to that training by which it can alone become strengthened and consolidated. In the House of Commons, this disposition to enjoy the discomfiture of pretension is concentrated until it perpetually forces itself into action. They will bow deferentially before a master-mind, one of the conditions of superiority being the possession of a tact sufficient to avoid glaring failures. On the other hand, they will cherish the slightest indications of merit or

of intellectual power, if they are put forward modestly and without pretension. But they are unmerciful towards those who would seek to take them by storm without having the requisite *matériel*. There are many living instances of gentlemen who have been utterly cowed and put down, laughed into perpetual silence, in consequence of some unlucky flight of halting rhetoric, but who are in mind immeasurably superior to those by whom they were sacrificed. Unless men who are ambitious of distinction, will make themselves masters of what may be termed the mechanics of oratory and statesmanship, the highest powers of mind will be lost upon the House of Commons. To succeed there, every man must to a certain extent be an actor—must merge his individuality in some specific character, which he must strive to impress as a whole upon the general mind of the House. And the line, which he thus may mark out for himself, must be one tending to some practical result, either as regards legislative usefulness, or its effect on political combinations. Mere abstract theories of policy or government find a deaf ear in the House of Commons. So also will the most novel ideas, the most brilliant metaphors, the most sterling enthusiasm, unless used in furtherance of some tangible, intelligible object. A young thinker, fresh from the schools or the libraries, may indulge in his day-dreams of legislative perfectibility, or may strive to impress the representatives and rulers of the nation with more exalted ideas of their functions, and of true policy of state; but if he be not met at the very outset with overpowering ridicule, he will at least be treated with that chilling neglect, that scarcely concealed contempt, which comfortable, complacent mediocrity has always at hand for any manifestations of that genius which it so ignobly hates. But if the very same man who thus fails in his more exalted aim, descends into the arena equipped for combat, and by planting one or two successful blows on an antagonist shows that he is, by ever so little, a proficient in the science which especially finds favor in a debating society, he may thenceforth bring forward his ideas and his theories in whatever shape he will, so that they have a practical bearing; and the very same views which, under other circumstances, would expose him to ridicule, will now procure him attentive listening, and, in all probability, party alliances, if not personal converts.

Mr. Disraeli, throughout his eccentric career, has singularly exemplified the operation of these prejudices, and the truth of those propositions. If we look back at the many brilliant productions of his pen, that for more than twenty years have been the delight of his contemporaries (not only his fellow-subjects, but also the natives of every country in the civilised portion of the globe), we shall be struck with astonishment that he should have held, until a very recent period, so low a place in the opinion of the great mass of his countrymen; that his name should have been associated with ideas of egotism, vanity, pretension, extravagance, and crudity, never to be matured; and that not only as a party man should he have been regarded as unsafe, but that as a political thinker he should have been held to be unsound. For unquestionably through these various publications, whether works of fiction or political demonstrations, there were scattered passages not surpassed by any contemporary writer; and clear, intelligible ideas of policy, which ought to have commanded attention, if only that they might be discussed, and, if possible, refuted. On the other hand, it is equally a reason for surprise, the contrasted position of Mr. Disraeli, when, in the session of 1846, he drew off in triumph from his prolonged contest with Sir Robert Peel, with that in which he was in the year 1837, when he consummated the most egregious and ridiculous failure, the same amount of abilities being assumed, that had ever befallen any man in the House of Commons.

To account for these contradictions, and at the same time to trace the causes of his continued political proscription, as well as his deferred success, it will be necessary to cast a backward glance at the main events of his literary and political life. The temptation to smile—nay, even to indulge in a good English guffaw (which in these days of superficial refinement has become a rare and dangerous indulgence), will from time to time be great; but in watching the Protean efforts of Mr. Disraeli to slip in many false characters into the Temple of Fame, we shall strive not to lose sight of the remarkable fact, that at the very eleventh hour, when he was supposed to have burnt out all his natural fire, and to have “gone out,” like many other eccentric human pyrotechnics, with a most unsavory odor, he should suddenly have shot up again with renewed life and brilliancy, and

have attained a perfection as a debater which has had no parallel since the genius of Canning ceased to illumine the dull atmosphere of senatorial mediocrity with the fitful flashes of his incomparable wit.

Mr. Disraeli would have been successful at an earlier stage in his career, if he had had less cleverness and more craft. An ambition disproportioned to his position inspired him with preposterous hopes and aims; and an unfortunate gift of the power of satire supplied him at once with the temptation and the means of securing a sudden and too easy notoriety. He has always been in a hurry to be a great man. It has been his error to have, from time to time, overlooked the wide gulf, the toilsome and laborious interval, between the conception of a grand idea, the creation of a comprehensive theory, and its realization. He has achieved the most brilliant triumphs, in imagination; in act, he has sustained almost as many defeats. He would always be himself alone. He was his own General, his own Army, his own Gazette to record his victories. He never served. He must always be a leader, even of imaginary troops; prince, of even the pettiest royalty. Not really more of an egotist than many men around him who possessed more cunning, it was always his misfortune to appear intensely egotistical. As John Bull is a great leveller where individual vanity is concerned, this habit of mind was fatal to Mr. Disraeli in public opinion. The temptation to laugh in return at the man who was the satirist of all around him was irresistible. Unfortunately, he has given too many opportunities. In a series of dashing assaults on the portals of the Temple of Fame, he has only once or twice come off signally victorious. Either his undertaking has been too great for his powers, or his powers, strong in themselves, have been so ill-disciplined as to have become worse than weak. In the many attempts of his vigorous vanity to make a position for himself, it is remarkable in what a variety of different shapes his mind has sought expression. As a romance writer, a political and social satirist, newspaper editor, pamphleteer, poet, orator, he has from time to time betrayed how great were his aims, while he has seldom succeeded in completely attaining them. A trap was laid for his vain-glorious spirit at the very outset of his career. At the risk of being paradoxical, we would say that all his after failures were owing to his first

success. It has taken him nearly twenty years to get over its effects on his too ardent and susceptible mind.

The appearance of *Vivian Grey* caused a great excitement in the literary world. The book was eagerly read. The bold handling, and almost reckless power; the views of society, if often impudently false, still strikingly original and coherent; the graphic portraiture; the dashing satire and glowing sentiment with which its pages abounded, supplied an irresistible stimulus to the literary appetite of the day, till, although the wise condemned and the critical sneered, those who read only for amusement were delighted, and there were not wanting many of good authority who saw in this first shoot of a young intellect the germs of future vigor and strength. It is not our province, in this sketch, to enter into any critical analysis of the purely literary portion of Mr. Disraeli's works. Their beauties and defects have been sufficiently ascertained from time to time as they appeared. But, in another respect, they come within the scope of our plan; for they have, almost without an exception, a political bearing.

In *Vivian Grey*, itself, we find the germ of much of the subsequent fruition of Mr. Disraeli's mind. It is more than probable that he was in imagination the hero of his own tale; for he has there created an atmosphere, and called characters into existence, such as would form the world in which he would delight, could he have the making of it. Throughout his political life Mr. Disraeli has been looking out for a *Marquis de Carabas*, whom he could make the lever of his ambition, the accomplice of his spasmodic patriotism. The same craving for political intrigue; the same desire for short cuts to fame and power; the same false tastes for grand *coups de théâtre*; the same passion for flashy and imposing theories, coupled with the small charlatanism of party coteries; the same inadequacy of power for gigantic schemes and aims, that made the character of the hero of the satirical novel so seductive to the reader inexperienced in actual life, and dazzled by the false splendors of creative ingenuity, may be traced throughout the eccentric public life of the author, until we have had too much reason to regret that he should until very lately have lived in a sort of phantasmagora world of his own creation, his occasional descents from which into the real world of working, thinking, practical men,

have been characterised by such eccentricity and extravagance. One could almost believe that a species of moral retribution had thus made the rash and presumptuous satirist the slave of the spirit he had evoked. Whether it was that he really was enamored of such tinsel statesmanship, or that the impression of his *Vivian Grey*-isms was constantly reproduced in the public mind, there cannot be a doubt that his subsequent political acts were associated with this his first considerable literary effort, until, whether truly or not, it was looked upon as containing the type of his mind. The success of the work intoxicated him for a time. Raised suddenly to a giddy eminence he struggled convulsively to retain his uncertain tenure; but there was at that time no sound basis for his reputation, and he was almost the last to discover this vital weakness. The faults of *Vivian Grey* became, in some subsequent works, exaggerated to a degree of absurdity utterly incomprehensible, when we look at the literary perfection, and, at times, at the severe taste, of some of the later productions of the same mind. These extravagancies were more glaring in his non-political works. His *Contarini Fleming*, or, as he afterwards styled it, *Psychological Romance*, in spite of its superficial views and flashy sentiment, its false coloring and exaggerated tone, exhibited unquestionable power and striking originality; and in those portions in which court and political intrigues were sketched and diplomatic character portrayed, there were quite as much satirical force and vigor of handling as in any of the scenes in *Vivian Grey*. There was the same unconscious, or perhaps intentional self-painting, the same idealizing of Benjamin Disraeli, his thoughts, his person, and his deeds, the same *veni, vidi, vici*, trick of ruling men in imagination, of astonishing mankind by grand theories, of being all-in-all with kings and ministers, that have ever characterized the intellectual efforts of this brilliant but too ambitious politician, and have made him overlook, from time to time, all those barriers which the real, unpoetical world, opposed to his vaulting spirit. As a purely literary work, if, like the pictures of some of our living artists, it was designed and colored to gratify the false taste of a contemporary public, it at least deserves the praise of being consistent with itself, whilst its exuberant imagery and captivating diction render it at once an exciting and a delightful stimulant to the imagination. For our present purpose it is

chiefly valuable as being, in the parts to which we have referred, a reflection of the author's political feelings at the time he wrote it. If, in *Vivian Grey*, Mr. Disraeli must be suspected of having imagined for himself facile and brilliant triumphs on the domestic stage of politics, so, in his *Psychological Romance*, he seems to have indulged in grand reveries, of which foreign countries and politics were the scene, till one might almost fancy him, in his own conceit, Consul-general everywhere, and Plenipotentiary to all the rulers of the earth. But the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, and an anomalous twin-birth of the same date, brought the sins of Mr. Disraeli to their climax. That work was universally hailed as a damning evidence of literary lunacy. Wild, incongruous romance, and daring tamperings with history, might have been lost sight of in the brilliancy and glare of Eastern coloring; but the infatuated attempts to reconstruct the English language—to make bad poetry do duty as rhythmical prose, till the writer seemed to be literally cantering through his work, raised an universal shout of derision. It was more than good John Bull, though apt enough to admire the unintelligible, could bear. He flung down the book with feelings more of pity than even of disgust, and would, with the most conscientious feeling, have consigned the author to literary restraint. Yet did Mr. Disraeli perpetrate one more offence of a kindred order, if there be any natural affinity between mad poetry and mad prose. He made one more valorous invasion of the realms of common sense ere his literary ardor became diverted into more recognized channels. He now aspired to be the poet of his age. It seems that he had been a Wanderer for some space of time, brief to common men, but to him an age, in the multitude of impressions it produced; until one day he found himself in Asia Minor, or among the Pyramids, or in some other equally poetical and uncomfortable place. The promptings of a diseased vanity, which he seems to have mistaken for the divine *afflatus*, determined him to become a great poet—to be the interpreter of his era. Musing, he thought aloud, "The poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time;" "and," whispered the voice of the tempter, "Benjamin Disraeli still lives." Again he mused in speech. "The most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the *Iliad* an heroic Epic; the Consolidation of the most superb of empires produced in the

Æneid a Political Epic; the Revival of Learning and the Birth of Vernacular Genius give us, in the *Divine Comedy*, a National Epic; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt Lyre of Milton a Religious Epic." And then, with retrospective eye, in no doubt very fine frenzy rolling, he reviews the half century of contending principles of government, from the outbreak of the French Revolution, and seeing that its heroes—from Robespierre and Napoleon down to Joseph Hume and John Frost—have had no one to build the lofty rhyme on their behalf, he suddenly exclaims, "For Me remains the Revolutionary Epic." And straightway he rushes back to Europe, and publishes in imposing *quarto* his inspirations, entitling them, with unparalleled assurance, "*The Revolutionary Epic; the work of Disraeli the Younger, author of The Psychological Romance.*" In the preface, where he has recorded the foregoing musings, he adds, that the book is only a part of a greater whole; that he submits it to the judgment of the public, not being one of those who can find consolation for the neglect of contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. With a candor and resignation ill according with his magniloquent announcement, he adds—"that if the decision of the public should be in the negative, then will he, without a pang, hurl his Lyre to Limbo." As the remainder of the poem has never been heard of, let us hope that the poet has been as good as his word.

It is not with any malicious feeling that we thus recall to memory the extravagancies of this persevering satirist of other men's follies. Unless we do so, it will be impossible to get over the contrast between Mr. Disraeli as he is, and the personage who appeared before the public as Disraeli the Younger. *The Revolutionary Epic*, however, in spite of an extravagant and incongruous machinery, and a misapprehension, as we conceive, of the very spirit and object of poetical art, possesses, independent of some occasional beauties, and some passages of great power, an interest in connexion with our present purpose. When the feeling of the ludicrous has subsided, and the few fine passages in the poem have been separated from the flashy philosophy and ambitious commonplace with which it abounds, it will be found to contain the outline of intelligible and consistent views of human affairs, and

more especially the germ of those peculiar political opinions which Mr. Disraeli, in later years, both as a writer and an orator, has advocated amidst so much ridicule, with so much success. The general principle of a party, few in number but rich in talent, and who have been hitherto undervalued, will be found in this remarkable and extravagant production; and Mr. Disraeli's ideas of Young Englandism, as afterwards explained in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, are here struggling into light amidst many weed-like absurdities. This is one of the evidences, whereof we shall accumulate more as we go on, of the consistency and sincerity of Mr. Disraeli as a political thinker. There are other works of a purely literary character written by Mr. Disraeli,—novels, plays, poems, and satirical sketches,—with which the reader is doubtless familiar; but as they do not bear directly on his political character, it is not necessary to notice them here, further than to say that they are not so tainted with extravagance as those to which we have referred; and to record our astonishment that the man who could write them should have written the others.

The political career of Mr. Disraeli has been as eccentric as his literary life, and his pretensions as presumptuous. The feverish excitement of the Reform agitation could not but communicate itself to so ardent a spirit. It seems that while that agitation was in progress, and until its final consummation, he was absent from England on his travels in different parts of Europe and the East. In 1832 he returned to England; and the same inordinate ambition which led him to aspire to be the poet of his age, drew him at once with confidence into the political arena. To judge from the nature of his proceedings, it would seem as if he thought that he had but to show himself—that he had but to announce with trumpet and gong, the return of Disraeli the Younger from the Pyramids, in order to be at once the shining light of the day, to be courted as a leader, or at least as a coadjutor, by political parties. With a love of violent contrasts, quite in keeping with the general character of his literary works, he formed at once a most singular political alliance. Finding “a House of Commons packed, and the independence of the House of Lords announced as having terminated, he saw the country in the very danger it had escaped from by a miracle a century before—that of being bound hand

and foot, and in the power of the Whigs.” Where all other men in the nation were in terror of a rampant democracy, he, Disraeli the Younger, saw only an impending oligarchy. Therefore he determined to oppose the Whigs, or, in his own phrase, to grapple with the great Leviathan. But if he would not join the Whigs, with what party should he act? Not the Tories! No, not with them, by any means. Why? Was it that they had no illustrious men at their head? no leaders, of world-wide reputation, who, by their conquests in the field, in diplomacy and the senate, had proved their title to conduct public affairs, and their right to form a judgment on the position of their party? No; it was because Disraeli the Younger found them in a state of “ignorant stupefaction,” haunted with nervous apprehension of that “great bugbear, the People—that bewildering title, under which a miserable minority contrive to coerce and plunder a nation;” because they “fancied that they were on the eve of a reign of terror, when they were about to sink under the sovereignty of a Council of Ten;” because, in fine, they—that is to say a Wellington, a Peel, a Lyndhurst—were “ignorant” that they who had led the nation so long were “the nation’s natural leaders;” and because Disraeli the Younger, just come back from the East, was so disgusted at their indolent imbecility, that he positively refused to lend them his assistance in recovering their lost power. Then what shape was this hot and eager spirit to assume? He could not be a Whig; he would not be a Tory; so there was no alternative for him but to be a Radical.

And a Radical he straightway became; not, however, the sort of Radical to which John Bull has been accustomed; for the soaring spirit that had conceived the *Revolutionary Epic* was not to be chained in submission to any defined opinions or course of policy. His Radicalism consisted, apparently, of two elements—a desire to get into parliament any how, and a well simulated hatred of the Whigs, because abusing them afforded scope for fine writing, and for displaying a knowledge of constitutional history. One evidence of modesty on the part of Mr. Disraeli at this period deserves to be recorded. He did *not* offer himself as a candidate for the city of London; nor did he wait till a deputation from Yorkshire came to offer him a requisition and support. He actually went down to the small borough of High Wycombe, in the

neighborhood of which his father's estate lay, and offered himself to the constituents, who, good wondering people, tried all they possibly could to understand him. But they were completely puzzled by this Oriental apparition. Mr. Disraeli had, however, so far adopted common mundane precautions as to seek some support and recommendation from the chief Liberals of the day. Whether he sought it himself or got Sir Edward Bulwer to do it for him, is a matter of small importance, the fact being, that whatever might be his mental reservation, he was at that time ostensibly identified with the Radical party. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume were applied to for recommendations. Neither of them had any personal influence in the borough; but the latter sent through Sir Edward Bulwer a written character of Mr. Disraeli, in which he recommended him generally to the goodwill of the electors. Such a passport from the then great Warwick of the Radical party almost amounted to a mandate, and possibly Mr. Disraeli might have succeeded, but that Mr. Hume seems meanwhile to have discovered that his Radicalism went no further than partizan hatred to the Whigs; that, in fact, he was only a Tory in disguise. Mr. Hume thereupon commenced a more active canvass for the Whig candidates; and the result was that Colonel Grey and his Whig colleague were returned, Mr. Disraeli being defeated by a small number of votes. The game he played at Wycombe was a shrewd and significant one. He strove to unite the Tories and the Radicals against the Whigs, thus neutralizing dissimilarity of opinions by identity of hatreds. We shall see that this idea has been often reproduced by Mr. Disraeli; and that what was at first intended as a purely partizan combination, has been fused by his creative faculty into an intelligible scheme of policy.

One exhibition made by Mr. Disraeli at this period of his life is too rich an example of the truth of our theory of his character to be passed over. We question whether the boldest adventurer in political history ever made so daring an assault on the common sense of his countrymen. It was about the time to which we have just referred that the advertisement sheet of the morning papers contained rather a startling announcement. It consisted of one line, of three words; and those words were, "*What is he?*" Curiosity was excited to know who "He" was; and Hatchard's shop was

straightway besieged with customers who spent sixpence in buying a small pamphlet, which when they had bought it, they could not understand. The enigma, however, was partially explained. It seems that somebody or other had called the attention of Mr. Disraeli to a question incidentally asked by Earl Grey, the then prime minister, as to what were the political opinions of one who had, in various ways, made so much noise in the world. It was a very natural question, even for the astute Whig leader to ask, for at that time Mr. Disraeli's political foresight was looked upon as so much ambitious folly. The sterling truth of some of his opinions, and the value of his prophetic denunciations of Whig oligarchical ambition, were overlooked in the ridicule excited by his presumptuous and pretentious mode of announcing them. It is possible that Earl Grey took so little interest in the subject of his casual question, as never to have read this answer. If he had, he might have met in its pages, certainly in a *bizarre* and extravagant shape, much that it would have been worth the while of his party to have thought deeply upon. Aware of their own grasping plans, they might have detected what to others was hidden—an under-current of common sense, as well as of political vaticination, in the hot thoughts and flaming periods which the author of the pamphlet poured, like so many streams of lava, through his pages. But to the million, and especially to the constituencies of that day, besotted as they were with the most extravagant hopes from their rulers, it was utterly unintelligible. The strange presumptuous shape in which it appeared, confirmed all previous impressions that had been formed of this author, and it was looked upon only as the latest and most glaring instance of his overweening and impracticable vanity. In postponing our notice of this publication to that of *The Revolutionary Epic*, we have anticipated dates; but the latter seems from internal evidence, to have been conceived, and possibly written before the pamphlet, which was a sudden spirit of temporary excitement, forgotten almost as soon as published. It is now out of print. The next attempt of Mr. Disraeli to attain political position was when, soon after these last occurrences, an election was expected for Marylebone. He might not have been so far wrong in his calculation had he been able to persist in his attempt; for experience has

shown how capricious the worthy electors of that borough are in their inclinations and attachments. The expected election never took place, but Mr. Disraeli committed himself quite as much as if it had. He canvassed some of the electors, and among others called upon his old friend Mr. Hume. His object at the time was to get in on the Radical interest; and he still persisted in his *Vivian Grey*-ish manœuvre, of trying to make a partisan Tory's hatred of Whiggism pass off as honest, wholesome Radicalism. At Wycombe he had proposed a barefaced coalition between the two extremes of political parties; but by this time he had learned to gloss over the startling contrasts of so crude an alliance, and had succeeded, by laying on his original design a thick coating of historical varnish, to produce what looked rather like a high-toned picture. This accession of artistic power soon developed itself in one or two political works, which displayed much more soundness, steadiness of purpose, and maturity of judgment, than his previous manifestoes. He had by this time begun to curb his Pegasus. In an address to the electors of High Wycombe, which was afterwards published with the title of *The Crisis Examined*, he more distinctly shadows forth that scheme of Anti-Whig Liberalism, of Tory Radicalism, of Absolutism and well-governing combined, which forms the only intelligible portion of the theories of the Young England party. There is more power and less extravagance in this production of his pen, than in any previous political publication; and, much as the Whigs still affected to despise him, they must have smarted under the ridicule here poured on them as a party. The germ of that power of ludicrous illustration with which he has since so often convulsed the House of Commons, may be found in his description of the then state of the Whig party, deserted as they had been by all the great men of the Reform agitation, whose places were filled by shadows of statesmen. Referring to Ducrow's popular performance of "The St. Petersburg Courier," where he rode six horses at once, he supposes that the nobler quadrupeds one by one fall sick, or have the "staggers," and are replaced by long-eared substitutes, the humblest of the equine order, though still from day to day the original six horses are advertised to run, and the public go, believing they shall see them. They put up with the deception for one, two, three, four days, until at last the

game can be carried on no longer; the adventurous equestrian cannot manage his asinine steeds; the deception explodes; and Mr. Merriman himself, who, like the Lord-chancellor (Brougham), was once the life of the ring, now lies his despairing length in the middle of the stage, with his jokes exhausted, and his bottle empty. We have not the passage at hand to quote, but the language is felicitous, and the illustration was, at that particular time singularly apt and ludicrous.

The year 1835 was with Mr. Disraeli one of more than even his ordinary activity. He was perpetually blowing his trumpet, from its commencement to its close. The accession of Sir Robert Peel to power in November, 1834, and the prospect of consolidation and united action in the Conservative party, led to a reasonable hope that Mr. Disraeli might be able to ride into parliament on their shoulders. So he leapt with a graceful facility off his old hobby, on to his new one. He boldly flung aside his mask of Radicalism, and came out a full-blown Tory. With his usual ambition, he again flew at high game; went down to Taunton to oppose no less a person than Mr. Labouchere. In a subsequent explanation of his conduct, to which we shall have occasion again to refer, he maintains that his principles were still the same as when, a *quasi* Radical, three years before, he started for Wycombe; but that now the position of things was altered. He was now an earnest partisan of the Tories (by the by, Mr. Disraeli has an affected tenacity of old party names), because, under the guidance of their eloquent and able leader (his notions of Sir Robert Peel's talents were very different then from what they have been since), the principles of primitive Toryism had again developed themselves. With a boldness of assertion, which showed him oblivious to the common sense of mankind, he declared, that in no longer advocating short parliaments and the ballot, he was not succumbing to the prejudices of his new allies; but that he abandoned those political specifics, because he now discovered less chance of an oligarchical tyranny, the power of the Whigs having been checked and the balance of power more restored. The British public, Heaven knows, are not wanting in party-spirit; but so sudden a change of side, on such abstract grounds, they could not comprehend. It seemed to them simple, shameless inconsistency. Mr. Disraeli's conduct

raised him still more active and implacable enemies. By this time the Whigs and Radicals had been compelled to make common cause with each other against their Conservative enemy; and there was no longer any reason why they should be tender with their former neophyte and would-be ally. On all sides the vials of wrath were poured upon him. This was just the very thing he liked. It gave full employment to his combative spirit. He was always up and in his armor, with lance in rest—always had his hobby superbly caparisoned, ready to bear him to all sorts of victorious combats with imaginary antagonists.

Mr. Disraeli, with a courage which, considering his antecedents, must be pronounced audacious, issued the first challenge. In the report which appeared of his speech on the hustings at Taunton, towards the end of April, 1835, he was represented as having made a grossly scurrilous attack on Mr. O'Connell, calling him among other choice epithets, "Incendiary," and "Traitor, and declaring that he was a "Liar in action and in word," that "in his life he was a living lie." It is needless to say, that the great Agitator is not the man to be outdone in coarse abuse. As usual, however, with him, what was grossly rude in his reply, was relieved by some touches of broad humor. A practical man like O'Connell would have a natural contempt for one whom he regarded as being only a flashy theorist; and, in addition, he bore him a strong antipathy on religious grounds, in consequence of his Hebrew origin, (parenthetically to exemplify this national dislike, we may remark, that there is scarcely a Jew to be found in Ireland). On the 2d of May following O'Connell fulminated a characteristic counter-attack, in which he fell upon his antagonist's inconsistencies, taunting him with having repaid by the foulest calumny the assistance he had given him at Wycombe; that "having failed at Wycombe and Marylebone as a Radical Reformer, he now came out as a Conservative, and considered himself Tory enough to assume the leadership of the Tory party instead of Peel;" and then, having denounced him as a humbug of the first magnitude, he wound up with a coarse, but adhesive piece of abusive sarcasm, in which, referring to the origin of Mr. Disraeli's family, he said, "He had no doubt, if his genealogy were traced, it would be found that he was the true heir-at-law of the

impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes on the cross." The public laughed, in spite of some disgust, at this piece of Swift-like humor, which they, perhaps, thought had been provoked by Mr. Disraeli, partly by his personal attacks, and partly by his audacious political inconsistency. The personalities stung Mr. Disraeli to madness. The Agitator, he knew, would not fight; therefore, on the principle of hereditary revenge, Mr. Disraeli sought to fight his family. He began with Mr. Morgan O'Connell; but that young gentleman, knowing, perhaps, his father's peculiarities, hesitated to establish so absurd and inconvenient a precedent. Their correspondence, was duly published in *The Times*, and, if we mistake not, Mr. Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace. Debarred of his revenge by the pistol, he expended his wrath through his pen. In a letter to O'Connell, couched in terms of bombastic magniloquence, quite worthy of the author of *What is he?* and the *Revolutionary Epic*, he declared, that if the Agitator *could* have acted like a gentleman, he would have hesitated to have made foul and insolent comments on a garbled and hasty report of his speech, which scarcely contained a sentence or an expression as they had emanated from his mouth. But the truth was, he said, that O'Connell was only too happy to pour venom on a man whom it was the interest of a party to represent as a political apostate. That epithet he indignantly disavowed. Concealing for the time his pro-Radical attempts, he would have it that he had from the first come forward only as the avowed enemy of the Whigs, whom he had then denounced as a rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction. Not having the fear of Mr. Hume, or those mute witnesses, the newspaper files, before his eyes, he went on to deny that he had ever deserted a political friend or changed a political opinion. He then alluded to the only interview he had had up to that time with O'Connell, saying with retrospective candor, that he then thought him an overrated man, but that he had plainly told him, personally, that his agitation for Repeal would make it impossible that they could co-operate. In retorting O'Connell's scurrilous allusions, he says, "It is quite clear that the hereditary bondsman has already forgotten the clank of his fetter. I know the tactics of your Church, it clamors for Toleration and it labors for Supremacy. I see that you are prepared to persecute;" and then, after drawing a

strong contrast between his own unaided position and O'Connell's extorted appliances for power, he wound up with the magnificent boast, "We shall meet at Philippi, where I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting castigation for the insults you have lavished upon me." Having discharged himself of this diatribe, some of the worst parts of which we have omitted, Mr. Disraeli wrote a letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, in which he expressed a charitable hope that he had so insulted his father that some member of the family must come forward and avenge him. The sons of O'Connell, however, looked on the matter as purely ridiculous; and they only published the correspondence in the papers. The public were much of the same opinion. They indulged in a good hearty laugh at the Cambyzes' vein of the would-be champion of Conservatism. His political inconsistency was ascribed to an infirmity of judgment, almost amounting to craziness. The extreme rashness and injudicious haste of Mr. Disraeli to achieve greatness had excited strong prejudices against him, until even his power and originality were undervalued. He had, perhaps, never stood lower in public esteem than at this time. His immediate history had embraced only a series of defeats, of preposterous efforts, and ridiculous failures; and his final boast that he and the Agitator would meet at Philippi—that is to say, in the House of Commons—was considered as the climax of his absurdity. The public were not more deceived than he was himself as to the real nature of his powers, and we shall find that it was not very long after he had reached this culminating point of his folly, that he began to develop those powers which have since made him famous.

Mr. Disraeli experienced a great and well-deserved difficulty in obliterating all traces of his pretended Radicalism of the year 1832, when he had finally flung himself into the ranks of the Conservatives. A declaration of his, that he had never been a member of the Westminster Reform Club, drew forth an indignant counter-charge from a correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*, who stated, that after he (Mr. Disraeli) had become a member, he had neglected to pay his first subscription; and a correspondence having ensued between himself and the secretary, it resulted in his withdrawal from the club. And in reference to his attacks on O'Connell, he called up an antagonist even from the wilds

of Ireland, who declared that, within a month of Mr. Disraeli's speech at Taunton, he had spoken to him (the writer) in terms of extravagant praise of the Agitator, and had requested him to convey his kind remembrances to him. In fact, he was fairly beset on all sides—was never, perhaps, in his life so delightfully occupied in universal pugnacity. His troubles, however, were not over. In the course of the same year, towards its close, he published a brief work which he entitled, *A Vindication of the English Constitution*. Had he always written with the same concentration, spirit, and judgment, which characterised this book, he would long before have attained a distinguished position among contemporary politicians. To enter into any analysis of this work would exceed our limits; but while speaking of Mr. Disraeli as a political writer, it may be as well to mention, that at a period anterior to any we have yet touched on, Mr. Disraeli figured in the capacity of editor of a morning newspaper, published under the auspices of the renowned John Murray, and called *The Representative*. It was an abortive undertaking, which not even the genius of a Disraeli could inspire with vitality. The birth, staggering life, and death of this weak offspring of speculation, with the quarrels it occasioned among all who were concerned in it, would itself form an amusing chapter in any new edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*. These events, however, are too remote to have much bearing on Mr. Disraeli's present political character.

The *Vindication of the English Constitution*, was, like most of Mr. Disraeli's writings after the year 1834, consistent with those principles which, as we have already hinted, had been shadowed forth from time to time by him. Whether for its historical illustrations or its style, it was not an effort to be despised; and the time will probably come when it will have acquired a still greater literary interest and value. Its immediate power was shown in the virulent anger of the Whigs against the author. It produced an amusing episode in Mr. Disraeli's life, the last, with one exception, in which we shall have occasion to speak of him with even the shadow of ridicule. The Whig party commissioned one of their organs to attack Mr. Disraeli; and towards the close of the year 1835, there appeared a leading article in *The Globe*, couched in language mild enough, but which, besides

embodying an attempt to quiz Mr. Disraeli on his many salient points, distinctly charged him with having endeavored, in 1832, to become one of O'Connell's tail. This was the old Wycombe story over again; but it was revived at a period when it was supposed that it would be peculiarly annoying to Mr. Disraeli. The attempt was so far successful, for it put him in a great passion, and he let himself down so low as to write to *The Times* newspaper a letter, in which, forgetting all his satirical power, which would enable him effectually to sting his opponent, he applied language to the editor of *The Globe*, which was only forcible because it contained the raw material of abuse. Forgetting that he had himself been a writer of newspaper leaders, he speaks of the editor as "Some poor devil paid for his libel by the line," adding, "the *thing* who concocts the meagre sentences, and drivels out the rheumy rhetoric of *The Globe*, may be a senator in these queer times, or he may not;" and much more pointless virulence of the same sort. In this letter he applies an answer to the charge of inconsistency which he seems before to have forgotten; for in excusing himself from the imputation of wanting to be one of O'Connell's tail, he urges that in 1832 he had no tail, and adds, that in that year he was a very different man from what he had since become; that he then spoke with respect of the Protestant institutions of the empire, but now (that is to say, in 1835) he was actively engaged in undermining them. Disraeli, however, had not got rid of his bad taste—had not yet learned how to abstain from the indulgence of passion, or how to give that fine polish to his sarcasms by which he has since become so formidable. The unhappy writer in *The Globe* is throughout mauled ferociously. Of him Mr. Disraeli says, "The editor's business is to chalk the walls of the nation with praise of his master's blacking; only is it ludicrous to see this poor devil whitewashing the barriers of Bayswater with the same self-complacency as if he were painting the halls of the Vatican." Mr. Disraeli would not write or speak such a sentence as this now. He has taken higher flights, surcharges his sarcasms with more venom, and less gall. A long newspaper controversy ensued between the parties, which was kept up on both sides with unabated ill-temper, Mr. Disraeli having decided advantage in the employment of abusive language. Towards the close of

the controversy Mr. Disraeli's vanity flashed out brilliantly. The editor of *The Globe* had pompously declined to go any further into the subject, because he would be only gratifying his antagonist's passion for notoriety. This was a home-thrust, and it told. Mr. Disraeli answered, "How could he be gratified by an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like the editor of *The Globe*, when his own works had been translated, at least, into the languages of polished Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World?" This last vigorous blast on the accustomed trumpet made John Bull laugh again, and gave the editor of *The Globe* a final advantage, which he secured by a judicious silence. At the commencement of this controversy, Mr. Disraeli begins by saying that he has often observed "there are two kinds of nonsense—high nonsense and low nonsense." This was rather an unfortunate observation, for a more apt description of his own style when his vanity was rampant, and he breathed his grandiloquent vein, could not be found than in the phrase "high nonsense." In fact, a good satirical criticism of Mr. Disraeli might be formed by selections from his own works.

During the year 1836, and the early part of 1837, we find Mr. Disraeli still, from time to time, in a highly militant state; still dashing off much "high nonsense," but more often allaying it with sound argument and intelligible views. His genius also now began to take a more practical turn. He was still ambitious of entering parliament; but perhaps some good angel had cautioned him that he had better wait till the effect of his former gyrations had become somewhat obliterated from the public mind. A letter of his, addressed to the Bucks freeholders, upon some then impending changes in the law, excited some attention, and was thought highly of, because it was free from "high nonsense," and took an intelligible view of its subject. During this interval, also, some letters of the *Janius* order appeared in *The Times* newspaper, signed *Runnymede*, which were universally attributed to his pen, although not distinctly acknowledged by him. Internal evidence fixes the authorship. They exhibit power, weakened by flippancy; historical illustrations perverted to serve party purposes; and frequently the most happy sketchings of personal character, and felicitous exposures of political shortcomings, with here and there a dash of almost inso-

lent smartness, which gave them a raciness infinitely relishing to the reader. Their general principles are mainly consistent with those contained in former manifestoes by Mr. Disraeli. There is the same virulent opposition to Whiggism, and the same exaltation of old Toryism. The Whig leaders will never forgive the writer for his powerful and pungent exposure of their personal incapacity.

At length, towards the close of 1837, the grand object of Mr. Disraeli's efforts was achieved. His political wanderings brought him to Philippi. He was returned to parliament for the borough of Maidstone. Much curiosity was felt to witness his *début* as an orator. It cannot, with truth, be said that any very high expectations had been formed; and those who knew him, or had at all studied his character, did not scruple to predict the result. There had been throughout his public life such a contrast of strength and weakness, of power and extravagance, such a want of self-government, so many failures and so many successes, that people were puzzled what to think. Mr. Disraeli's eagerness for display left them not long in suspense. His was not a spirit to submit to training, to study the character of his audience, or learn the arts by which they were to be propitiated. Nothing would serve him but a brilliant and immediate triumph. He must be all, or nothing. In one of his prefaces he describes youth as the season when we live in reveries of magnificent performance. His youth had, in this sense, lasted long beyond the usual age of intellectual maturity; and now was come the hour for the magnificent performance. Now he was to burst upon the world as a great and accomplished orator, just as he had before astonished mankind as a novelist, poet, and political writer. He was to spring to the summit at one bound. He came, predestined to rule the senate by his eloquence, predetermined to head a party of his own. Besides, he had to fulfil his challenge to O'Connell—he had sworn to extinguish the most powerful man of his day. Within a very short time of his election he rose to make his maiden speech. He anticipated a signal triumph: he accomplished a most ridiculous failure. He can now afford to have this event recorded, because he has since more than recovered himself; but he would not have done so had not there been an almost total change in the construction of his mind—if the atmosphere of exaggeration in which he

had so long lived had not been dispersed, so that he could obtain a clear vision of the real world around him. It is impossible to say what this first speech, which was, no doubt, well prepared beforehand, would have been if heard at length, because the risibility of the House was so much excited, partly by the matter of the speech, and partly by the peculiar manner of the speaker, that they would not let him proceed, but interrupted him with bursts of merriment, such as are seldom indulged in at a speaker. He has since acquired the art of making them laugh as loudly *with* him. He was so assailed with ridicule as he went on, from flight to flight, in language the House could not understand, that when he came to what should have been his peroration, but which he violently tacked on to the fragments of the main body, he utterly broke down, and was compelled to resume his seat amidst convulsions of laughter. The fact was, that the speech was utterly inappropriate to the occasion and to the subject. The style was altogether too ambitious, the images too high-flown for a beginner, more especially one who was already staggering under the weight of *Alroy* and some kindred follies. His vaunting ambition had, indeed, o'erleaped itself; and his "other side" seemed at the time to be a bottomless pit of bathos.

There was one passage, which he ejaculated with almost the energy of despair as he sat down, that deserves to be recorded, because, whether it was a deliberate opinion, or whether it was only a mere angry spasm of exasperated vanity, it was still a singular prophecy. He said, with almost savage spirit, amidst the shouts of laughter which drowned his sentences,—“I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you WILL HEAR me!” This was looked on at the time as the empty boast of a conceited man—another flash in the pan of the same order as his earlier ones; but time proved that he had formed a more just estimate of his own powers.

With this egregious failure ends our records of the mistakes of Mr. Disraeli's ambition. It would almost seem to have startled him into a consciousness of the great error that had obstructed his previous career. Without being able to vouch for the fact, we would confidently hazard the assertion, that he must have submitted his mind from that time to a most rigorous

discipline—that he ceased to rely so wholly as he had done on his own impulses, and determined to acquire a mastery of those parts of the art of oratory which are not immediately dependent on the inspirations of the mind, but without which the finest ideas are useless. For some time after his first speech he remained comparatively silent; nor did he, for a year and a half afterwards, take any prominent part in the debates. When he again made an effort of magnitude, a total change seemed to have come over him, although he had not yet reached to anything like the skill he afterwards displayed. He dropped his grandiloquent style, but kept his original ideas and forcible language; he made no ambitious efforts to work either on the passions or on the imagination; his manner grew quiet and collected; he was more argumentative than declamatory; and his speeches became, not only coherent in sentiment but also symmetrical in form. In July, 1839, he began to make a favorable impression on the House. He delivered a remarkably sensible and powerful speech, in which he explained that the demands of the Chartists, although they aimed at the attainment of political rights, were really the offspring of social wrongs; and he declaimed, with vehement eloquence, against the growing tendency of our government and legislation towards centralization, and against the government of the country being virtually intrusted to the middle classes. It was now that he began also to propound in some intelligible shape, not in the flighty, flashy, metaphorical style of former years, his doctrines as to the true interests of the nation. He entered, on more than one occasion, his solemn protest, retrospectively, against the attempts of the Whigs to obtain, through the medium of the reform-bill, a permanent grasp of the electoral power. Those who had read some scattered passages in Mr. Disraeli's earlier writings, and who remembered the grounds he at the time alleged for starting in public life on the Radical interest, were struck with the fact that the prophecies he then made had only not been fulfilled because the reaction of Conservative feeling had been strong in proportion to the attempts of the Whigs to exercise their power. But Mr. Disraeli had, in the meantime, elevated his views beyond the narrow sphere of party influences, and had consolidated in his own mind a scheme of policy which he had often before shadowed out, in which

hatred of the Whigs was rendered secondary to a desire to bring about a closer alliance between the old aristocracy of the country and the industrious masses. He called upon the latter to yield the right of government to the former, on condition that they should be responsible for their social welfare, on principles of legislation which he proclaimed not to be new, but to have been only in abeyance. A favorite aphorism with him at this time was, that "the aristocracy and the laboring population constitute the nation!"—the same fundamental principles which he has endeavored to set, in a more attractive form, before the public in later years, in his novels *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. In pursuance of this scheme, which is still held by a majority of living statesmen to be only the crotchet of a political enthusiast, Mr. Disraeli invariably made a somewhat ostentatious display of his sympathy for those Chartists who were punished for the alleged political offence of holding opinions regarding the rights of the multitude different from those of their superiors. One of the best speeches he made in this interval of parliamentary regeneration was on behalf of Lovet and Collins, whose case he took up on high constitutional grounds, disdaining all call for mercy on the part of the State, and asserting that they were in fact the aggrieved parties. This was in the year 1840. During 1841 he spoke with more frequency, and grew gradually in the good-will of the House, till he effaced the recollection of his first failure. His speeches on the Copyright and Education questions, in particular, were much admired, and he showed unexpected debating powers in an attack which he made on the Whig ministry just before their final downfall.

Throughout these years he repeatedly enforced in parliament, as also in his various writings, those ideas of political and social reform which are known as "Young Englandism." Identity of sentiment and opinion between him and Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe, and some few others, led them to form a little party of their own in the very heart of the Conservative ranks; and of this party, such as it was, Mr. Disraeli, by common consent, was made the leader. Thus was his early ambition so far gratified. He was the head of a party—to be sure, it was only a little one—and was the target for all the spare ridicule in parliament and in the press. But still power and royalty, in any shape, are delicious to ambitious

minds; and a nucleus, however small, may always be made a rallying point. Something of a prophetic spirit seems to have led his imagination to conceive the sort of character he afterwards acted in with Lord John Manners, and which he has striven to embody in his later novels. In the *Revolutionary Epic*, amidst much bombastic commonplace, there is sketched the portrait of a nobleman, for which Lord John Manners, and some few others of his class, might have sat:—

"This man, thus honored, set apart, refined,
Serene and courteous, learned, thoughtful, brave,
As full of charity as noble pomp,—
This pledge that in the tempests of the world
The stream of culture shall not backward ebb,—
This is the noble that mankind demands,
And this the man a nation loves to trust."

In the early part of 1842 he girded himself up to a great task,—one to which he proved himself quite equal. We allude to his long speech on our consular establishments abroad,—a speech which did not receive its full meed of approval at the time. It was, "Pooh-poohed!" by Lord Palmerston, and treated with indifference by Sir Robert Peel. It is more than probable that Sir Robert thus early wounded the vanity of his aspiring follower, and so laid the foundation for his subsequent memorable hatred. If, however, Mr. Disraeli was conscious of such feelings at the time, he did not give them utterance; for during the whole of 1842 and 1843 he spoke frequently in general defence of Sir Robert Peel's policy, more especially his free-trade measures, which he justified on the ground that they were fully in accordance with the unrealized policy of Pitt. His speeches during these years were full of information, of bold views, of striking historical illustrations, and were generally so well sustained as to be quite refreshing after the commonplace argument of ordinary speeches, where ideas were constantly reproduced by one member after another, but few adding any to the common stock. Still, up to this time, Mr. Disraeli could scarcely be said to have achieved any triumph as an orator. The utmost he had effected was his recovering himself from the absurd position in which he had originally placed himself.

But with the year 1844 came a very different state of things. From an early period in the session of that year Mr. Disraeli began to develop parliamentary powers, of an order far higher than any he had exhibited before. He took and maintained

a position in the debates of the House of Commons which was in itself sufficiently distinguished, but which became still more remarkable when contrasted with his early failure as a speaker. Of all the men of talent in that assembly, he was the very last who could have been expected so to have undermined Sir Robert Peel. The parliamentary reputation of the right hon. baronet appeared to be so consolidated; he was looked up to with such universal respect, if not as a statesman at least as a debater; he had so often withstood the shocks of heavy artillery, and the deadly aim of rifle practice, from established orators, that the shafts of Mr. Disraeli's ridicule, however pointed or envenomed, might have been expected to fall dead and blunted at his feet. But it was not so in fact. Mr. Disraeli managed his attacks with such skill, and aimed his blows with such precision at the weak points of his distinguished adversary, that his triumph, as far as mere debating was concerned, became complete. So singular a chapter in parliamentary history deserves to be entered upon in detail. But before doing so, it may be as well to pause for a few moments, that we may point the moral of the foregoing pages. The reader will scarcely have failed to perceive what, if we had entered still more into detail, we should have made still more apparent, that all Mr. Disraeli's failures, whether in literature or in politics, may be traced, on the one hand, to an exaggerated temperament, which led him to take false views of the realities around him, and to over-estimate his own power of coping with this imaginary creation; and, on the other, to his having perpetually invoked, towards the accomplishment of the most simple and commonplace objects, intellectual faculties which, even in their perfection, are only required for the most capacious designs and the most grand events. During the whole of his earlier career he seems never to have had any one practical end in view, but to have been perpetually deceived by *ignes fatui* of his own imagination, till he really believed that he was combating realities. We have seen that these ill-regulated efforts produced perpetual fear and suspicion in the public mind; that no reliance whatever could be felt on the conduct of one who seemed so little to understand the common conditions of success; that even where he anticipated his contemporaries in his judgments, his vaticinations were looked at as the ravings of an enthusiast; and that, while possess-

ing talents which were admitted to be such as few men are gifted with, all his offers of support to existing parties were rejected with contempt, until he became a sort of foundling of the political world, in whose case every one certainly felt interested, but whose connexion every one repudiated. From the moment, however, that he sets up for himself tangible and practicable aims, proportioning his efforts to his powers and to the customs of his contemporaries, training and disciplining his mind in recognised formularies, and perfecting his talents by comparison and emulation with established models, all that was wild, visionary, and in some respects ludicrous in his former proceedings becomes obliterated from the mind; until, having discarded all that brass which he in vain strove to make pass for current coin, he is enabled, out of what is really a small portion of sterling capital, to accumulate so large a proportion of influence and fame. His career is, in fact, at once an example and a warning. Whatever indulgence might have been extended to his very early extravagances, it was unpardonable in a man who had proved his possession of such talents, that he should have reached the age of two or three and thirty—a period of life at which some of the greatest productions of genius have been perfected—without having acquired even that average self-knowledge and judgment which it is the privilege of almost the meanest persons to possess, if not actually of unsound mind. Indeed, when it is remembered that Mr. Disraeli's reputation has always been built on his satirical powers, and that his climax has only been attained by the perfection of his attacks on Sir Robert Peel, we do not know that he ought to be allowed to escape so easily from the reprehension due to his former follies. But it is just to him to say, that while concentrating the attention of political men of all parties by his debating powers, he has also applied himself vigorously and sedulously to the thorough comprehension of the more practical and laborious duties of a member of parliament; so that, in some departments of the public service, there would be found few men more fit to be selected for employment. The very faculties which, in their extravagant exercise upon an unreal basis, exposed him to so much ridicule, will, when employed on sound, practical objects, enable him to take much more enlarged views of public affairs, and to serve the State in a much more important sphere than can ever be embraced

by men of a correct mediocrity. We see no reason whatever why such men as Mr. Disraeli has now proved himself to be, should not be engaged in the public service. If we test the claims of our leading statesmen, and investigate the origin of their successes, we shall find that they rest on their development of debating powers. The more unscrupulous and clever the partisan, the higher, too often, is his grade as a minister. With some brilliant exceptions, the prominent men of both parties have been rewarded for doing those things indifferently, which Mr. Disraeli has proved he can do well.

Mr. Disraeli's attack on Sir Robert Peel was very sudden,—so sudden as almost to preclude the belief that he was actuated by public spirit, or, indeed, by any other feeling than that of personal enmity. Into the more common insinuations against Mr. Disraeli, that he had asked for a place and had been refused by the government, we do not think it necessary to enter. The facts are not established, nor has there been any direct assertion or denial by the parties. We would rather seek for causes quite as natural, though not so obvious. Sir Robert Peel, being essentially a practical statesman, sought, as the agents of his policy, men of a practical turn of mind. Sir Robert Peel, like most practical men, hates ideas, or, rather, he estimates them not by their abstract truth, but by their capability of being realized in party action. He altogether undervalued Mr. Disraeli's talents; looked upon him as an unsafe ally, who might, by chance, hit with a random shot, but who could not be depended on for steady purposes and aims. He had, on many occasions, treated the aspiring regenerator of his age with marked indifference, if not contempt. Secure behind his rampart of past parliamentary successes, he despised one whom he never expected to head an assault. It is possible that this cold affectation of superiority stung the natural self-esteem of Mr. Disraeli, conscious of his undeveloped capabilities; and that, long before he was in action an open foe, he was in heart a secret enemy. Political hatreds, like those of private persons, are too often only the rankling wounds of self-love.

In two short months was Mr. Disraeli's ostensible support of the Conservative minister changed to scarcely disguised opposition. Political events had, in the interval furnished him with a pretext for his animosity. But, in the month of February,

1844, Sir Robert Peel could have had no suspicion, if, indeed, he would have taken any care, that he would so soon arouse so formidable an opponent; for in that month, on the opening of the session, Mr. Disraeli was a still not inactive supporter of Sir Robert Peel. He spoke of him incidentally as a minister of great ability and great power; and delivered an eulogium upon him for the admirable manner in which he had reconstructed his party, in which, when he said, "that everything great is difficult," he must have meant that the accomplishment of so difficult a task was the proof of greatness. He further expressed his conviction, that if Sir Robert Peel would pro-

pose great measures the public would support him; that it was for him to create public opinion, not to follow it.

How Mr. Disraeli's public support became converted at so early a date as the following April, into scarcely disguised opposition, till, for two years and a half he devoted himself, with an unparalleled perseverance, to the task of torturing and exasperating, in every possible way, the man on whom he had formerly lavished his praises, must be reserved to a future number; as well as a detail of the temptations which Sir Robert Peel's personal and political conduct afforded to so accomplished a satirist.

From the People's Journal.

THE POET FREILIGRATH IN ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE King of Prussia, on ascending the throne, excited the liveliest hopes of the nation. At his coronation he voluntarily promised his subjects a free, representative constitution. He proceeded to invite into his capital the most learned men, and placed them as professors in the university there. Not men learned merely, but distinguished for their political liberality, were amongst those thus invited and established. He went the length of inviting several of the seven professors of Göttingen who had been expelled for refusing to sanction the King of Hanover's destruction of the Hanoverian constitution. Amongst these were the brothers Grimm, so well known here by their Children and House Tales; but still better known in Germany as most learned philologists. No wonder that these acts excited the most *couleur de rose* expectations in the mind of entire Germany. Not merely was a second Augustan age anticipated in Prussia, when such men as the Grimms; as Rückert, the poet and orientalist; Cornelius, the painter and founder of the Düsseldorf school; Savigny, the first professor of Roman law in Germany, and other men as eminent in their different departments, were invited to make the capital of Prussia the theatre of their labors and their fame; but when it was seen that the king offered to learned men

persecuted by a brother sovereign, to men who refused to sanction the destruction of liberty in their own state, the refuge of his capital and the right-hand of his support—the most unquestionable evidences were believed to be thus given to the whole world that the King of Prussia was resolved to go forward in the glorious character of the defender of rational liberty.

It is now needless to say how miserably have all these hopes been shattered; how utterly has this worthless king falsified all these promises. To this hour he has not made a single advance towards the establishment of a free constitution. On the contrary, when the different states of Prussia have, from time to time, reminded him of his promise, he has not only refused the demand, but refused it in the grossest and most insulting language. It was soon seen, too, that his invitation of celebrated men of liberal mind to his capital was not to enable them to diffuse their liberal sentiments, but to muzzle them more completely. Not a man of them has been allowed to utter in his lectures, much less to publish, a sentiment having the most distant resemblance to freedom. When such sentiments have been uttered in their lectures, they have been ordered not to repeat them. The Grimms themselves have been put into jeopardy of their posts by merely receiving

as their guest their old friend of eighteen years' standing, Hoffmann, of Fallersben, a liberal poet. More than one professor has resigned, refusing to be thus tongue-tied. The most stringent suppression of liberal writings has been exercised through the censorship, and the authors imprisoned for years. Even statesmen from other states have, on entering Berlin, been waited on immediately by the director of police, and ordered to quit the capital and the kingdom in twenty-four hours. This was the case in the summer of 1845 with Weleker and Itztein, two of the most eminent liberal members of the parliament of Baden. This was in utter violation of the articles of the German Confederation, was laid immediately before the Grand Duke by those gentlemen, and excited the greatest sensation throughout Germany. But in vain.

Amongst the literary men on whom the King of Prussia has attempted to put the muzzle is Ferdinand Freiligrath. He is but one amongst many who have been obliged to flee from Prussia to escape a dungeon. Paris abounds with such literary refugees, who, under a more genial system, would have been at home amongst the most useful subjects, and greatest ornaments of their country. These facts are too numerous to be stated here. They can be brought forward at any hour, and ere long they may. At this moment let us, however, confine ourselves to the task of showing our readers what Ferdinand Freiligrath is, and why he is here. As a poet and a literary man I cannot give a better idea of him than I did in 1842, in my "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," which I therefore quote.

"There are amongst the young writers of Germany those perceptible, who, in a more heated political or social atmosphere, would start up speedily into a magnitude astonishing to themselves. They are full of native vigor, and breathe a fervor of political freedom which amazes one in connexion with the existence of the censorship. Such are Herwegh, now a refugee at Zurich, author of *Gedichte eines Lebendigen* just published; Dingelstedt, author of *Cosmopolitische Lieder eines Nachtwächters*; the author of *Tscherkessische Lieder*; Anastatius Grün, the assumed name of an Austrian poet and nobleman, Count Auersperg. Auersperg, besides his other poems, has published the bold, and indeed revolutionary *Spatziergaenge eines Wiener Poeten*, from which most of these other fiery bards date their inspiration; and Hoffmann von Fallersleben, lately professor at Breslau, but stripped of his professorship for his *Unpolial Songs*, has been threatened by the Prussian minister with prosecution, and not only his poems, but all the publications of his publishers, Campe and

Hoffmann, in Hamburg, forbidden by the king entrance into Prussia. Since the fire at Hamburg, the Prussian monarch has taken pity enough on these publishers to remove this proscription, but accompanied with a solemn warning and an expectation that they will publish no more such spirit-stirring lays.

"But more than all, I should say that Ferdinand Freiligrath possesses the life and vigor with the fiery aspirations of the young poet, which more than justify the enthusiasm with which his productions have been received all over Germany. They stand amongst those of his contemporaries with a bold and prominent effect, and make you feel that he needs nothing but the recurrence of a more stirring period, the stormy dawn of a more eventful day, to spring forth into a greatness equal to the occasion. The originality and fire of genius in him are prodigious. You feel that there lies in his bosom a well-spring of them, that only requires the jar of a social earthquake to send them spouting up like geysers into the glittering air. He is an inspired painter. His words are colors—and those of the rainbow, of the sunset, and of the seas and sands of the burning tropics. In want of high and fitting theme enough at home, he goes wandering round the earth, gathering heat and intensity, with which he clothes the Indian and Arab in their native wilds till they glow again, warm as their own rocks and deserts. There is a power of language in him which makes the hardest German flow like metal from a furnace; and sets deserts, tents, and mosques, an army in march, or the negro in his lion chase, before you in such life, that you do not read, but see and are present. Even with the most insignificant matter in his hand, such as *Moos-Thee*—that is, an infusion of Iceland moss, he brings round you the wildest regions in the most vivid reality. The very titles of his pieces indicate the characters and propensities of of his genius:—*Bible Pictures*; *The Steppe*; *The Lion Ride*; *The Vision of a Traveller*; *Under the Palms*; *Leviathan*; *Mirage*; *The Emigrant Poet*; *Henry, the Sea-Voyager*; *The Dead in the Sea*; *Shipwreck*; *The Scheik at Sinai in 1830*; *The Sword-maker of Damascus*; *The Songs of the Pirates*; *The Burial of the Bandit*; *The Watcher in the Wilderness*; *The Negro Prince*; *The Greek Woman in the Slave Market in 1833*; *The Emigrant*; &c.

"In all these he flings himself with such vitality into the scenes and characters, that you are in the midst of them in all their truth and color. The *Negro Prince*, in particular, is magnificent: and the *German Emigrants*, especially the Schwarzwald girl, with her long plaited hair, and German jug in her hand, going, not to her native well in the Black Forest, but to one in Missouri, where the brown Cherokee comes to drink; are so graphically brought before you, that no English eye which has seen the original scenes and figures, can behold them without admiration, and no German one, I should imagine, without tears.

"The King of Prussia, with his usual discernment, has bestowed a pension on this young and every-day rising poet, and if the elements of political commotion, which even to a casual eye appear at work in Europe, look forth over the present gene-

ration as briskly as there is but too much reason to augur that they will, there is no writer in Germany who, without himself being political, we may prognosticate will ride more loftily on the swell of the agitated waters of life, making even wrecks and breakers beautiful with his genius. The power with which he describes the destruction of the world bound to a comet's tail, like Brunhilde bound by Clothaire to the tail of a wild horse, and the burning feelings and fancies of a man in a fever, show what he would do in the midst of an atmosphere on fire with all that stirs the heart and energies of man.

"But Freiligrath's translations from the English are not less admirable in their way than his original compositions. In these he throws himself as completely into the subject, and exercises the same masterly power of language. You forget, when reading his translation of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, that you are not reading the original. The same may be said of the songs and poems of Moore, Lamb, Keats, Burns, Southey, and Scott, which he has translated. *The World is all a Fleeting Show*, and *The Pibroch of Donald Dhu*, are wonderful. We hear that he is now engaged in translating Mrs. Hemans's poems, of which one little gem, *The Better Land*, appears in his own volume. Freiligrath is well acquainted with English literature; and by translations and criticisms, particularly in the *Morgenblatt*, he makes Germany acquainted with it. It was he first, who, through his means, awakened the Germans to a knowledge of the excellence of Burns, and now they have three translations of this poet. He is a great admirer of the poetry of Mrs. Howitt and Ebenezer Elliott, and has introduced various of their poems to his countrymen."—Pages 475–8.

It will be readily perceived why the wily King of Prussia, whom I have, in the above article, given credit for discernment in such cases, was anxious to get Freiligrath into his net. He was full of power, and capable of doing infinite damage to the cause of despotism. He therefore took his usual course with him, and endeavored to stop his mouth with a lump of pudding; in other words, to Freiligrath's great astonishment, without the most distant idea of such a thing, without the slightest solicitation or expectation, presented him with a pension. The pension once given, however, it became speedily obvious what the object of it was. The poet, who was going calmly on his way, wise and generous, and sympathizing with the better hopes of his people, as a true poet must, but no fiery demagogue, no dabbler in the muddy though most necessary waters of politics, was speedily called upon to notice that now scarcely a single poem of his of the most sober kind, and on the most indifferent subject, could appear in the literary journals without being mutilated by the hand of the censor, and sometimes could

not appear at all. Alarmed at this ominous discovery, high-minded and sensitive of his honor, he saw that, this permitted, would soon force upon him the charge of having sold his independence for a pension. An occasion soon offered to test this matter. He had sent some small poems to the *Cologne Gazette*; they were suppressed by the censor. He demanded an explanation, and appealed against the decision of the local censor to the High Court of Censorship in Berlin. Here is one of the poems which alarmed Prussia, with its half million of soldiers. To decide whether this poem might see the light un mutilated, the High Court of Censorship held its sitting in Berlin on the 13th of February, 1844, in which no less grave and dignified personages than the Actual Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice and Secretary of State, the President Bornemann, and the members Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice, Zettwach, Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice, Goeschel, Privy Upper Tribunals' Counsellor, Ulrich, Privy Government's Counsellor, Aulicke, Actual Counsellor of Legation, Graf von Schlieffen, Professor von Lanciolla, and Privy Finance Counsellor, von Obstfelder, sat in deep deliberation—on what? To consider whether this poem might, without danger to the State, be published entire; and decided that it could not, without the omission of the two lines, given in italics in the poem, which follows:—

The Tartar vulture tore the rose of Poland
Before our eyes, and grimly left it lying.

It must be amusing to Englishmen to see out of what trifles tyrants create the bugbears that break their rest: and what a lunatic the King of Prussia has become, attempting to shut out of his kingdom that light which immediately bursts in from all sides, from Hamburg, Switzerland, France, and England. The unfortunate man should abandon the *Eagle* as the symbol of Prussia, and adopt that of the *Ostrich*, sticking its head in the ground. The forbidden lines were pronounced a libel on the king's brother-in-law, the Czar of Russia, the Steppe-geir or Tartar Vulture. The poem, of course, appeared without those two lines in Prussia, but was immediately published with them in Hamburg:

ON MANHOOD'S TREE SPRINGS CROWD-
ING FLOWER ON FLOWER.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

ON manhood's tree springs crowding flower on
flower;
By an eternal law they wave thereon;

As here one withereth in its final hour,
 There springs another full and glorious one.
 An ever coming and an ever going—
 And never for an hour a sluggish stand!
 We see them burst—to earth then see them blowing,
 And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!

We who yet wander with young feet this world,
 Already have seen many crushed and dying;
The Tartar Vulture tore the rose of Poland
Before our eyes, and grimly left it lying.
 Through Spain's green foliage, sternly on her way
 History storms onward—shall she fall then thus?
 Shall not another realm's long, dark decay
 Be blown and scattered o'er the Bosphorus?
 Yet, near to these, which the world's spirit motion
 Shakes from the bough with its resistless might,
 Others we see full of young life's commotion
 Clear eyed and joyous, pressing towards the light.
 Ah! what a budding! what a rich unfolding!
 What thronging germs in young wood and in old!
 How many buds have burst for our beholding—
 How many crackle loud, and full, and bold!

And Germany's rich bud, too, God be praised,
 Stirs on the stem! It seems to bursting nigh—
 Fresh as when Hermann on its beauty gazed—
 Fresh as when Luther from the Wartburg high.
 An ancient growth! with life still proudly teeming—
 Still yearning towards the genial sunbeams ever—
 Still ever Spring—still aye of Freedom dreaming—
 O shall the bud become a blossom never?

Yea, with full chalice—if our care but tendeth
 That which with joy and freedom doth expand—
 Provided that which bounteous Nature sendeth
 We lop not as wild shoots with savage hand.
 Provided that we let no mildew cling
 To the young leaves—a canker many sided:
 Provided brand and shears away we fling—
 Provided—yes, I only mean—provided!

Thou at whose torch the flowers unfold their glory,
 O breath of spring on us, too, warmly blow!
 Thou who the germs of nations ope'st in story,
 O breath of Freedom, on this pour thy glow!
 Thy stillest, deepest sanctuary render,
 O kiss it into fragrant splendor free!
 Lord God in Heaven! what a Flower of Wonder
 Shall Germany one day all peerless be!

On manhood's tree springs crowding flower on flower,
 By an eternal law they wave thereon;
 As here one withereth in its final hour,
 There springs another full and glorious one.
 An ever-coming and an ever-going—
 And never for an hour a sluggish stand!
 We see them burst—to earth then see them blowing,
 And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!

These circumstances awoke Freiligrath to a sense of his actual situation; they awoke him more fully to the real condition of his country. He reflected deeply on that condition, and the result was that which became a high-minded and honorable man. He threw up instantly the pension, and prepared to utter such a clear statement of his sentiments as should at once remove from his character the suspicion of having for one moment consented to sacrifice his own independence, or the welfare of his country to a selfish advantage. This he did by a volume of poems called his *Glauben Bekennnisse*, or Confession of Faith. In this, boldly, warmly, yet not intemperately, he proclaimed his deep sympathy with his Fatherland in its enslaved condition; and called on his countrymen to unite to obtain constitutional freedom. To this volume I shall one day draw more particular attention. Before its publication, the prudent poet took the necessary precaution of stepping across the frontier into Belgium. The event proved that the caution was well-grounded.

An immediate order for the suppression of the poems, and the arrest of the author, was issued by the government. Spite of this, 5000 copies of the work were almost immediately dispersed throughout Germany, and the sale of the work has since continued to be great. The avowed accession of so distinguished a man to the cause of national freedom created a vivid and universal sensation. The author retired with his accomplished wife to Brussels, where he resided some time. But here he found himself not safe from the long arm of Prussian influence. A Herr Heinzen, who had been obliged to flee from Prussia to Paris for a similar cause, was, while living there in the utmost quiet, ordered, through the influence of the Prussian ambassador, to quit France in eight and forty hours. He came to Brussels, and with him Freiligrath concluded to seek an asylum in Switzerland. Within six hours of his quitting Brussels, another German, singularly enough of the same name and residing in the same street, was arrested for Freiligrath by mistake. From that period, 1844, till recently, Ferdinand Freiligrath has been residing at Zürich. But, exiled by his patriotism and deep sense of honor from his native land—for enter any part of Germany, and by the articles of the German Confederation he must be delivered up to Prussia—it has always appeared to me that the only genuine home for such a man in such a position,

was England. I have, therefore, never ceased to press upon him to establish himself in—

The inviolate island of the brave and free.

He has now done it, and the event has justified the soundness of the advice. Here he has been received with open arms, not only by the large body of his own countrymen—a body in London of great wealth and enlightened character—but by our own countrymen. Ferdinand Freiligrath is a man as practical as he is poetical. He was early educated in the first continental houses to commerce, and he has wisely resolved to devote his business hours to the strenuous pursuit of business, and his leisure moments only to literature. With connexions already secured to him by his countrymen that insure an honorable inde-

pendence, with a mind at ease, and his person in safety, there is no doubt but those moments will produce in the course of years, the best guarantees of an extended fame. From the impregnable citadel of British Freedom, from amid the throng of free men who fear no tyrant's deadly hand, no blighting touch of censor or of slave, he will send forth his heart in his poems, to his countrymen all the world over. Here he can more calmly and more successfully serve the cause of his country and of man, without the bitterness of personal irritation, but with the strength of untroubled wisdom. From this day forward, England is the home of Ferdinand Freiligrath, and as he will derive from us a sense of personal security, we shall derive from his presence the honor of one more true patriot and noble poet amongst us.

From the Eclectic Review.

PROGRESS OF CRIME.

WE are weary of the talk about this enlightened age—this advanced stage of civilization—the marvels of the middle of the nineteenth century, &c., &c. In what does the progress of the age consist? What are the merits of our times compared with former times? What new lessons have we learned from the experience of our forefathers? How much of their wisdom have we overlooked to our own hurt? Of course the laudation of our age is pleasant, and the wisdom of our ancestors a joke which may always be kept standing in type. However, there is mischief in this talk. It is a way of lauding progress which impedes advancement.

Talk about the wonderful progress of the age, confirms comfortable people in their dislike of confronting the crying evils of the needy and the outcast, with a view to the application of remedies. Few seek, consequently, the blessing attached to considering the poor. Few aspire to the crown of glory won by reclaiming the outcast. Nothing considerable can now be done, but by acting on the convictions of the ruling classes in this country—the persons who derive their opinions and purposes from the press. We wish to disturb the complacency of this class, by asking them to look

Crime in the face. We would remove the beautiful colors of rhetoric which cover the horrors of the age, and silence the eulogies on our intelligence and advancement, by pointing to the dark facts which show the Progress of Crime.

Our theme is a disagreeable one we are well aware, and ungenial to the comfortable libraries and tasteful drawing-rooms of the people who chiefly read the reviews and magazines. But our apology is, we seek the mitigation of a gigantic evil by the only possible means—by influencing the opinions, convictions, and decisions of our readers. We know how successful is the literature of smooth things. But we seek a success higher than to please. We are well aware how the sensitiveness of refined minds recoils from the consideration of the criminal aspects of human nature. It is deemed virtuous, by many, to avoid the subject even in thought. The study of crime, with a view to extirpate it, may be confounded with the prurient curiosity which gloats on details of crime, and haunts the death scenes of criminals.

Beneficent results have already come, and more are coming, from the labors of the press, in forcing on the attention of the gentle classes the distresses of the poor.

A darker region than the home of poverty may yield to investigation more beneficent ameliorations. We wish to direct the light of Christian benevolence into the chambers of crime—to change and remove them. Good has come of making gentlemen realize the fever-fraught squalor of low neighborhoods—the pestiferous atmosphere of the courts and yards:

“Where flags the noontide air,
And as we pass
We fear to breathe the purifying mass.”

Many gentlemen see no poor persons except pampered lacqueys, yet the mitigations of misery depend on their opinions. Never, perhaps, in a lifetime, do the patent-leather boots of a gentleman of the West-end creak on the stair of a house, in the fœtid cellars and crowded rooms of which, without clean water, and amidst foul air and moral and material filth, the poor waste their lives. By bringing these facts home to the feelings of men, whose lives are spent amidst smooth and soft comforts, as if they were jewels preserved in cotton, plans have been commenced to remove the evils. Men whose mornings are a lounge over books, newspapers and letters, in breakfast-rooms and clubs—their afternoons a ride or drive in a gay equestrian and charioted scene in the parks; their evenings probably an intoxication of music at the opera, where a *prima donna* thrills them with rapture, and all sympathy with suffering vanishes as the slowly rising curtain displays the sandaled feet and ribboned ankles of the nymphs of the ballet; the gentlemen of society, whose intelligence, station and wealth enable them to decide what principles are to be adopted, and what measures to be carried out, are the pupils of the press, yet scholars morbidly averse to the study of such painful themes as misery and crime. But they have been made to attend to poverty of late, by the press, in a way never done before. Roused by daily pictures in the newspapers of houseless wretches shivering, not sleeping, through winter nights, under the arches of dry bridges, on the benches of the parks, or under the trees, three winters ago a number of gentlemen simultaneously determined that houselessness should not necessarily exist in London, and the evil has been put down. The sanitary condition of all our towns will be improved decidedly. Drainage, baths, ventilation, are things advancing to satisfactory results. We wish to lead this powerful and practi-

cal intelligence of the age to deal with a thing more fearful than poverty, and more deadly than any pestilence that ever walked in darkness. Convinced that the causes and nature of crime must be studied and analysed ere this Gigantic Horror can be mitigated and diminished, we sincerely wish to force it upon the attention of the reading, and because intelligent, the influential classes. For a short hour we would let the shrieks of crime pierce through the music which fills their drawing-rooms. For a moment and for a good end, we would hang up on their walls the ghastly pictures of the demoniac aspect of Man.

That the necessity for this inquiry may be felt more effectually, we must disturb a little more the complacency with which pretty periods are rounded respecting the present state of civilization. Of course it is easy to check the eulogist of the present age, when enumerating evils of past times, which he fancies do not now exist, with an enumeration of evils of the day which did not exist in the past. But what ought to have weight, is the fact, that data do not really exist for forming a correct conclusion with respect either to the present or ancient times.

Society advances as the highest moral, economical, scientific, and spiritual ideas are inwrought into the arrangements, habits, manners, laws, and institutions of men. Tried by this test, the advancement of society is undeniable, multiform, and splendid: yet we are too apt to over-estimate it. We look only at the trophies: we forget evils still unconquered,—the new monsters which have sprung up. Two or three brief centuries ago, and all the nations of Europe still groaned under innumerable civil feuds and local and clannish broils. As the bards tell us, they reddened the green fields with the blood of their neighbors and brothers, and made the mountains hills of weeping. But never before our time, we believe, did any bard exclaim:

“O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

We can travel at the rate of a mile in a minute; but never perhaps, at any period of history, did the lanes and cellars of our cities contain such large assemblages of miserable people. What a Norman castle would be before modern gunnery, is the feudal power of the aristocracy nowadays in the presence of public opinion. Yet never was the property of this island in so

few hands. Readers of books and periodicals were never so numerous as in the present day. Perhaps there never has been, since the heydays of the Greek and the Judæan civilizations, for two thousand years, less of a demand for profound thought and high art. Comfortable families are more numerous perhaps than ever; and probably there never were so many people whose average incomes for shelter and subsistence were estimated, in reference to money, at less than one penny per head per day. The feudal lord and clan chief of old had a power often of life and death; but he had not the power of sweeping away whole townships from off the lands won and held by the swords and blood of their forefathers. Manufactured goods were never so cheap; and never before were the makers of them growing up stunted and short-lived from sire to son. It may well be doubted if even a place in the system of representative government would make every man as important in the community by his vote, as his forefathers were made by their swords when the state of society gave to every man the importance of the soldier, in addition to the importance of the laborer, mechanic, or operative. It is commonly supposed, that if there was greater individual superiority of character in ancient times, there is more general worth and intelligence in the present day. Nobody knows;—for the data which decide the question do not exist, but individual greatness we may submit has never in any well-known period been a solitary superiority. The most distinguished men are always only the best specimens of remarkable families, the flowers of brilliant races, the finest products of illustrious periods. It would be as absurd to deny the progress of society, as it is mischievous to inspire the public with complacency in it. Every child who has received a shock of electricity knows scientific facts, of which Harvey, and Bacon, and Newton were ignorant. There is a fallacy in the rhetoric, however, which on such specialties of information represents the child as belonging therefore to a profound, and these philosophers to superficial generations.

For the sake of a most important, but painful subject, we have wished to disturb the complacency with which many regard the present stage of civilization. We object to pictures of our condition which omit the progress of crime. Last session Sir Robert Peel said in his place in parliament—"From the first record in 1805,

down to 1842, when the commitments attained the maximum hitherto recorded, the increase in crime progressed from year to year, until it had extended to above six hundred per cent." Another calculation estimates the increase at two hundred and sixty-one per cent. in the last ten years. The statistical calculations which have traced a decrease of crime to a greater leniency in punishing it, have, we fear, been found to be fallacious. Substantially the last statistical approximation to the fact of the increase of crime, displays a progress rapid and fearful, of two hundred and sixty-one per cent. in the last ten, and six hundred per cent. in the last thirty-seven years.

Of course, somewhat of this apparent increase is to be ascribed to the greater vigilance with which crimes have been detected, and criminals punished. How much ought to be deducted on this account, no one can tell. To warrant the earnest attention which we entreat towards the subject of crime, it will suffice if it is conceded that there is no evidence of a diminution of crime simultaneously with the advance of comforts and the diffusion of information in the last forty years. We greatly fear it would be erroneous to suppose, that the crimes of this day are less atrocious than those of the mediæval or the ancient times. Readers of the newspapers cannot receive this persuasion. In the case of a Northamptonshire clergyman, residing recently in Eaton Square, London, they have seen wickedness with many of the marks of the nineteenth century about it, yet scarcely, if at all, surpassed by the dark horrors of the Italian stories of the Cenci and the Borgias. Poisoners have only a short time ago figured in some English villages and towns;—one old man, who had invested himself with a power of inflicting death for years, and pursued his dark mystery steadily, and silently, like a fabled Fate;—several women who had destroyed their relatives—brothers—a father—a mother—for obstructing their career of sensual gratification; poisoners have, in short, been revealed in the midst of "moral and enlightened England," in the present day, comparable to the Chevalier Gaudin de Sainte Croix, and the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. Infanticide is nearly as much a characteristic of certain classes in this country, as it used to be of the savages of New Zealand. In some towns infanticide is a regular trade. Among the savages it was a practice in time of war. Distress and shame have establish-

ed it as a trade amidst the demoralized population of our large towns. Never surely was female infancy so systematically ruined. Crimes are every now and then occurring, at which the describing pen shudders, as it writes. The breezes sweep freshly over Hyde Park as the sun shines on rows of palaces, on the water of the Serpentine, on the foliage of the trees, and on hundreds of equipages in the drives. Yet was this Hyde Park only the other day the scene of a system of monstrous iniquity against the solitary evening traveller, compared to which the crimes of the highwaymen, who were hung at Tyburn, were innocent—a system of monstrous iniquity, in which London advanced and refined upon the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah. From Primrose Hill the eyes feast on a sublime scene, southwards and eastwards and westwards beyond the park, of domes, spires, and mansions, hidden by wreathing smoke, displayed by sunbeams; and northwards, beyond the railway tunnel, there are green fields, divided by trees and hedges, where, in this very show place of English civilization, Hocker assassinated Delarue, in circumstances of horror which ought not to be even named in any language, living or dead.

It was in the beginning of 1845, in England, and when contemplating English crimes, of recent occurrence, especially the deeds of Hocker the schoolmaster, and Tawell, the pretended philanthropist, who poisoned his mistress, that a thoughtful journalist was compelled to write thus:—"Man is the most appalling thing in nature. The vices, sins, crimes of man, when looked at just as they are, tower up and glare forth more terribly than anything poets have imagined in Pandemonium. A man stands before you in the garb of a grey-headed Quaker, or of a young shabby-gentle London snob. They are men—touch them, they are flesh and bone—hear them, they have the voices of Englishmen. They are men. But view them in relation to crime, and the men are gone, and your spiritual vision sees demons in their stead."

Nearly all our published literature and philosophy on crime relates to the punishment of it. On its nature and its causes, apparently as yet almost nothing has been said or thought. Punishment has been almost the only thing studied, as a prevention of crime. Most strange is it, though true, that in the middle of the nineteenth century of Christianity, the Great Horror of our

nature has been looked at only in reference to punishment. Diseases of the body have long been observed and classified, while the more dreadful diseases of the conscience have received no scientific attention. There is no attempt made to produce a Nosology of the moral nature. The Science of Crime has yet to be created. We wish to supply this want. To descend into the cavernous heart of man, and analyse his darkest secrets—ascertain the laws of his wildest bursts of passion and wrath—note the growth of his crimes—describe the circumstances in which they arise—why they display themselves as they do, and then by these inquiries prepare the way for devising a more efficient system of prevention than now exists, have been the objects of the studies of many years, yielding results which may be worth printing, if only as materials and incentives for another and a more successful investigator.

What is crime?—is likely to be a more fruitful inquiry than—how to punish crime?—if for no other reason, then, certainly for this one, that it is a neglected view of the subject. We may fail in shedding any new and valuable light on the dark and bewildered theme, and yet our failure be an aid to a future success. The carcass in the ditch may be a stepping stone to the future victor. Our present remarks are only introductory, and if they serve to draw attention to the fearful topic, their object will be attained.

STATISTICS OF BOOKSELLING.—In Ireland there are 74 towns, each with a *minimum* of 2,500 inhabitants (census 1841), not one of which contains a bookseller. Scotland, with a third of the population, has three times the number of booksellers, being in the proportion of nine to one. The 74 towns without one of "the trade" include the following:—Dungarvon, 12,882; Carrick-on-Suir, 11,049; Youghal, 9,939; Carrickfergus, 9,379; Cashel, 8027; Newtownards, 7,621; Lisburn, 7,524; Kinsale, 6,918. More remarkable still, there are six counties which cannot boast of even one bookseller, or a single circulating library, and we shall name them:—1. Donegal; 2. Kildare; 3. Leitrim; 4. Queen's; 5. Westmeath; 6. Wicklow. These may be considered strange, but most assuredly they are very startling facts.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE "NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."—We understand that the highly estimable Editor has resigned the charge of the work, having found the labors connected with it altogether incompatible with his professional pursuits. The *Review* will in future be edited by Mr. Hanna, of Skirling.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EUGENE, MARLBOROUGH, FREDERICK, NAPOLEON, AND WELLINGTON.

FIVE generals, by the common consent of men, stand forth pre-eminent in modern times for the magnitude of the achievements they have effected, and the splendor of the talents they have displayed—Eugene, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. It is hard to say which appears the greatest, whether we regard the services they have rendered to their respective countries, or the durable impress their deeds have left on human affairs. All had difficulties the most serious to contend with, obstacles apparently insurmountable to overcome, and all proved in the end victorious over them. All have immortalized their names by exploits far exceeding those recorded of other men. All left their effects durably imprinted in the subsequent fate of nations. The relative position of the European states, the preservation of public rights, the maintenance of the balance of power, the salvation of the weak from the grasp of the strong, has been mainly owing to their exertions. To their biography is attached not merely the fortune of the countries to which they belonged, but the general destinies of Europe, and through it of the human race.

To give a faithful picture, in a few pages, of such men, may seem a hopeless, and to their merits an invidious task. A brief summary of the chief actions of those of them to ordinary readers least known, is, however, indispensable to lay a foundation for their comparison with those whose deeds are as household words. It is not impossible to convey to those who are familiar with their exploits, a pleasing *resumé* of their leading features, and salient points of difference; to those who are not, to give some idea of the pleasure which their study is calculated to afford. Generals, like poets or painters, have certain leading characteristics which may be traced through their achievements; a peculiar impress has been communicated by nature to their minds, which appears, not less than on the painter's canvas or in the poet's lines, in all their actions. As much as grandeur of conception distinguishes Homer, tenderness of feeling Virgil, and sublimity of thought Milton, does impetuous daring characterize

Eugene, consummate generalship Marlborough, indomitable firmness Frederick, lofty genius Napoleon, unerring wisdom Wellington. Greatness in the military, as in every art, is to be attained only by strong natural talents, perseveringly directed to one object, undistracted by other pursuits, undivided by inferior ambition. The men who have risen to the highest eminence in war, have done so by the exercise of faculties as great, and the force of genius as transcendent, as that which formed a Homer, a Bacon, or a Newton. Success doubtless commands the admiration of the multitude; military glory captivates the unthinking throng; but to those who know the military art, and can appreciate real merit, the chief ground for admiration of its great masters, is a sense of the difficulties, to most unknown, which they have overcome.

PRINCE EUGENE, though belonging to the same age, often acting in the same army, and sometimes commanding alternately with Marlborough, was a general of an essentially different character. A descendant of the House of Savoy, born at Paris, in 1663, and originally destined for the church, he early evinced a repugnance for theological studies, and, instead of his breviary, was devouring in secret Plutarch's lives of ancient heroes. His figure was slender, and his constitution at first weak; but these disadvantages, which caused Louis XIV. to refuse him a regiment, from an opinion that he was not equal to its duties, were soon overcome by the ardor of his mind. Immediately setting out for Vienna, he entered the imperial service; but he was still pursued by the enmity of Louvois, who procured from Louis a decree which pronounced sentence of banishment on all Frenchmen in the armies of foreign powers who should fail to return to their country. "I will re-enter France in spite of him," said Eugene; and he was more than once as good as his word. His genius for war was not methodical or scientific like that of Turenne or Marlborough, nor essentially chivalrous like that of the Black Prince or the Great Condé. It was more akin to the terrible sweep of the Tartar chiefs; it savored more of oriental daring. He was as

prodigal of the blood of his soldiers as Napoleon; but, unlike him, he never failed to expose his own with equal readiness in the fight. He did not reserve his attack in person for the close of the affray, like the French Emperor, but was generally to be seen in the fire from the very outset. It was with difficulty he could be restrained from heading the first assault of grenadiers, or leading on the first charge of horse. His first distinguished command was in Italy, in 1691, and his abilities soon gave his kinsman, the Duke of Savoy, an ascendant there over the French. But it was at the great battle of Zenta, on the Teife, where he surprised and totally defeated Cara-Mustapha, at the head of 120,000 Turks, that his wonderful genius for war first shone forth in all its lustre. He there killed 20,000 of the enemy, drove 10,000 into the river, took their whole artillery and standards, and entirely dispersed their mighty array.

Like Nelson at Copenhagen, Eugene had gained this glorious victory by acting in opposition to his orders, which were positively to avoid a general engagement. This circumstance, joined to the envy excited by his unparalleled triumph, raised a storm at Court against the illustrious general, and led to his being deprived of his command, and even threatened with a court-martial. The public voice, however, at Vienna, loudly condemned such base ingratitude towards so great a benefactor to the imperial dominions: the want of the directing eye was speedily felt in the campaign with the Turks, and the Emperor was obliged to restore him to his command, which he, however, only agreed to accept on being given *carte blanche* for the conduct of the war. The peace of Carlowetz, in 1699, between the Imperialists and the Ottomans, soon after restored him to a pacific life, and the study of history, in which, above any other, he delighted. But on the breaking out of the war of the Succession, in 1701, he was restored to his military duties, and during two campaigns measured his strength, always with success, in the plains of Lombardy, with the scientific abilities of Marshal Catinat, and the learned experience of Marshal Villeroi, the latter of whom he made prisoner during a nocturnal attack on Cremona, in 1703. In 1704, he was transferred to the north of the Alps to unite with Marlborough in making head against the great army of Marshal Tallard, which was advancing, in so threatening a manner, through Bavaria; and he shared

with the illustrious Englishman the glories of Blenheim, which at once delivered Germany, and hurled the French armies with disgrace behind the Rhine. Then commenced that steady friendship, and sincere and mutual regard, between these illustrious men, which continued unbroken till the time of their death, and is not the least honorable trait in the character of each. But the want of his protecting arm was long felt in Italy: the great abilities of the Duke de Vendôme had well-nigh counterbalanced there all the advantages of the allies in Germany; and the issue of the war in the plains of Piedmont continued doubtful till the glorious victory of Eugene on the 7th Sept., 1706, when he stormed the French intrenchments around Turin, defended by eighty thousand men, at the head of thirty thousand only, and totally defeated Marshal Marsin and the Duke of Orleans, with such loss, that the French armies were speedily driven across the Alps.

Eugene was now received in the most flattering manner at Vienna: the lustre of his exploits had put to silence, if not to shame, the malignity of his enemies. "I have but one fault to find with you," said the Emperor, when he was first presented to him after his victory, "and that is that you expose yourself too much." He was next placed at the head of the Imperial armies in Flanders; and shared with Marlborough in the conduct, as he did in the glories, of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Intrusted with the command of the corps which besieged Lille, he was penetrated with the utmost admiration for Marshal Boufflers, and evinced the native generosity of his disposition, by the readiness with which he granted the most favorable terms to the illustrious besieged chief, who had with equal skill and valor conducted the defence. When the articles of capitulation proposed by Boufflers were placed before him, he said at once, without looking at them, "I will subscribe them at once: knowing well you would propose nothing unworthy of you and me." The delicacy of his subsequent attentions to his noble prisoner evinced the sincerity of his admiration. When Marlborough's influence at the English Court was sensibly declining, in 1711, he repaired to London, and exerted all his talents and address to bring the English council back to the common cause, and restore his great rival to his former ascendancy with Queen Anne. When it was all in vain, and the English armies with-

drew from the coalition, Eugene did all that skill and genius could achieve to make up for the great deficiency arising from the withdrawal of Marlborough and his gallant followers; and when it had become apparent that he was overmatched by the French armies, he was the first to counsel his Imperial master to conclude peace, which was done at Rastadt on the 6th March, 1714.

Great as had been the services then performed by Eugene for the Imperialists, they were outdone by those which he subsequently rendered in the wars with the Turks. In truth it was he who first effectually broke their power, and for ever delivered Europe from the sabres of the Osmanlis, by which it had been incessantly threatened for three hundred years. Intrusted with the command of the Austrian army in Hungary, sixty thousand strong, he gained at Peterwardin, in 1716, a complete victory over a hundred and fifty thousand Turks. This glorious success led him to resume the offensive, and in the following year he laid siege, with forty thousand men, to Belgrade, the great frontier fortress of Turkey, in presence of the whole strength of the Ottoman empire. The obstinate resistance of the Turks, as famous then, as they have ever since been, in the defence of fortified places, joined to the dysenteries and fevers usual on the marshy banks of the Danube in the Autumnal months, soon reduced his effective force to twenty-five thousand men, while that of the enemy, by prodigious efforts, had been swelled to a hundred and fifty thousand around the besiegers' lines, besides thirty thousand within the walls. Everything presaged that Eugene was about to undergo the fate of Marshal Marsin twelve years before at Turin, and even his most experienced officers deemed a capitulation the only way of extricating them from their perilous situation. Eugene himself was attacked and seriously weakened by the prevailing dysentery: all seemed lost in the Austrian camp. It was in these circumstances, with this weakened and dispirited force, that he achieved one of the most glorious victories ever gained by the Cross over the Crescent. With admirable skill he collected his little army together, divided it into columns of attack, and though scarcely able to sit on horseback himself, led them to the assault of the Turkish intrenchments. The result was equal to the success of Cæsar over the Gauls at the blockade of Alesia, seventeen centuries before. The innumerable host of the Turks

was totally defeated—all their artillery and baggage taken, and their troops entirely dispersed. Belgrade, immediately after, opened its gates, and has since remained, with some mutations of fortune, the great frontier bulwark of Europe against the Turks. The successes which he gained in the following campaign of 1718 were so decisive, that they entirely broke the Ottoman power; and he was preparing to march to Constantinople, when the treaty of Passarowitz put a period to his conquests, and gave a breathing time to the exhausted Ottoman empire.*

From this brief sketch of his exploits, it may readily be understood what was the character of Eugene as a general. He had none of the methodical prudence of Turenne, Marlborough, or Villars. His genius was entirely different: it was more akin to that of Napoleon, when he was reduced to counterbalance inferiority of numbers by superiority of skill. The immortal campaigns of 1796, in Italy, and of 1814, in Champagne, bear a strong resemblance to those of Eugene. Like the French Emperor, his strokes were rapid and forcible; his *coup-d'œil* was at once quick and just; his activity indefatigable; his courage undaunted; his resources equal to any undertaking. He did not lay much stress on previous arrangements, and seldom attempted the extensive combinations which enabled Marlborough to command success; but dashed fearlessly on, trusting to his own resources to extricate him out of any difficulty—to his genius, in any circumstances, to command victory. Yet was this daring disposition not without peril. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of lesser capacity, unquestionably would have proved so. Yet in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigor with which he extricated himself from the toils: and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost. He was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his successes; but he was still more lavish of his own, and never failed to share the hardships and dangers of the meanest of his

* Biog. Univ., xiii., 482-491 (Eugene).

followers. He was engaged in thirteen pitched battles, in all of which he fought like a common soldier. He was in consequence repeatedly, sometimes dangerously, wounded; and it was extraordinary "that his life escaped his reiterated perils." He raised the Austrian monarchy by his triumphs to the very highest pitch of glory, and finally broke the power of the Turks, the most persevering and not the least formidable of its enemies. But the enterprises which his genius prompted the cabinet of Vienna to undertake, were beyond the strength of the hereditary states; and for nearly a century after, it achieved nothing worthy, either of its growing resources, or the military renown which he had spread around its annals.

FREDERICK II., surnamed THE GREAT, with more justice than that title has elsewhere been applied in modern times, was born at Berlin on the 24th of January, 1712. His education was as much neglected as ill-directed. Destined from early youth for the military profession, he was in the first instance subjected to a discipline so rigorous, that he conceived the utmost aversion for a career in which he was ultimately to shine with such *éclat*, and, as his only resource, threw himself with ardor into the study of French literature, for which he retained a strong predilection through the whole of his subsequent life. Unfortunately his education was almost entirely confined to that literature. That of his own country, since so illustrious, had not started into existence. Of Italian and Spanish he was ignorant. He could not read Greek; and with Latin his acquaintance was so imperfect, as to be of no practical service to him though life. To this unfortunate contraction of his education his limited taste in literature, in subsequent life, is chiefly to be ascribed. He at first was desirous of espousing an English princess; but his father, who was most imperious in his disposition, decided otherwise, and he was compelled in 1733, to marry the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick. This union, like most others contracted under restraint, proved unfortunate; and it did not give Frederick the blessing of an heir to the throne. Debarred from domestic enjoyments, the young prince took refuge with more eagerness than ever in literary pursuits; the chateau of Rhinesberg, which was his favorite abode, was styled by him in his transport the "Palace of the Muses;" and the greatest general and

most hardy soldier of modern times spent some years of his youth in corresponding with Maupertuis, Voltaire, and other French philosophers, and in making indifferent verses and madrigals, which gave no token of any remarkable genius. He had already prepared for the press a book entitled "Refutation of the Prince of Machiavel," when, in 1740, the death of his father called him to the throne, its duties, its dangers, and its ambition.

The philosophers were in transports, when they beheld "one of themselves," as they styled him, elevated to a throne: they flattered themselves that he would continue his literary pursuits, and acknowledge their influence, when surrounded by the attractions, and wielding the patronage of the crown. They soon found their mistake. Frederick continued through life his literary tastes; he corresponded with Voltaire and the philosophers through all his campaigns: he made French verses, in his tent, after tracing out the plan of the battles of Leuthen and Rosbach. But his heart was in his kingdom; his ambition was set on its aggrandizement; his passion was war, by which alone it could be achieved. Without being discarded, the philosophers and madrigals were soon forgotten. The finances and the army occupied his whole attention. The former were in admirable order, and his father had even accumulated a large treasure, which remained in the exchequer. The army, admirably equipped and disciplined, already amounted to 60,000 men: he augmented it to 80,000. Nothing could exceed the vigor he displayed in every department, or the unceasing attention he paid to public affairs. Indefatigable day and night, sober and temperate in his habits, he employed even artificial means to augment the time during the day he could devote to business. Finding that he was constitutionally inclined to more sleep than he deemed consistent with the full discharge of all his regal duties, he ordered his servants to waken him at five in the morning; and if words were not effectual to rouse him from his sleep, he commanded them, on pain of dismissal, to apply linen steeped in cold water, to his person. This order was punctually executed, even in the depth of winter, till nature was fairly subdued, and the king had gained the time he desired from his slumbers.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of evincing at once the vigor and unscrupulous character of his mind. The

Emperor Charles VI. having died on the 20th October, 1740, the immense possessions of the house of Austria devolved to his daughter, since so famous by the name of MARIA THERESA. The defenceless condition of the imperial dominions, consisting of so many different and discordant states, some of them but recently united under one head, when under the guidance of a young unmarried princess, suggested to the neighboring powers the idea of a partition. Frederick eagerly united with France in this project. He revived some old and obsolete claims of Prussia to Silesia: but in his manifesto to the European powers upon invading that province, he was scarcely at the pains to conceal the real motives of his aggression. "It is," said he, "an army ready to take the field, treasures long accumulated, and perhaps the desire to acquire glory." He was not long in winning the battle, though it was at first rather owing to the skill of his generals, and discipline of his soldiers, than his own capacity. On the 10th April, 1741, the army under his command gained a complete victory over the Austrians, at Mollwitz, in Silesia, which led to the entire reduction of that rich and important province. The king owed little to his own courage, however, on this occasion. Like Wellington, the first essay in arms of so indomitable a hero was unfortunate. He fled from the field of battle at the first repulse of his cavalry; and he was already seven miles off, where he was resting in a mill, when he received intelligence that his troops had regained the day; and at the earnest entreaties of General afterwards Marshal Schwerin, he returned to take the command of the army. Next year, however, he evinced equal courage and capacity in the battle of Czaslau, which he gained over the Prince of Lorraine. Austria, on the brink of ruin, hastened to disarm the most formidable of her assailants; and, by a separate peace concluded at Breslau on June 11, 1742, she ceded to Prussia nearly the whole of Silesia.

This cruel loss, however, was too plainly the result of necessity to be acquiesced in without a struggle, by the Cabinet of Vienna. Maria Theresa made no secret of her determination to resume possession of the lost province on the first convenient opportunity. Austria soon united the whole of Germany in a league against Frederick, who had no ally but the King of France. Assailed by such a host of enemies, how-

ever, the young king was not discouraged, and, boldly assuming the initiative, he gained at Hohenfreidberg a complete victory over his old antagonist, the Prince of Lorraine. This triumph was won entirely by the extraordinary genius displayed by the King of Prussia: "It was one of those battles," says the military historian, Guibert, "where a great master makes everything give way before him, and which is gained from the very beginning, because he never gives the enemy time to recover from their disorder." The Austrians made great exertions to repair the consequences of this disaster, and with such success that in four months Prince Charles of Lorraine again attacked him at the head of 50,000 men near Soor. Frederick had not 25,000, but with these he again defeated the Austrians with immense loss, and took up his winter quarters in Silesia. So vast were the resources, however, of the great German League, of which Austria was the head, that they were enabled to keep the field during winter, and even meditate a *coup-de-main* against the king, in his capital of Berlin. Informed of this design, Frederick lost not a moment in anticipating it by a sudden attack on his part on his enemies. Assembling his troops in the depth of winter with perfect secrecy, he surprised a large body of Saxons at Naumberg, made himself master of their magazines at Gortitz, and soon after made his triumphant entry into Dresden, where he dictated a glorious peace on 25th December, 1745, to his enemies, which secured, permanently, Silesia to Prussia. It was full time for the Imperialists to come to an accommodation. In eighteen months Frederick had defeated them in four pitched battles, besides several combats; taken 45,000 prisoners, and killed or wounded an equal number of his enemies. His own armies had not sustained losses to a fifth part of this amount, and the chasms in his ranks were more than compensated by the multitude of the prisoners who enlisted under his banners, anxious to share the fortunes of the hero who had already filled Europe with his renown.

The ambitious and decided, and, above all, indomitable character of Frederick, had already become conspicuous during these brief campaigns. His correspondence, all conducted by himself, evinced a vigor and *tranchant* style, at that period unknown in European diplomacy, but to which the world has since been abundantly accustom-

ed in the proclamations of Napoleon. Already he spoke on every occasion as the hero and the conqueror—to conquer or die was his invariable maxim. On the eve of his invasion of Saxony, he wrote to the Empress of Russia, who was endeavoring to dissuade him from that design:—"I wish nothing from the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony) but to punish him in his Electorate, and make him sign an acknowledgment of repentance in his capital." During the negotiations for peace, he wrote to the King of England, who had proposed the mediation of Great Britain:—"These are my conditions. I will perish with my army before departing from one iota of them: if the Empress does not accept them, I will rise in my demands."

The peace of Dresden lasted ten years; and these were of inestimable importance to Frederick. He employed that precious interval in consolidating his conquests, securing the affections by protecting the interests of his subjects, and pursuing every design which could conduce to their welfare. Marshes were drained, lands broken up and cultivated, manufactures established, the finances were put in the best order, agriculture, as the great staple of the kingdom, sedulously encouraged. His capital was embellished, and the fame of his exploits attracted the greatest and most celebrated men in Europe. Voltaire, among the rest, became for years his guest; but the aspiring genius and irascible temper of the military monarch could ill accord with the vanity and insatiable thirst for praise in the French author, and they parted with mutual respect, but irretrievable alienation. Meanwhile, the strength of the monarchy was daily increasing under Frederick's wise and provident administration. The population nearly reached 6,000,000 of souls; the cavalry mustered 30,000, all in the highest state of discipline and equipment; and the infantry, esteemed with reason the most perfect in Europe, numbered a hundred and twenty thousand bayonets. These troops had long been accustomed to act together in large bodies; the best training next to actual service in the field which an army can receive. They had need of all their skill, and discipline, and courage, for Prussia was ere long threatened by the most formidable confederacy that ever yet had been directed in modern times against a single State. Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and Saxony, united in alliance for the purpose of partitioning the Prussian

territories. They had ninety millions of men in their dominions, and could with ease bring four hundred thousand men into the field. Prussia had not six millions of inhabitants, who were strained to the uttermost to array a hundred and fifty thousand combatants—and even with the aid of England and Hanover, not more than fifty thousand auxiliaries could be relied on. Prussia had neither strong fortresses like Flanders, nor mountain chains like Spain, nor a frontier stream like France. It was chiefly composed of flat plains, unprotected by great rivers, and surrounded on all sides by its enemies. The contest seemed utterly desperate; there did not seem a chance of escape for the Prussian monarchy.

Frederick began the contest by one of those strokes which demonstrated the strength of his understanding and the vigor of his determination. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he carried the war at once into the enemy's territories, and converted the resources of the nearest of them to his own advantage. Having received authentic intelligence of the signature of a treaty for the partition of his kingdom by the great powers, on the 9th May, 1756, he suddenly entered the Saxon territories, made himself master of Dresden, and shut up the whole forces of Saxony in the intrenched camp at Pirna. Marshal Brown having advanced at the head of 60,000 men to relieve them, he encountered and totally defeated him at Lowositz, with the loss of 15,000 men. Deprived of all hope of succor, the Saxons in Pirna, after having made vain efforts to escape, were obliged to lay down their arms, 14,000 strong. The whole of Saxony submitted to the victor, who thenceforward, during the whole war, converted its entire resources to his own support. Beyond all question, it was this masterly and successful stroke, in the very outset, and in the teeth of his enemies, adding above a third to his warlike resources, which enabled him subsequently to maintain his ground against the desperate odds by which he was assailed. Most of the Saxons taken at Pirna, dazzled by their conqueror's fame, entered his service; the Saxon youth hastened in crowds to enroll themselves under the banners of the hero of the North of Germany. Frederick, at the same time, effectually vindicated the step he had taken in the eyes of all Europe, by the publication of the secret treaty of partition, taken in the archives at Dresden, in spite of the efforts of the electress to conceal it. Whatever might have

been the case in the former war, when he seized on Silesia, it was apparent to the world, that he now, at least, was strictly in the right, and that his invasion of Saxony was not less justifiable on the score of public morality, than important in its consequences to the great contest in which he was engaged.

The allies made the utmost efforts to regain the advantages they had lost. France, instead of the 24,000 men she was bound to furnish by the treaty of partition, put 100,000 on foot; the Diet of Ratisbon placed 60,000 troops of the empire at the disposal of Austria; but Frederick still preserved the ascendant. Breaking into Bohemia, in March, 1757, he defeated the Austrians in a great battle under the walls of Prague, shut up 40,000 of their best troops in that town, and soon reduced them to such extremities, that it was evident, if not succored, they must surrender. The cabinet of Vienna made the greatest efforts for their relief. Marshal Daun, whose cautious and scientific policy were peculiarly calculated to thwart the designs, and baffle the audacity of his youthful antagonist, advanced at the head of 60,000 men to their relief. Frederick advanced to meet them with less than 20,000 combatants. He attacked the Imperialists in a strong position at Kolin, on the 18th July, and, for the first time in his life, met with a bloody defeat. His army, especially that division commanded by his brother, the prince-royal, sustained severe losses in the retreat, which became unavoidable, out of Bohemia; and the king confessed, in his private correspondence, that an honorable death alone remained to him. Disaster accumulated on every side. The English and Hanoverian army, his only allies, capitulated at Closterseven, and left the French army, 70,000 strong, at liberty to follow the Prussians; the French and troops of the empire, with the Duke of Richelieu at their head, menaced Magdeburg, where the royal family of Prussia had taken refuge; and advanced towards Dresden. The Russians, 60,000 strong, were making serious progress on the side of Poland, and had recently defeated the Prussians opposed to them. The king was put to the ban of the empire, and the army of the empire, mustering 40,000, was moving against him. Four huge armies, each stronger than his own, were advancing to crush a prince who could not collect 30,000 men around his banners. At that period he carried a sure

poison always with him, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies. He seriously contemplated suicide, and gave vent to the mournful, but yet heroic, sentiments with which he was inspired, in a letter to Voltaire, terminating with the lines—

Pour moi, menacé de naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.

Then it was that the astonishing vigor and powers of his mind shone forth with their full lustre. Collecting hastily 25,000 men out of his shattered battalions, he marched against the Prince of Soubise, who, at the head of 60,000 French and troops of the empire, was advancing against him through Thuringia, and totally defeated him, with the loss of 18,000 men, on the memorable field of Rosbach. Hardly was this triumph achieved, when he was called, with his indefatigable followers, to stem the progress of the Prince of Lorraine and Marshal Daun, who were making the most alarming progress in Silesia. Schweidnitz, its capital, had fallen: a large body of Prussians, under the Duke de Bevern, had been defeated at Breslau. That rich and important province seemed on the point of falling again into the hands of the Austrians when Frederick reinstated his affairs, which seemed wholly desperate, by one of those astonishing strokes which distinguish him, perhaps, above any general of modern times. In the depth of winter he attacked, at Leuthen, on the 5th December, 1757, Marshal Daun and the Prince of Lorraine,—who had 60,000 admirable troops under their orders,—and, by the skilful application of the *oblique* method of attack, defeated them entirely, with the loss of 30,000 men, of whom 18,000 were prisoners! It was the greatest victory that had been gained in Europe since the battle of Blenheim. Its effects were immense: the Austrians were driven headlong out of Silesia; Schweidnitz was regained; the King of Prussia, pursuing them, carried the war into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz; and England, awakening, at the voice of Chat-ham, from its unworthy slumber, refused to ratify the capitulation of Closterseven, resumed the war on the continent with more vigor than ever, and intrusted its direction to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon rivalled Turenne in the skill and science of his methodical warfare.

But it was the destiny of the King of

Prussia—a destiny which displayed his great qualities in their full lustre—to be perpetually involved in difficulties, from the enormous numerical preponderance of his enemies, or the misfortunes of the lieutenants to whom his subordinate armies were intrusted. Frederick could not be personally present everywhere at the same time; and wherever he was absent, disaster revealed the overwhelming superiority of the force by which he was assailed: The siege of Olmutz, commenced in March, 1758, proved unfortunate. The battering train, at the disposal of the king, was unequal to its reduction, and it became necessary to raise it on the approach of Daun with a formidable Austrian army. During this unsuccessful irruption into the south, the Russians had been making alarming progress in the north-east, where the feeble force opposed to them was well-nigh overwhelmed by their enormous superiority of numbers. Frederick led back the flower of his army from Olmutz in Moravia, crossed all Silesia and Prussia, and encountered the sturdy barbarians at Zorndorf, defeating them with the loss of 17,000 men, an advantage which delivered the eastern provinces of the monarchy from this formidable invasion; dearly purchased, however, by the sacrifice of 10,000 of his own best soldiers. But, during the king's absence, Prince Henry of Prussia, whom he had left in command of 16,000 men, to keep Marshal Daun in check, was well-nigh overwhelmed by that able commander, who was again at the head of 50,000 combatants. Frederick flew back to his support, and having joined his brother, took post at Hohenkirchen. The position was unfavorable: the army inferior to the enemy. "If Daun does not attack us here," said Marshal Keith, "he deserves to be hanged." "I hope," answered Frederick, "he will be more afraid of us than the rope." The Austrian veteran, however, saw his advantage, and attacked the Prussians, during the night, with such skill, that he threw them into momentary confusion, took 150 pieces of cannon, and drove them from the ground, with the loss of 7000 men. Then it was that the courage and genius of the king shone forth with their full lustre. Though grievously wounded in the conflict, and after having seen his best generals fall around him, he rallied his troops at day-break,—formed them in good order behind the village which had been surprised, and led them leisurely to a position a mile from

the field of conflict, where he offered battle to the enemy, who did not venture to accept it. Having remained two days in this position to re-organize his troops, he decamped, raised the siege of Niesse, and succeeded in taking up his winter quarters at Breslau, in the very middle of the province he had wrested from the enemy.

The campaign of 1759 was still more perilous to Frederick; but, if possible, it displayed his extraordinary talents in still brighter colors. He began by observing the Austrians, under Daun and the Prince of Lorraine, in Silesia, and reserved his strength to combat the Russians, who were advancing, 80,000 strong, through East Prussia. Frederick attacked them at Cunnernsdorf, with 40,000 only, in an intrenched position, guarded by 200 pieces of cannon. The first onset of the Prussians was entirely successful: they forced the front line of the Russian intrenchment, and took 72 pieces of cannon. But the situation of the king was such, pressed on all sides by superior armies, that he could not stop short with ordinary success; and, in the attempt to gain a decisive victory, he had well-nigh lost all. The heroism of his troops was shattered against the strength of the second line of the Russians; a large body of Austrians came up to their support during the battle, and, after having exhausted all the resources of courage and genius, he was driven from the field with the loss of 20,000 men and all his artillery. The Russians lost 18,000 men in this terrible battle, the most bloody which had been fought for centuries in Europe, and were in no condition to follow up the victory. Other misfortunes, however, in appearance overwhelming, succeeded each other. General Schmellau capitulated in Dresden: and General Finck, with 17,000 men, was obliged to lay down his arms in the defiles of the Bohemian mountains. All seemed lost; but the king still persevered, and the victory of Minden enabled Prince Ferdinand to detach 12,000 men to his support. The Prussians nobly stood by their heroic sovereign in the hour of trial; new levies supplied the wide chasms in his ranks. Frederick's great skill averted all future disasters, and the campaign of 1759, the *fourth* of the war, concluded with the king still in possession of all his dominions in the midst of the enormous forces of his enemies.

The campaign of 1760 began in March by another disaster at Landshech, where ten thousand Prussians were cut to pieces,

under one of his generals, and the important fortress of Glatz invested by the Austrians. Frederick advanced to relieve it; but soon remeasured his steps to attempt the siege of Dresden. Daun, in his turn, followed him, and obliged the Prussian monarch to raise the siege; and he resumed his march on Silesia, closely followed by three armies, each more numerous than his own, under Laudon, Daun and Lacey, without their being able to obtain the slightest advantage over him. Laudon, the most active of them, attempted to surprise him; but Frederick was aware of his design, and received the attacking columns in so masterly a manner, that they were totally defeated, with the loss of 12,000 men. Scarcely had he achieved this victory, when he had to make head against Lacey, withstand Daun, repel an enormous body of Russians, who were advancing through East Prussia, and deliver Berlin, which had been a second time occupied by his enemies. Driven to desperate measures by such an unparalleled succession of dangers, he extricated himself from them by the terrible battle and extraordinary victory of Torgau, on November 3, 1761, in which, after a dreadful struggle, he defeated Daun, though intrenched to the teeth, with the loss of 25,000 men—an advantage dearly purchased by the loss of 18,000 of his own brave soldiers. But this victory saved the Prussian monarchy: Daun, severely wounded in the battle, retired to Vienna; the army withdrew into Bohemia; two-thirds of Saxony was regained by the Prussians; the Russians and Swedes retired; Berlin was delivered from the enemy; and the fifth campaign terminated with the unconquerable monarch still in possession of nearly his whole dominions.

The military strength of Prussia was now all but exhausted by the unparalleled and heroic efforts she had made. Frederick has left us the following picture of the state of his kingdom and army at this disastrous period:—"Our condition at that period can only be likened to that of a man riddled with balls, weakened by the loss of blood, and ready to sink under the weight of his sufferings. The noblesse was exhausted, the lower people ruined; numbers of villages burnt, many towns destroyed; an entire anarchy had overturned the whole order and police of government: in a word, the desolation was universal. The army was in no better situation. *Seventeen pitched battles* had mowed down the flower of the officers and soldiers; the regiments

were broken down and composed in part of deserters and prisoners: order had disappeared and discipline relaxed to such a degree that the old infantry was little better than a body of newly-raised militia."* Necessity, not less than prudence, in these circumstances, which to any other man would have seemed desperate, prescribed a cautious defensive policy; and it is doubtful whether in it his greatness did not appear more conspicuous than in the bolder parts of his former career. The campaign of 1761 passed in skilful marches and countermarches, without his numerous enemies being able to obtain a single advantage, where the king commanded in person. He was now, literally speaking, assailed on all sides: the immense masses of the Austrians and Russians were converging to one point; and Frederick, who could not muster 40,000 men under his banners, found himself assailed by 120,000 allies, whom six campaigns had brought to perfection in the military art. It seemed impossible he could escape: yet he did so, and compelled his enemies to retire without gaining the slightest advantage over him. Taking post in an intrenched camp at Bunzelwitz, fortified with the utmost skill, defended with the utmost vigilance, he succeeded in maintaining himself and providing his troops for two months within cannon-shot of the enormous masses of the Russians and Austrians, till want of provisions obliged them to separate. "It has just come to this," said Frederick, "who will starve first?" He made his enemies do so. Burning with shame, they were forced to retire to their respective territories, so that he was enabled to take up his winter quarters at Breslau in Silesia. But, during this astonishing struggle, disaster had accumulated in other quarters. His camp at Bunzelwitz had only been maintained by concentrating in it nearly the whole strength of the monarchy, and its more distant provinces suffered severely under the drain. Schweidnitz, the capital of Silesia, was surprised by the Austrians, with its garrison of 4000 men. Prince Henry, after the loss of Dresden, had the utmost difficulty in maintaining himself in the part of Saxony which still remained to the Prussians; in Silesia they had lost all but Glogau, Breslau, and Neiss; and, to complete his misfortune, the dismissal of Lord Chatham from office in England, had led to the stoppage of the wanted

* *Histoire de mon Temps par Frederick IV.*, p. 174.

subsidy of £750,000 a year. The resolution of the king did not sink, but his judgment almost despaired of success under such a complication of disasters. Determined not to yield, he discovered a conspiracy at his head-quarters, to seize him and deliver him to his enemies. Dreading such a calamity more than death, he carried with him, as formerly in similar circumstances, a sure poison, intended, in the last extremity, to terminate his days.

"Nevertheless," as he himself said, "affairs which seemed desperate, in reality were not so; and perseverance at length surmounted every peril." Fortune often, in real life as well as in romance, favors the brave. In the case of Frederick, however, it would be unjust to say he was favored by Fortune. On the contrary, she long proved adverse to him; and he recovered her smiles only by heroically persevering till the ordinary chance of human affairs turned in his favor. He accomplished what in serious cases is the great aim of medicine; he made the patient survive the disease. In the winter of 1761, the Empress of Russia died, and was succeeded by Peter III. That prince had long conceived the most ardent admiration for Frederick, and he manifested it in the most decisive manner on his accession to the throne, by not only withdrawing from the alliance, but uniting his forces with those of Prussia against Austria. This great event speedily changed the face of affairs. The united Prussians and Russians under Frederick, 70,000 strong, retook Schweidnitz in the face of Daun, who had only 60,000 men; and, although the sudden death of the Czar Peter in a few months deprived him of the aid of his powerful neighbors, yet Russia took no further part in the contest. France, exhausted and defeated in every quarter of the globe by England, could render no aid to Austria, upon whom the whole weight of the contest fell. It was soon apparent that she was overmatched by the Prussian hero. Relieved from the load which had so long oppressed him, Frederick vigorously resumed the offensive. Silesia was wholly regained by the king in person: the battle of Freyberg gave his brother, Prince Henry, the ascendant in Saxony; and the cabinet of Vienna, seeing the contest hopeless, were glad to make peace at Hubertsbourg, on 15th February, 1763, on terms which left Silesia and his whole dominions to the King of Prussia.

He entered Berlin in triumph after six

years' absence, in an open chariot, with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick seated by his side. No words can paint the enthusiasm of the spectators at the august spectacle, or the admiration with which they regarded the hero who had filled the world with his renown. It was no wonder they were proud of their sovereign. His like had never been seen in modern times. He had founded and saved a kingdom. He had conquered Europe in arms. With six millions of subjects he had vanquished powers possessing ninety millions. He had created a new era in the art of war. His people were exhausted, pillaged, ruined; their numbers had declined a tenth during the contest. But what then? They had come victorious out of a struggle unparalleled in modern times: the halo of Lützen and Rosbach, of Zorndorf and Torgau, played round their bayonets; they were inspired with the energy which so speedily repairs any disaster. Frederick wisely and magnanimously laid aside the sword when he resumed the pacific sceptre. His subsequent reign was almost entirely pacific; all the wounds of war were speedily healed under his sage and beneficent administration. Before his death, his subjects were double, and the national wealth triple what it had been at the commencement of his reign: and Prussia now boasts of sixteen millions of inhabitants, and a population increasing faster in numbers and resources than any other state in Europe.

No labored character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick, like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals,—if Hannibal be excepted, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful; on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that a respite even in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He could protract the struggle only by strong and vigorous strokes, and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without risking receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skilful use of an interior

line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous course, and none had ever so much magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times.

The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is Napoleon. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no resemblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube, at the head of 180,000 men, invading Russia with 500,000, or overrunning Spain with 300,000, and Frederick the Great with 30,000 or 40,000, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy, in 1796. in Saxony, in 1813, and in the plains of Champagne, in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack, to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an interior line of communication. His immortal campaign in France, in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with 70,000 men against 250,000 enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the Coalition. Rapidity of movement, skill in strategy, and the able use of an interior line of communication, were what enabled both to compensate a prodigious inferiority of force. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate, that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonored throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different: the one transmitted an honored and aggrandized throne to his successors;

the other, overthrown and discrowned, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit: the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendor of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds as a general were more extraordinary than those of the French emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six.

If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—Wellington. Their political and military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of an alliance, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing their jealousies and stifling their selfishness; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation, which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation, and frets at the cost of wars, which its political position renders unavoidable, or its ambitious spirit had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any further demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged was waged against the inclination, and, in appearance at least, against the interests of a large and powerful party at home, which sympathized from political feeling with their enemies, and were ready to decry every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own

countrymen. The Tories were to Marlborough precisely what the Whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over the adjoining states, had come to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and at length produced a general coalition to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars not less material, their situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties approaching those which beset Wellington, to struggle with. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch governments, his force was generally equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly of a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any further or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbors. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed, were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea in the very first encounter.

While the French had never less than 200,000, sometimes as many as 260,000 effective troops at their disposal, after providing for all their garrisons and communications, the English general had never more than 30,000 effective British and 20,000 Portuguese around his standard. The French were directed by the Emperor, who, intent on the subjugation of the Peninsula, and wielding the inexhaustible powers of

the conscription for the supply of his armies, cared not though he lost 100,000 men, so as he purchased success by their sacrifice in every campaign. Wellington was supported at home by a government, which, raising its soldiers by voluntary enrolment, could with difficulty supply a drain of 15,000 men a year from their ranks, and watched by a party which decried every advantage, and magnified every disaster, in order to induce the entire withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula. Napoleon sent into Spain a host of veterans trained in fifteen years' combats, who had carried the French standards into every capital of Europe. Wellington led to this encounter troops admirably disciplined, indeed, but almost all unacquainted with actual war, and who had often to learn the rudiments even of the most necessary field operations in presence of the enemy. Marlborough's troops, though heterogeneous and dissimilar, had been trained to their practical duties in the preceding wars under William III., and brought into the field a degree of experience noways inferior to that of their opponents. Whoever weighs with impartiality those different circumstances, cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion that as Wellington's difficulties were incomparably more formidable than Marlborough's, so his merit, in surmounting them, was proportionally greater.

Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaign is concerned, from the necessity under which both labored of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812; the actions before Bayonne in 1813; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise; he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of

the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were at least equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them, but from necessity or the emergency of a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington in seven fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.*

Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took about twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's bolder disposition more frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. But Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the South of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with 40,000 men, upon the communications, in the North, of 200,000. It is hard to say which was the greater general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honorable to himself, for they were achieved against greater odds. And his fame, in future times, will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history, perhaps, parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

The examination of the comparative merits of these two illustrious generals, and the enumeration of the names of their glorious triumphs, suggests one reflection of a

* Viz., Vimiera, the Douro, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Bidassoa, the Nive, the Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.

very peculiar kind. That England is a maritime power, that the spirit of her inhabitants is essentially nautical, and that the sea is the element on which her power has chiefly been developed, need be told to none who reflect on the magnitude of her present colonial empire, and how long she has wielded the empire of the waves. The French are the first to tell us that her strength is confined to that element; that she is at land only a third-rate power; and that a military career does not suit the genius of her people. How, then, has it happened that England, the nautical power, and little inured to land operations, has inflicted greater wounds upon France by *military* success, than any other power, and that in almost all the pitched battles which the two nations have fought, during five centuries, the English have proved victorious? That England's military force is absorbed in the defence of a colonial empire which encircles the earth, is indeed certain, and, in every age, the impatience of taxation in her people has starved down her establishment, during peace, to so low a point, as rendered the occurrence of disaster, in the first years consequent on the breaking out of the war, a matter of certainty; while the military spirit of its neighbors has kept theirs at the level which ensures early success. Yet with all these disadvantages, and a population which, down to the close of the last war, was little more than half that of France, she has inflicted far greater *land* disasters on her redoubtable neighbor than all the military monarchs of Europe put together.

English armies, for 120 years, ravaged France: they have twice taken its capital; an English king was crowned at Paris; a French king rode captive through London; a French emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment, owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general. All the great disasters and days of mourning for France, since the battle of Hastings—Tenebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Verneuil, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramilies, Malplaquet, Minden, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, The Pyrenees, Waterloo—were all gained by English generals, and won, for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings,

every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians. No coalition against France has ever been successful, in which England did not take a prominent part; none, in the end, failed of gaining its objects, in which she stood foremost in the fight. The fact is so apparent on the surface of history, that it is admitted by the ablest French historians, though they profess themselves unable to explain it.

Is it that there is a degree of hardihood and courage in the Anglo-Saxon race which renders them, without the benefit of previous experience in war, adequate to the conquest, on land, even of the most warlike Continental military nation? Is it that the quality of dogged resolution, determination not to be conquered, is of such value in war, that it compensates almost any degree of inferiority in the practical acquaintance with war? Is it that the North brings forth a bolder race of men than the South, and that, other things being equal, the people in a more rigorous climate will vanquish those in a more genial? Is it that the free spirit

which, in every age, has distinguished the English people, has communicated a degree of vigor and resolution to their warlike operations, which has rendered them so often victorious in land fights, albeit nautical and commercial in their ideas, over their military neighbors? Or is it that this courage in war, and this vigor in peace, and this passion for freedom at all times, arise from and are but symptoms of an ardent and aspiring disposition, imprinted by Nature on the races to whom was destined the dominion of half the globe? Experience has not yet determined to which of these causes this most extraordinary fact has been owing; but it is one upon which our military neighbors, and especially the French, would do well to ponder, now that the population of the British isles will, on the next census, be *thirty millions*. If England has done such things in Continental warfare, with an army which never brought fifty thousand native British sabres and bayonets into the field, what would be the result if national distress or necessities, or a change in the objects of general desire, were to send two hundred thousand?

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE DABLEYS.

I PERCEIVE among the deaths of the past year, sir, the name of an old neighbor of mine, whom the world knew as a good man, and a just citizen; and myself, as one of the most active commissioners of the sewers, the most punctual attendant of work-house boards, the most eager propounder of sanitary receipts (as the jargon goes), when fever was out among the poor, that ever alighted upon the earth. "So Dabley is gone!" was Mrs. Bell's remark? "why, I was thinking of him only this morning—fancying him up to the elbows in Indian meal; but eating none of the bread himself." It is many years since he removed from our neighborhood, though not before we had learned that Dabley at home was a

perfectly different man from what Dabley represented himself to be when abroad among Hospital Doctors, and Churchwardens, and Schoolmasters, and Turnkeys.

"Neighbor Dabley"—as he used to be called, by way of testimony to his substance and usefulness, I suppose—was a rich man, with a comely presence, and an address which, as *Mrs. Hardcastle* says of *Tony Lumpkin*, "could charm the bird from the tree," provided that the bird was not a very old one. Though Mrs. Bell declares I found out nothing of the kind, at the time—it was always too hearty, too cheerful, too caressing, for my taste. Were you ever so busy; in the street—on a market day—the east wind blowing, and your *profligate*

tooth aching, Dabley would not let you pass without a shake of the hand, which you felt till the next milestone. He always found you "looking your best,"—a communication most unpleasing when you know yourself to be as bilious as a marygold—always asked after all your family, particularly recollecting your wife's mother—and used to provoke me especially, by reminding me as often as we met, of "that capital cup of tea Mrs. Bell gave us," on an evening many years old; it being perfectly known in our house, that my valuable wife, otherwise Mrs. Peerybingle's equal, is particularly unlucky over the kettle. Your indifferent questioner can be truly offensive. I meet with a Baronet once a quarter—on public business, sir,—who never fails to ask me, where I am living: whether I am married *again*: and what is my opinion of indigo; though I have told him, if once, one million of times, that I don't know the article by sight even.—And in my forthcoming "Book of Ill-Breeding" (which Lady — was to have edited—being competent—had she not died of too great an indulgence in the commodity) I shall not forget Sir Dutton Hardacre. But, I think that a sympathizer without sympathy is harder to bear with, than one who makes no secret of his utter neglect and want of interest. And from the time when Dabley began to take up the chimney of our dining-room as a topic, and never forget to be sorry that it smoked so, and to recommend Mr. Monk's Cowl as an infallible cure, I began to be quite sure that all his glitter was not gold, and to be as certain as if I lived in the house that he had plenty of smoke, if not of fire, by his own fireside.

But Dabley was, in the world's eye, a pious man. Though no ascetic—being jovial, even, in his air in the street, and at table, and after "business had been despatched,"—he enjoyed great renown among those of his own faith for fervent religion. "The cheerful spirit of his family devotions" (to use the language of his admirers and friends) was as familiar to the members of the Reverend Mr. Scrupler's congregation, as Dabley's handsome pew glistening with its well-varnished mahogany, and gay with its crimson and gold service books. If there were rumors of wars on the earth, he was thankful—rejoiced when pestilence broke out—grew grateful over a neighbor's broken leg—and found matter for praise in the teaching which Mr. Stackpoole's sudden and unexpected bankruptcy afforded him. Never was man so sunny, so

courteous; so ample in good words and busy deeds; so largely praised by those who knew him little. Strangers wished to pass the house where such Benevolence flourished—still more to feed on the manna of his table—for Dabley maintained a rich and easy hospitality. How he escaped from passing for a Saint upon earth it may be hard to explain to those who have not studied the genus,—of which, unluckily, he is not the first nor the last.

My disenchantment (not to speak of the smoky chimney interference) dated from the moment of our *knowing* Dabley's family—not dining with them—for then all was glossy, and luxurious, and warm, and flowing; but knowing them at unexpected times; and out of the routine for which every one *may have* rehearsed his part. We had been acquainted with the faces and the clothes of the three Miss Dableys, and the two young men, for two years, ere any of this closer intimacy was brought about. Hearty as their father seemed—never did any man keep a house so shut up, save just at his own will and pleasure. He answered for every child he had: young man and young woman. Anne Dabley was an invalid: and was always "in her room for the day, with a blinding headache," if any one wanted to call upon her. Jessie had ridden out with one of her brothers—and it would have been such a treat for Sarah an hour earlier!—"Just then, her German master was with her:"—this, for my Mrs. Bell, who used to admire "how, in a house where there was no mother, a father managed so perpetually to watch over his daughters—no one but so indefatigable and excellent a man," etc., etc. For me—who am far more easily *backed* (as we have it in the north),—it was enough, once simply to be told that Philip was reading before he went to the University, and that Theodore was particularly fond of companions of his own age (no single soul of whom were ever seen by dweller in Haleyon Row), and I soon gave up attempting to make, either for myself or mine, closer acquaintance with young people, whose pleasant looks, and pleasant but rather pensive manners, had disposed me to venture advances.

Truth, however, will out,—at least in Haleyon Row. Had Junius lived there, and kept himself as entirely to himself as the Juniper family at No. 16 A, we should have tracked him out. Had the Man in the Iron Mask been shut up in the back-room at Mr. Dabley's, on the third floor,

which had never been opened, no one could tell when, the door barred across, and the key lost (to all which facts the Le Grands were ready to swear)—we should have known which of Her Majesty's Cousins it was, or whether it was Lord Byron come to life again!—in plain Manchester, “all about it.” To this day we can never agree which of us made the discovery, that the invalid Miss Dabley was no Miss Dabley any longer, but a married woman. To whom she had been married was never clearly known. A Pole—a Roman Catholic—a rope-dancer—a man of color—a Frenchman, with a wife at Blois—a banker's clerk, who had made off to No-Man's-Land, with bank-notes quilted into his waistcoat—Mr. Dabley's footman, Saul, who stood six feet three in his stockings; it was ascertained, past doubt, in the Row, that she had united her fortunes to every one of these individuals; and the dispositions of the husband were as various as his attributes. But less open to doubt and to question was the truth, that, whether or not she was divorced, or whether or not *he* was hanged, or had more naturally deceased—from the moment that Mr. Dabley's house had received his daughter, she had been forbidden to bear her husband's name; nor had her father ever spoken to her, save at the show-dinners, where it behooved the show-Christian to play the amiable parent among his children. The poor thing was one of a gentle nature, unable to struggle against the perpetual tyranny of disapprobation. Ground to the dust with the shame which accompanied a position in every respect so equivocal; perhaps (who knows?) struggling with some affections for an unworthy one which she was bidden to tear up by the roots, with naught to replace them; at first, to escape inquiry—and the worse necessity of perpetually acting a part, she feigned invalidism. Gradually, and in no long period, the jest grew into sad, sad earnest; and the unhappy, unassisted, uncomfortable mourner (for even her sisters durst only minister to her sorrow in secret) pined, took to her room, and died. There was a handsome tombstone laid over her, and we were instructed not to mention her name to any of the family. Some said their grief was too great to bear condolence. My Mrs. Bell, however, will now have it, that she noticed relief on every countenance. One captive had escaped from the prison; was clear of the tyranny of the most pious father and best-hearted

neighbor in Halcyon Row! There was one less to suffer, and to witness suffering.

It is amazing how long a reputation will last!—how far smooth words and a smiling face will carry a man. But shortly after Anne Dabley's death, when the family began to *act* being seen in the world again, my wife and myself became aware that much passed in the kind father's house, of which the kind father little dreamed. French novels were smuggled in by the half-hundred, though Mr. Dabley would not hear of such an enormity as an English work of fiction to poison the morals of his young people. Snatches of plays and concerts were enjoyed in dark corners, and in stolen bonnets; dangerous as they were dear, from the necessity of the parties partaking therein presenting themselves at prayers. I could prove that Theodore frequented haunts more vicious still, if it was my business to call other people's attention to spots where profligacy flourishes, with a view to keeping them thence. There was something insincere, and shy, and mysterious about the whole set;—most painful to all truth-telling people to encounter. They did not seem to trust each other; were, every one of them, “on the snatch” (my Mrs. Bell's phrase) for small indulgences and perquisites, and that *something more than their share*, the need of which has made many a man a murderer. Their very voices got a tone; their very faces an expression; and “the Dabley look” came to be a byword in our family, for everything that was not “overboard and graceful”—before I could prevent it. When a phrase or a nickname is once rooted, there's nothing for it but to submit. No check nor exorcism will make an end of it—no Dr. Butler's cane—no Mr. Trimmer's texts; as, I dare say, other Heads of Families besides myself have found.

But, to return to these unlucky young people. 'Tis not in nature for years to go on under such a system, without everybody being the worse for it. Gaol-keeping—ere the Howards took it in hand—was as bad I presume for the Gaolers as for their *Wards*. What Anne Dabley had done, Jessie repeated with improvements; adding a publicity which rendered secrecy or mystification impossible, even to such a Master *Mason* as her father. Jocosely had my Mrs. Bell once said to that jovial man, “Why, Sir, if you won't give your daughters a chance of being married properly, they'll take one for themselves, out of the window,

some moonlight night!" little dreaming that Jessie *had* been locked up in her room for nine weeks, because Mr. Wicksey, of Wicksey Manor, had wanted to make her its Lady. Well, my wife is as good a prophetess in her way, as Mademoiselle Le Normand, or the Mesmeric Lady, who knows everybody's ailments, and has for uncle a Doctor who can cure everything—Death and all. Mr. Wicksey, who did not like being treated like a "thief in the night," took pet and married another young lady, on which poor unlucky Jessie took pet still more remarkably, and "made off" with a common soldier. 'Tis wonderful how some women will ruin themselves—soul and body—rather than not show spirit! We have always fancied that the Dabley Gaol must, thereupon, have become so intolerable—though the dinners went on, and the smooth face was maintained, as if nothing had happened—that Sarah had no choice (since no other man chanced to be at hand) save to propose to her German master. Off she went with him, at all events; and, as a song of Hogg's puts it neatly,—

"So there was an end of her!"

Talk of men hunting women, of a Lovelace tracking a Clarissa: a Lord Grange imprisoning in one of "the wind-swept Orcades" his termagant of a wife: a Sir Kit Rackrent (the fact vouched for by Miss Edgeworth!) shutting up "the *Jewish*" he had married for her money, in "the barrack-room!"—I am bold to say that male hardness and want of charity is small, compared with that of the female against the female, when the latter is "unfortunate." Here is something, assuredly, for the strong-minded woman to do—of more Christian consequence, than the emancipation of herself, into the pulpit, or *on* to the woollack—or making the Law Courts her Home—or the chair of Logic or of Chemistry, the rocking-chair of her children! I do not here speak of Women's horror of Women who have strayed, slipped, or stumbled;—but the spirit of critical unkindness enkindled by the smallest aberration from Mrs. Grundy's code—or by the success which shall be thought one tittle greater than Bella's beauty, or Sophia's sweetness, or Anne's accomplishments, or Mary's money, or Fanny's family, or Jane's intellect, or Tetty's temper—merit according to the Rule of Three. I have wondered to see what an ingenuity of bitterness Women,

otherwise stupid and poor in invention, can exhibit on the occasion of an elopement—or a too good match! Without "stop, let, or hinderance," all the turtle-doves—the irreproachable wives, and excellent mothers of Haleyon Row—took part with Mr. Dabley! Mrs. Peek "could speak to his pleasantness the day they had dined there upon the swan." Miss Le Grand "had never seen in him any greater admiration of good, old families, than such as was fit and proper: though, alas! too rare." Mrs. Lovelady had "noticed, again and again, Mr. Dabley's politeness to his daughters:" "more like a lover's than a father's" was her perpetual codicil. One and all "would be guided by him! They were sure that *he* would do what was just! They owed him, each and all, too much personal kindness, to do anything which might add to the pain so excellent a person must feel at his daughters' disappointing him so cruelly!" I had much ado to keep my Mrs. Bell still: on the plea, that the less she said in answer to all this, the more she might be able to *do*, if the poor runaways wanted her help. But no one's help was needed or asked for. Not long after the breaking out of these elopements, Mr. Dabley sold the house in Haleyon-row. No more swan dinners; no more cheerful bustle on board days; no more goodly exhibition of the gold and crimson books in the rich mahogany pew! "Our neighborhood," I heard it said, till I was sick, "would never get over such a loss!" It did recover itself, nevertheless: in what manner, I may possibly tell some future day.

Suffice it to say, for the moment, that the operation was soon effected, and the Dableys would have been forgotten, had not the fruits of family discipline in their case been somewhat prominent. The poor, rash creature who eloped with the Skeleton Jacket, had put the whole force of her life into that one act of breaking prison:—having no strength, and neither encouragement nor assistance to raise her husband to her level, she sunk to his. The fellow, finding that to marry a Lady without a sixpence, whose father would not pay a pound or raise a finger towards his discharge, was by no means amusing in its consequences, very soon took out his disappointment and discomfort, in the Brute fashion; and began to maltreat her. She had shown already, that when refuge was the question, she cared not for debasement; and took the worst, vulgarest consolation. Before the

year was out, she was dead of the dram-bottle! The end of Sarah Dabley is not yet come: her strong romantic and artistic tendencies, which, denied a due safety-valve, led her to carry off a German (possibly from the vague notion, so common among women, that every man of that nation is more poetical and picturesque than the average John Bull); made her quit him, so soon as they had reached the continent; so soon as more showy temptations presented themselves, at the moment when she had mastered the flattering fact that her husband's resources would insure her but one meal a day—not a Dabley meal!—and as many gowns in the year. She is now upon the stage, under a false name: passed from hand to hand; from protector to protector, as the saying is! She has played in this town, and my Mrs. Bell declares that there was hardly a house in the Row where the front parlor shutters were not closed the day after her arrival: for “what *should* we do”—asked some one pathetically—“were that creature to force her way in?” Her exit from this life will possibly be such an one as the public favorite described, when, to some one remonstrating on her extravagance, and adding, “What do you think will become of you?”—she answered, coldly looking up in his face,—“Straw and the hospital!”

Theodore Dabley had disappeared, too; no one knows wherefore or whither; since Philip has studied his father's book; answers no questions, and has a way with him at once cordial and repulsive, which makes it not easy to ask any. He lives at —, and has married a young delicate creature. They have a boy and two girls; and the Dabley Gaol is open for the children of another generation.

There are many tender-hearted people, who, like Goethe's mother, desire not to be told when a child is run over in the street, or a neighboring gossip is burnt to death; or some ancestral china jar is broken in the lower story. And these, I doubt not, will consider me as an old Kill-joy; a Death's-head at their New Year's Day dinner, for “ripping up” such “uncomfortable stories.” There are many people, again, of the old school; to whom “the right divine” of Parents is as solemn and sacred an article of faith, as the wickedness of Papists, or the Materialism of men of science; and would fain cry “*Hush!*” with all their might: first dispute my facts; next, declare “that nothing would have

made those young people different,”—and lastly, insist, that it is wicked and dangerous to dwell upon such grievances, in the presence of a generation ready enough, already, to rebel; and to fling off the yoke. “Motives” and “intentions” are always a shabby sort of excuse; one not susceptible of proof; so I won't affront the selfish soft-hearted, or the Promoters of the Parents' Masonic Mystery, by thrusting my “good meaning” into their faces. But, I will ask any one who has reached middle age, and had means of observation, whether he has not known Dableys of some kind or other; whether he can call to mind no lives wasted; no characters ground to pieces, by the pressure of whimsical Tyranny conceiving itself Righteous Authority? I will put it to any father or mother, whether Truth or Falsehood is preferable as a fire-side guest;—how far the idea that “the young must suffer because they suffered when they were young, themselves,” (a curious, tragi-comical sort of vengeance!) may, or may not be mistaken for that resolution to promote the happiness of every living creature, which implies justice and considerateness in equal proportions! I would bid them define “A sense of duty”—inquire what part of themselves they would have obeyed: their Reason or their Folly; ascertain what importance they give to their own sympathies and antipathies as overruling the destinies of others; describe how far the acquiescence of the lip, while Defiance is rankling at the heart, can satisfy their ideas of domestic intercourse among grown people; to what degree the naked possession of power can content a virtuous man or woman. Let no one put off the matter as a sophistry; get rid of it, by getting into a passion with “an old meddling fellow, who wants to make mischief betwixt parents and children.” It is no scramble on the part of the middle-aged, to be repaid for what they have undergone in the shape of struggle, sorrow, privation: of Hope long deferred, and Talent turned aside from its natural direction; but a right and a wrong administration of the power given to accountable beings in trust for others. It is a question between such selfish rapacity for power as makes the Inquisitor, the Slave-Driver, the Torturer—and the bodies and souls of those to whom we have given life. Waiving the impossibility of the most stringent thumb-screw and strait-waistcoat system to produce the miserable result demanded—shutting

our eyes to the fact that Dableys (like Lady Adelas) be they ever so well watched, or carefully husbanded for market, will break bounds, and marry red-coats—what do we mean by trying to set the Slave free, and to civilize the Heathen; by sticking camellias in the Murderer's button-hole: and moaning over the Miscreant whose fraudulent bankruptcy has thrown the aged and solitary of a country village into cureless poverty—if we make of our own houses a Plantation, where no thought or fancy, save the master's, may be reared—or a Wigwam, where the woman who weeps or wants any extras (her task done) is silenced with a club—or a condemned Ward, from which Innocence (not Guilt) were glad to escape,

even to hard labor in a foreign land; or a Court where sits an Arch-Debtor, more ruthless, grasping, and self-sufficient, than the harshest of the species ever seen in Basinghall Street?

I pray you—whom it most concerns—think of these things, ere you deny the existence of Dabley discipline, in more places than Haleyon Row!—ere you permit “*Mad*” to stand for “*Bad*” in your vocabulary—or ere you smoothe the matter over to your consciences, and sinking down into quiescence—or escaping from uneasiness in a panic, not altogether of conscious Virtue's making,—decide that “such tales ought not to be told in these up-setting and up-start days!”

From the Dublin University Magazine.

REMARKABLE FEMALE CRIMINALS.

THE POISONERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

WE have heard and read a great deal lately of Madame de Brinvilliers and the poisoners of the seventeenth century; but there have been some similar cases in the nineteenth, quite as extraordinary, though much less known. Amongst the most remarkable are those of Frau Gottfried, Madame Ursinus, and Margareta Zwanziger.

It is true that, at the former period, owing to the facilities furnished by La Voisin, there was a panic abroad that has never since been revived. No man in France who had had a quarrel with his wife, or who had seen her smile with unusual tenderness on her lover, could go home very comfortably to his dinner, whilst he was aware that there existed a professional agent in Paris, who, for a moderate fee, would drop poison into his soup, with as much certainty and as little remorse as his cook drops salt into it; and doubtless, many a woman who was neither sufficiently bold nor sufficiently depraved to have administered the mortal draughts herself was seduced into crime by this fatal facility. There was not, for example, a more contented couple in Paris than Monsieur and Madame Brunet, till Monsieur B., unfortunately captivated by the eloquent music of Philibert's flute, took it into his head that no remuneration could be adequate to such merit but the

hand of his own daughter, accompanied by a handsome dowry. Philibert did not care much for the young lady, whose attractions seem not to have been of the highest order; but her fortune was too large to be rejected, so he commenced a regular course of love, whilst the enamored Monsieur Brunet, carried away by his enthusiasm, never ceased singing the praises of his future son-in-law. As such an alliance was in direct opposition to the aristocratic prejudices of that age, Madame Brunet did not like the match, till the extraordinary commendations of the husband opened the wife's eyes to the merits of Monsieur Philibert, and induced her to pay a visit to La Voisin for the innocent purpose of ascertaining how soon the worthy Monsieur Brunet might be expected to exchange the troubles of this world for the rewards of a better. La Voisin said nothing that could alarm the most delicate mind—she only smiled significantly; and in a few weeks Madame Brunet was a buxom widow of forty, who found no difficulty in persuading the flute-player that she was a much more desirable wife than her pale, sickly daughter, who was easily disposed of in a cloister.

Philibert married the mother, and they lived together very happily for several years, and might possibly have done so till

their deaths, had not Madame Brunet's name been unfortunately found on La Voisin's books. She was arrested, tried, and hanged. Even Philibert was suspected; and his friends advised him to fly? but relying on his good conscience, he refused, and after an investigation, was fully acquitted of any participation in, or knowledge of, the crime.

The executions of Madame De Brinvilliers and La Voisin took place in 1676; but the rage for husband-killing did not die with them, although the modes adopted for putting these obnoxious individuals out of the world became more varied. So rife was the propensity, however, that when interest was made with Louis the Fourteenth to save the life of the beautiful Madame Tiquet, in 1699, the Archbishop of Paris interfered, representing that if she were spared, no husband would be safe—such was the universal opinion of those who had the best means of judging—the confessors of the polite world of Paris.

With respect to Angelique Carlier, who married Monsieur Tiquet, there was not, even in these strange times, a case that caused a more extraordinary sensation. Her beauty and accomplishments were so remarkable, that she is pronounced in the records of the period in which she lived, to have been “a masterpiece of nature;” but one quality, at least, she must have wanted, and that is common sense; for she appears to have been induced to marry Monsieur Tiquet by the present of a bouquet of diamonds worth 15,000 francs. She was very fond of pleasure, and she conceived that a man who could afford to make such a magnificent *don d'amour*, must necessarily be very rich.

But this was not the case; like Madame Lafarge, Madame Tiquet was disappointed. For a few years, however, the husband tried to keep up appearances, and to conceal from his young wife the real state of his affairs; but when she discovered the truth, and found that even the diamond bouquet had yet to be paid for, her previous indifference was quickly converted into aversion. She insisted on a separation *de biens*, as it is called in France; and he avenged himself by obtaining from the court an order for her confinement, on the plea that she was carrying on a criminal intimacy with the Chevalier Mongeorge; but when he summoned her to his presence, and exhibited the order in triumph, she snatched it from his hand, and in defiance of the royal

seal it bore, flung it into the fire. This was a declaration of war on both sides, and from that moment she determined to release herself from bonds that became daily more insupportable; whilst he confirmed her resolution by forbidding Mongeorge the house, and keeping the keys of the gates himself, when he found the porter would not shut them against his wife's innamorato.

These tyrannical proceedings, as they were considered, seemed to have procured her very general sympathy amongst the ladies; for, on the very night the attack on his life was made, the Countess de Semonville, who was spending the evening with Madame Tiquet, sat till a late hour, in hopes that he would come home and go to bed, in order that she might have the satisfaction of forcing him to get up again to let her out.

She was obliged to go away, however, without enjoying this gratification; and by and by, when he did come, he was shot by an unseen hand near his own door. He would have been killed on the spot, were it not, as the doctors affirmed, that his heart had so contracted on the sudden alarm, that it had not filled its usual space, and the ball had just missed it. He was carried into the house, and on being asked by the police, what enemy he could point to as most likely to have sought his life, he answered that he had no enemy but his wife. An investigation was set on foot, of which she was aware; but she asserted her innocence, and refused to fly. On the contrary, she visited and received her friends, apparently with a mind quite disengaged; and when the Countess D'Aunoy observed that Monsieur Tiquet could not be sure who was the assassin, she answered, that if he *were* sure, he would take care not to tell it.

“It is me that they want to kill,” said she.

She received numerous warnings and offers of assistance, all of which she rejected; and when at length she was arrested nine days after the attempted murder, she displayed a haughty composure that, combined with the insufficient evidence they had, might have puzzled the authorities, had not a certain *laquais de place*, called Auguste Castelain, voluntarily come forward, and confessed that three years before, he, Moura, the porter, and several others, had been engaged by Madame Tiquet to murder her husband. The plot failed at

that time; but with this indication there was little difficulty in bringing home the crime to Madame Tiquet and Moura, who were both condemned to die.

Monsieur Tiquet, scarcely recovered from his wounds, proceeded to Versailles, and, with his son and daughter, threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV., to beg for her life, which being, at the instance of the archbishop, refused, he proceeded to request that he might be appointed heir to her property—a petition which seems to have afforded much diversion to the lively Parisians; and the king himself, in granting it, observed, that the second petition had effaced the merit of the first.

Since, according to the law of that period, Madame Tiquet's property was liable to confiscation, we cannot altogether see the justice of the stricture. Monsieur Tiquet was in embarrassed circumstances, and after the injuries he had received, was very fairly entitled to such a compensation.

The Chevalier Mongeorge, and her own family also, made every effort to obtain the commutation of her sentence; but with equal success. On being asked whether the former was privy to her guilty intent, she said, "Not for the world would I have dared to hint such a thing to him. I should have lost him for ever, if I had!"

The publication and execution of the sentence were appointed to take place on the same day; and when she was conducted to the chamber of torture, ignorant of what awaited her, she inquired, "If her affair would soon be decided?"

"Soon enough," replied the jailer.

And here a strange scene ensued. The Judge who had read her sentence, which was to the effect that she should lose her head on the scaffold, after first undergoing the rack, in order to force her to a confession and the betrayal of her accomplices, had formerly been her lover. Howbeit, he had his duty to perform, and bidding her place herself on her knees before him, he fulfilled it. Proceeding afterwards, as was then the custom, to pronounce an exhortation, wherein he contrasted, in the most pathetic terms, her former with her present condition—"She who was once the idol of the world around her, blessed with beauty, youth, talents, rank, and affluence; now a criminal on her way to the scaffold!"—he entreated her to spend in repentance the short time that remained to her, and by an ample confession, to relieve him from the pain of seeing her placed on the rack.

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But he was mistaken if he thought to move that iron heart. Cold, motionless, with an unshaken voice, and without even changing color, she answered him—"You are right. The past and the present are strangely different; for then you were at my feet, now I am at yours! But I have done with such recollections. So far from fearing, I desire the moment that is to terminate my wretched life, and release me from my misfortunes. I hope to meet my death with as much firmness as I have listened to its announcement; and be assured that neither fear nor pain shall induce me to confess myself guilty of a crime which I have never committed."

The rack, however, soon forced her to break this resolution; she confessed her own guilt, and that of Moura, but, as we have said above, exonerated Mongeorge.

Never, before or since, did any execution in Paris, unless it were that of the Royal family of France, excite so extraordinary an interest. Persons even of rank and distinction rushed from all quarters into the city; and every window on the way she was to pass, and in the Place de Grève, were let at high prices, and crowded with spectators.

She declared herself penitent to her confessor, begged pardon of Moura, who sat in the same carriage with her; sent her tender remembrances to her children, and a prayer to her husband, that he would cherish them and forgive her.

She died with an unshaken courage and self-possession that enchanted the Parisians. Mounting the scaffold with a light step, contemplating the multitude with unmoved composure, and baring her fair neck with as much alacrity as if it were to welcome a carcanet of jewels rather than an axe.

The executioner was so amazed and confounded by the wondrous beauty of the head he was about to sever, that he was rendered incapable of his office, and put her to much needless pain. Even after death, the features remained unchanged; and although she was in her 42d year at the period of her execution, many people affirmed that she was more beautiful in death than she had been in life.

Her husband buried her with much honor; the Chevalier de Mongeorge, who, quite inconsolable, had wandered about the park at Versailles during the sad ceremony, quitted France, and travelled for several months; the Parisian ladies sighed over the fair victim, smiled with contempt at the name of

Monsieur Tiquet, and pitying the faithful lover, "wished that heaven had made them such a man!"

Such were the morals of France in 1699. A century later, when Donna Maria de Mendieta contrived the death of her husband, under somewhat similar circumstances, in Madrid, the crime was pronounced to be without a parallel; and the horror and amazement the event awakened in Spain, was in proportion to its strangeness. Her love, Don Santiago San Juan, did the deed at her instigation, when the unfortunate victim, who appears to have been both an amiable man and an indulgent husband, was lying sick in bed; whilst she made a diversion in another part of the house, for the purpose of drawing off the attention of her servants. Santiago escaped, whilst she was arrested on suspicion, and thrown into prison.

That she had not committed the murder with her own hand, was certain; to that fact her whole household could testify; and at the time it occurred Santiago was supposed to be absent from Madrid. He had some weeks before taken leave of Mendieta and his wife, and was believed by everybody but her to be gone. He had, however, passed the interval in moving from one hotel to another, under feigned names, waiting for the signal she had promised to send him.

He was suspected, but no trace could be found, till she herself involuntarily betrayed him, by a letter she wrote from prison, addressed to "Don Thaddeo Santisa, Madrid."

It was at that period the custom in Spain, on the arrival of the post, to hang out a list of all letters, the addresses of which were not sufficiently explicit. Santiago saw the letter, and by asking for it, threw himself into the coils that were spread for him.

They were both condemned to die by the Garotta—that is to be strangled by a cord; and the execution drew spectators from all parts of Spain. They left direction that a great many masses might be said for the repose of their souls; and it was observed that Donna Maria ate and slept well till the last—indeed so well, that her counsel ventured to make use of the circumstance in her defence; maintaining that such good appetite and peaceful rest were certain signs of innocence. But the full confession of both criminals disproved the assertion, and justified the law.

About the same period a case of husband-killing occurred in Hamburgh, which is almost unique in its details.

One morning in the month of February, 1786, two laborers found, on the road between Hamburgh and Lubeck, a large package, wrapt in matting, which they imagined must have fallen from some of the carriers' carts, which are in the habit of passing that way. They lifted it up, and conveyed it to the nearest house, where, whether from curiosity or suspicion does not appear, it was opened; and in it, to the amazement and horror of the bystanders, was found a human body, without head, arms, or hands.

As the authorities, on being informed of the circumstances, refused to interfere, and as nobody could be found who would open their doors to so frightful a guest, although the laborers for some time bore their hideous burden from house to house to seek a resting place for it, the first finders thought it better to carry it back, and leave it where they had discovered it.

This event occurred on Friday, the 24th, and on the evening of the same day, as the post wagon, from Lubeck, was passing the spot, the attention of the postilions was attracted by the horses shying at a bundle lying on the road, which, on examination, proved to contain two hands and a human head, wrapt in a handkerchief; and a little way further they came upon the body which the laborers had left there.

This affair now became public; the authorities stepped forward; announcements of the fact were inserted in the public journals, and investigations set on foot for the discovery of the murderer.

The body appeared to be that of a man about fifty years of age, in good health; and from the articles of dress he wore, in a respectable condition of life. The sack which contained it was marked P. R. W., and the shirt, which was of rather fine linen, bore the letters J. M. H.—Inclosing the body within the sack, was a well-stuffed pillow.

The first link found in the chain of evidence was, that on the same 24th of February, about ten o'clock in the morning, the laborers had observed a carriage drawn by four black horses, with a coachman and postilion, standing in front of the new Inn, at a spot called the Fleishgaffel; whether anybody was within it they could not say. It started on the Lubeck road whilst they were near, the horses going at such a considerable pace, that when it reached the

Hogenberg, where the road is steep, they lost sight of it. It was exactly at the spot they afterwards found the body. Later in the day, they observed the same carriage pass through Lutzen, on the way back to Hamburgh.

When the news reached the latter city, a suspicion arose, partly founded on the letters P. R. W. observed on the sack, that the murdered person was a certain tobacco merchant, called Wächtler, who, according to his wife's report, had left home for a journey, on Wednesday, the 22d. It was remarked, however, that nobody whatever had either seen him depart, or was aware of his intention to do so; and it was well known that the husband and wife frequently had disagreements.

The suspicions were considerably augmented when, on the 20th, a person called Hennigs, who let out horses and carriages by the job, came forward to say, that he had been applied to by Frau Wächtler, whose neighbor he was, and with whom he was well acquainted, to convey her as far as Lubeck, where she expected to meet her husband. She was extremely urgent with him to set out on Thursday evening; but he had refused to travel by night, on account of the time of year; and they had agreed to start on the Friday. She was so impatient to depart, that even before that hour arrived, she sent a messenger to hasten him. As she had mentioned that she should have rather a cumbersome packet to carry with her, he had recommended that she should allow him to fetch it and arrange it on the carriage beforehand; but she said it was not necessary; she would see to that herself. Even in the morning he had not seen the package, for it was carried out whilst he was up stairs taking a cup of coffee by her invitation.

When they reached the Hogenberg, Frau Wächtler called to stop him, and saying she felt poorly, she requested him and the driver to walk forwards a little way, taking the child who accompanied her with them. They did so; but in a few minutes rejoined the carriage, and found the lady apparently quite recovered, and already preparing to lead the horses forwards.

When they had proceeded a little further, the same thing recurred; she complained again of illness, and requested Hennigs to return to Hamburgh, as she found herself unable to go forward. He complied; having first proceeded as far as Schoneberg, for the purpose of baiting his horses. They

had reached Hamburgh on the same evening. He had no suspicion of anything wrong at the time; but on hearing that a body had been found exactly on the spot where the lady had descended from the carriage, he had thought it his duty to come forward.

Upon this disclosure, persons acquainted with Wächtler were ordered to visit Lubeck, for the purpose of identifying the remains. Their report confirmed the worst surmises; the murdered person was, beyond a doubt, the tobacco merchant!

It seems strange, that on such presumptive evidence as this, Frau Wächtler should not have been arrested; however, she was not. They only placed a guard before her house, to prevent her from communicating with persons from without; whilst crowds of excited and curious people assembled before her door, gratuitously performing the same office.

A variety of circumstances now came to light that strongly tended to inculcate her. As the house was very small, it seemed almost impossible that Wächtler could have left it, as she asserted, at three o'clock in the morning, unheard by the servants; nor could she assign any reasonable motive for his going at all. He had taken neither trunk nor portmanteau; and his boots, knee-buckles, straps, and a black kerchief he wore round his throat, were left behind. Early in the morning of the 22d, she had sent for a laundress, called Newmann, and given her a blood-stained bed to wash, with a strict injunction to bring it back clean on the following Saturday. Newmann said that she found Frau Wächtler "sitting on her husband's bed, as white as a corpse." And when the laundress left her, she shut herself up in the chamber, having first ordered a large pitcher of water to be brought to the door; which pitcher was afterwards found empty.

An idea prevailed at first that the servants had been privy to, if not concerned in, the murder; but investigation proved this suspicion to be groundless. The report of the matter, as far as they knew, tended also to exonerate a young hairdresser, for whom Frau Wächtler seems to have entertained an undue partiality; and who was a subject of frequent altercations between the unfortunate couple.

The servants deposed that on the evening previous to the murder, a dispute on this subject had arisen, in which the husband threatened to be revenged on the object of

his jealousy; and that he had gone to his room, brandishing the kitchen hatchet, which he declared was to be the instrument of his vengeance; and that the Frau Wächtler had desired them to hide it under the child's bed, that it might be out of her husband's way, as she feared for her life.

About half-past two, Frau Wächtler awoke the servants, and ordered coffee to be immediately prepared for her husband, who was about to start on a journey. The cook went below to get it ready; but she desired the waiting-maid to stay beside her; and when it was brought up they drank it together, the wife sitting the while on the side of her husband's bed, and looking very pale. She said she had been disturbed and had no sleep on account of her husband's early departure. The bed-clothes were drawn up, and the servants supposed their master to be there asleep; but after a short time, as he did not stir, they inquired for him, and were told that he had just stopt to a neighbor's to see to the packing of some wares he intended to take away with him, and would be back immediately. She asserted in her own defence that he did return while the servants were below; however they did not see him; and it appears clearly, that whilst she was sitting on the side of the bed drinking coffee with her maid, and talking, as they said, of different matters, the murdered man was lying under the bed-clothes—a scene altogether worthy of a French melo-drama.

It was after this that she sent for the laundress, and then shut herself up for some hours. When the servants were again admitted to her room, she appeared to have been washing linen: the water was red, and there were some stains of blood on the floor. One of these seemed to point to a neighboring room, and the cook, whose curiosity was somewhat aroused, went there. She saw three sacks standing together; two contained foul linen, but in the middle one she thought she felt a human head. Horror-struck she left the room, but she could not resist the feeling that urged her to return, and now she was sure of it; she felt not only the head, but the knees and calves of the leg.

Overcome with terror she rushed out of the room, and went below to the kitchen, where her mistress presently came, and forbade anybody to enter that particular chamber, "as there were some trifles there that she did not wish disturbed." When she was gone, the cook, however, crept up stairs

again: but now the door was fastened. The woman said in her evidence that it occurred to her that it must be her master; but on the other hand she had thought it impossible that her mistress could have contrived and executed such a deed alone.

At five o'clock in the afternoon it was customary to light a fire in the low mysterious chamber; and when that hour arrived the cook inquired if she might enter it for that purpose. Her mistress bade her go, and she now found it open; but where the sack had stood she saw a large piece of wood that belonged to Wächtler; the floor was wet, and appeared to have been lately washed.

During the whole of the day Frau Wächtler pretended to be expecting her husband's return; and seeing the hair-dresser pass beneath the window, she called him in and told him Wächtler would be back presently, and talked to him for half an hour without betraying the slightest confusion. In the evening she gave up all expectation of seeing her husband that day. She said he had doubtless gone on to Lubeck, and she desired the waiting-maid to bid her mother come and pass the night with her—a significant circumstance. However long her husband had been absent, she had never made such a request before. Her guilty conscience feared the night.

On the following day, which was Tuesday, she made arrangements with Hennigs about the journey, and invited Sheely, the hair-dresser, to accompany her, which he declined. She also employed a porter to pack up a variety of wares, which she said she was going to carry to her husband. In the middle of the night the old woman, who still slept with her, expressed some apprehension with respect to the safety of Herr Wächtler. Not that she suspected him to have been murdered; but she represented to the lady that she should not have allowed him to leave home after so serious a disagreement as they had had on Tuesday evening; "who could tell but he might make away with himself?" But Frau Wächtler bade her fear nothing; "she knew him better!"

When the carriage arrived on Friday morning, she invited Hennigs and the postilion to come up stairs to drink coffee; at the same time bidding the servant to remain above with the children. During this interval it was, that with the porter's assistance, the mysterious sack, now sewed in matting, was carried below, and placed

in the carriage, "leaning against the opposite door." Then all being ready she took her youngest daughter by the hand; they stept in, Hennigs mounted the box, and they drove away.

There was one more witness against her—this very daughter, a child of seven years old. She was accustomed to sleep with her father; and she related that on the night in question, just as the clock was striking two, her mother had lifted her out of the father's bed, and had placed her in the other, with her brothers. The suddenness of the action seems thoroughly to have awakened the child, for although she was bade go to sleep again directly, she found it impossible to do so: and as she lay feigning sleep to satisfy her mother, she observed her leave the room, and presently return with a hatchet, with which she struck the father; "Father stirred a little: and there was blood upon the sheet. Then mother sat down on father's bed and drew the clothes up over him, and I went to sleep."

At a second examination, this little girl said that the young hair-dresser had been present, and assisted at the murder; and that she had also witnessed the dismembering of the body. The barber's alibi, however, was clearly proved, although the other particulars of her relation were correct; for Frau Wächtler made a full confession before she died; which, strange to say, was not till three years after the murder, so long did the trial continue in spite of her evident guilt. In the course of it, she accused a dyer called Kühn of having committed the crime, at her instigation. Kühn had no great difficulty in proving his innocence; but he said that although he had not done it himself, and indeed had no acquaintance with Frau Wächtler, that he nevertheless knew very well who had done it; it was a person called Jauché; a manufacturer of varnish. Yet was Jauché as innocent as his accuser; the grounds of his impeachment were, that a voice from heaven had informed him of Jauché's guilt, whilst he was in prison; and that though very poor before, Jauché had exhibited symptoms of affluence since the tobacco merchant's death.

Frau Wächtler was executed on the 14th of December, 1788, after having been several times submitted to the torture; a system which we are rather surprised to find existing in Hamburgh at so late a period. Though pain extorted various contradictory confessions from her, she only avowed

the truth on the day of her death; and then upon conditions that it should not be disclosed while she was alive. She said that she had committed the murder herself without any assistance, and that the act had been prompted by revenge against her husband for having affronted her in presence of others.

How this extraordinary and wretched woman died, the records do not inform us; but during the course of the proceedings, she frequently boasted of her invincible character; and indeed, except the fear that caused her to send for the old woman to sleep with her, and which on some following nights prevailed so far, as to make her request her maids not only to bring their beds into her chamber, but to watch by her whilst she slept, she seems scarcely to have exhibited any characteristic of humanity. She deliberately murdered and dismembered her husband in the presence of her children, the eldest of whom was eleven years of age, and who might or might not be asleep—one of them, as it was proved, was awake; she drank coffee with half a dozen people, her maids, Schultz, Grüner, the schoolmaster, &c., seated on the bed where lay her victim, covered by the bed-clothes. She conversed cheerfully on the road to Lubeck, in spite of her fearful travelling companion, and ate heartily where they stopped to bait, of provisions which had been placed in the carriage under the mysterious package!

How her physical strength sufficed to make such arrangements and contrivances for concealment, in the course of the fatal morning after the murder, without any assistance, was so great a matter of wonder at the time, that it was the main cause of the protracted trial. The authorities could not for a long time be convinced that she had neither aiders nor abettors.

But to return to the poisoners of the present century.

Madame Ursinus was a woman of rank, the widow of a man who held a distinguished office under government; and who from her own personal endowments, as well as her fortune and condition, lived beloved, admired, and respected, in the first circles of Berlin. Her manners were peculiarly fascinating and endearing, her reputation was unblemished, and her universal charity and benevolence caused her to be as much beloved by the poor, as she was respected by the rich.

Her husband, the privy councillor Ursinus, had died in the year 1800, and the usual period of mourning and retirement

having expired, the lady had opened her doors again to her friends, and was in the habit of seeing a great deal of company. On the 5th of March, 1803, there was an assembly at her house, and she was sitting at the whist table, when one of her footmen entered with evident signs of terror in his countenance, saying that several officers of police were in the antechamber, and desired to speak with her. Madame Ursinus rose from her seat without betraying the smallest agitation, gracefully apologized to her friends for the interruption, and quitted the room with the remark that it must be some mistake, and she would just speak to the officers and return immediately.

But she came not—the brilliant company sat still with their cards in their hands—several minutes elapsed—a quarter of an hour—still no Madame Ursinus. They looked at each other—what could it mean? Presently a liveried servant, with his face pale as ashes, appeared at the door, and a whisper ran around the room, that Madame Ursinus had been arrested, for administering poison to one of her servants, and had been carried to prison. If a volcano had suddenly arisen and spouted flames in the middle of the city, it could not have created greater amazement. The excitement was indescribable.

The earliest particulars that reached the public were as follows:—

One of her servants, called Benjamin Klein, who apparently acted as butler, had complained some time in the month of February, of being unwell; and Madame Ursinus had recommended him to take some broth, which she herself administered. Instead of being the better for it, he found himself worse; and on the 28th, she gave him some raisins, which were to act as an emetic. He became, in fact, very sick; and suffered such extreme pain, that he said he thought he must vomit more before he should be relieved. She then gave him some rice milk, and finally, on the 3d of March, some plums; but these last, instead of eating, he carried to an apothecary, who found them stuffed with arsenic. The man grew worse and worse; and the physician declared his sufferings were the effect of poison; upon this Madame Ursinus was arrested.

These rumors were soon followed by others. It was remembered that a certain Dutch officer, named Ragay, to whom Madame Ursinus had been much attached, had died of a strange and lingering disease;

that the privy councillor, her husband, had been seized with a violent vomiting in the night, during which time no one had attended him but herself; and that he had died, on the following morning, shortly after the arrival of his medical attendants; and thirdly, that a maiden aunt of the lady's had died in a somewhat like manner, in the year 1801. It was asserted, that she had poisoned them all; and the bodies of the two latter were disinterred and examined. With respect to the husband, nothing could be made out; but the presumption that she had poisoned the aunt was very strong, both from the state of the intestines, and the clearly established fact that she had arsenic in her possession whilst she was with the deceased in her last illness. As for Ragay, the doctors who had attended him said that he had died of consumption. Certain it was, however, that for years she had been in the habit of carrying a provision of poison about with her. She declared on her trial, that she kept it with the intention of destroying her own life; and that she had poisoned Klein in order to have an opportunity of observing the effects of arsenic, and ascertaining the requisite dose; but nobody had ever seen any symptoms of her entertaining such a design.

The servant Klein did not die, but after much suffering recovered, and lived for twenty-eight years on a pension assigned to him out of the property of his mistress. In reference to this, people used to point him out to strangers as "the man who lived by poison." Neither, however much appearances were against her, could Madame Ursinus be convicted of the two first crimes laid to that charge; but she was found guilty of poisoning her aunt, and for that and the attempt on the life of Klein, she was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. She was confined in the fortress of Glatz, where she was allowed a well-furnished room, with a great many conveniences, and a female companion to cheer her solitude. She was also visited by a vast number of strangers, whom she very willingly received; and if they were influential persons she never failed to solicit their interference in her favor. She wore satins and fine linen; and seems, in consideration of her rank and connexions, to have been treated with a degree of indulgence she little deserved. She lived in this confinement for thirty years; and then, being seventy years of age, she received some further mitigation

of her penalty; being permitted to live freely within certain precincts of the city. Here she received company, and was visited, not only by foreigners, but by her own country people; and it is related that a lady, at one of her evening parties, having evinced some uneasiness at seeing grains of a white substance sprinkled over a salad she was about to eat, Madame Ursinus said sarcastically, "Don't be afraid; it's not arsenic."

Indeed, on the very day she was set free, she invited a party to take coffee with her; and the next morning it was currently reported that every one of the company had been poisoned. Very ill they were; but the cause of their indisposition proved to be the waggery of some thoughtless person, who, for the purpose of giving them a fright, had contrived to mix some drugs with the coffee.

Madame Ursinus lived to a great age, and at length died in the year 1836, in the odor of sanctity. Five carriages, full of friends and acquaintances, followed the hearse that bore her to her last home; the churchyard could not contain the crowds that assembled to witness the interment; twelve poor orphans sang hymns of gratitude over her grave; and friendly hands strewed the earth that covered her with flowers. Yet, Madame Ursinus died without having ever confessed her crimes, nor, as far as could be judged by appearances, ever repented of them; neither was the motive for their commission ever clearly made out.

The story we next turn to relates to a person in a different rank of life.

In the year 1809, there resided in a part of Prussia, called the Oberland, a respectable middle-aged female, who supported herself by knitting. She was a widow, who had evidently seen and suffered much. Her deportment was particularly quiet, and her manner pleasing and friendly. The fear of God and the love of her neighbor appeared to be the ruling principles of her life; and she was looked upon as a worthy and excellent person; who, however, in spite of her industry, found some difficulty in keeping herself above want. She went by the name of Nannette Schönleben. She was a native of Nuremberg, and her maiden name was Steinacker. After the vicissitudes of a varied life, she had settled down to this obscure and humble mode of existence; but it was understood, that if an opportunity offered of improving her condition, she

would be glad to avail herself of it. Her excellent reputation soon procured her such a situation as she desired.

In the month of March, 1808, a person of the name of Glaser, who resided at Kasendorf, engaged her in the capacity of housekeeper at the recommendation of his own son, who had some small dealings with her, and had formed a very favorable opinion of her character. Her conduct soon procured her not only the approbation but the confidence of her master; and the use she made of her influence was one that obtained her universal commendation. Glaser, a man of fifty years of age, had for several years been living apart from his wife. It was said that there was no fault on the part of the lady to justify this separation; and in spite of the injury it was likely to do herself, Nannette undertook to bring about a reconciliation. She wrote letters to the wife; she engaged the friends on both sides to aid her in this pious work; and even though a Protestant herself, sent money to a Roman Catholic priest, with a request that he would say a mass for the success of her enterprise.

It did succeed; Frau Glaser allowed herself to be persuaded—the husband declared himself prepared to receive her with open arms; and the lady, who was at a distance, started for Kasendorf; but, as it appears, with a heavy heart, and strange presentiments. In a letter afterwards produced, which she wrote to her relations at the time, she said, "I cannot describe what I feel; there is a struggle within my heart that I am unable to account for! can it be a forewarning of evil?"

The husband went some distance on the road to meet the wife; and Nannette prepared a fête for their reception, which was not very consistent with the circumstances of the case. The whole village assembled to welcome them; the house was decorated with garlands; the bed of this second bridal was strewn with flowers, and the following couplet was appended to the hangings:—

"The widow's hand
Has wove the band."

These ill-judged and delicate arrangements appear to have excited no displeasure amongst the parties concerned.

Glaser seemed disposed to treat his wife with great kindness, and the lady was becoming quite reconciled to the re-union, when, unfortunately, she was taken ill, and died on the 26th of August; exactly four weeks after her arrival at Kasendorf.

Shortly after this unfortunate event, Nannette transferred herself to the service of a gentleman called Grohmann, who resided at Sanspar il. Glaser gave her the best of characters. Grohmann was a fine young man, only twenty-eight years of age; but he suffered from frequent fits of gout; and the devotion with which Nannette nursed him on these occasions, was truly admirable.

In spite of her tender care, however, the young man thought he would rather be nursed by a wife, and he accordingly made advances to a lady who accepted his proposals; and everything being arranged, the marriage was about to be solemnized, when Grohmann was taken suddenly ill. Nannette never quitted his bed-side during the progress of his sufferings, which were fearful; but he died, and she was inconsolable. Her tears and cries rent the hearts of all beholders. She was, however, under the necessity of seeking another situation; and the manner in which she had conducted herself in the two former places, recommended her so strongly, that a lady of the name of Gebhard, who was about to be confined, thought herself particularly fortunate in obtaining her services. Accordingly, Nannette attended her during her indisposition, and the child was happily born; but on the third day things took an ill turn. The lady was seized with vomitings, and, after enduring much pain, she died. The infant was committed to the care of Nannette, who nursed it with the greatest tenderness. Some people were certainly silly enough to advise Mr. Gebhard not to keep in his service so unlucky a person. Doubtless, she was an excellent woman, a clever servant; but misfortune seemed to follow her footsteps. Mr. Gebhard, however, had no belief in such fatalities, and, for several months, she remained in his house, at the head of his establishment; and although certainly, there *were* very frequent indispositions amongst the servants, and even amongst the visitors who frequented the house, no suspicions were awakened; and Nannette remained high in the esteem and confidence of her employer; till on the 1st September, 1808, a large party having assembled at Mr. Gebhard's, to play at bowls, the whole company were taken ill, after drinking some beer which Nannette had brought from the cellar.

Strange thoughts now seemed to have found their way into the minds of the sufferers. Nobody, however, ventured to de-

nounce Nannette; they only urged Mr. Gebhard to part with her, she was so unlucky! To oblige them, he consented to do so; but he gave her excellent testimonials, and behaved to her in the most liberal manner.

Nannette did not conceal that she was very much pained by this dismissal, and expressed extreme grief at leaving her beloved little charge; but she showed no temper. She was diligent, active, and obliging to the last moment—nay, even sportive; for it being remarked that she took the trouble of filling the salt-cellar with her own hands just before she departed, she said she did it “to bring luck to those she left behind.” So kind was her master that when the coach which was to carry her away came to the door, he invited her to take a cup of chocolate with him before she went. She took a tender leave of the child, and gave it some milk and biscuit, lamenting how much he would miss his kind nurse. This done, she bade adieu to her fellow-servants and drove away.

She had not, however, been gone a quarter of an hour, when the whole family, at least the child, and several persons who had partaken of the chocolate, were seized with violent pains and vomitings; whereupon the servants declared their suspicions of Nannette. Many circumstances were recalled that rendered it scarcely possible to doubt her guilt; but so much difficulty had Gebhard in altering his opinion of her, that though on examination a quantity of arsenic was found in the salt barrel, he allowed a month to pass before he took any measures for her apprehension.

In the meantime, quite at her ease, and with a degree of confidence that long impunity can alone account for, Nannette Schönleben pursued her journey. On the road she wrote a letter to Mr. Gebhard, expressing her conviction that the infant would be so unhappy without her that he would be under the necessity of recalling her; and she remained for some days within such a distance as would have rendered her return *easy*. However, no summons reaching her, it became necessary to look for a residence elsewhere; but she now found that wherever she was known, people objected to receive her under their roof.

At length, being driven from house to house, she resolved to seek refuge with her own daughter, who was married, and inhabited a small house in Franconia. When she reached the spot she found her son-in-

law gaily dressed, surrounded by a party of his friends; but, alas! there was no part in their rejoicings for her. Her daughter was in jail, and the husband who had divorced her, was about to marry again.

It was not till October, 1809, that Mr. Gebhard made up his mind to have Nannette apprehended. It was then found that she was the widow of a notary, whose name was Zwanziger, but that she had very good reasons for dropping this appellation and assuming another. She, of course, professed to be the most innocent creature in the world; but the bodies of the persons she had murdered were disinterred, and presented ample evidence of her guilt. Innumerable circumstances were also recalled, showing that she had repeatedly administered poison in greater or less quantities to the servants and visitors of her previous employers.

Her trial commenced on the 16th April, 1810. She at first denied everything; but when she learned that poison had been found in the stomachs of her victims, she confessed to having twice administered arsenic to the deceased Frau Glaser. She had no sooner made this avowal than she dropped to the earth as if she were shot; and fell into such violent convulsions that they were obliged to remove her from the court.

In the interval that elapsed between her trial and execution, she wrote a sketch of her own biography, from which we learn that she was at this period about fifty years of age. She declared that she had been handsome in her youth, but no remains of beauty could be traced in her meagre, cadaverous features, the expression of which, in spite of the constrained smile that sat ever upon her lips, appears to have been odious and repelling, a circumstance which renders her successful deceptions the more extraordinary.

At the age of twenty-one she inherited some property that her parents had bequeathed her. On this accession of wealth, her husband seems for a time to have flung aside his former moroseness. At all events he helped her to spend the money in balls and carousals; and when they came to the end of it, their former mode of life was resumed. He lived in the wine houses, and she alone; but as he constantly pressed her for supplies, which she had not the means of furnishing, she seems to have found a mode of raising funds, as discreditable to herself as dishonorable to him.

Fortune, however, once more smiled upon this well-matched pair. Zwanziger obtained a prize in the lottery; and again the house resounded with the song and the dance. When this supply was exhausted, the lady eloped with an officer, but returned at the request of her husband. He, however, applied for a divorce, and obtained it, but it was no sooner published, than they were re-married; and she declared that after this they had lived very happily together, "she having remarked that Zwanziger had noble sentiments and an affectionate heart!"

The notary died suddenly in 1796, and it is by no means clear that she did not help him out of the world before his time. From that period her fortune gradually declined, till she became a servant. She lived with a variety of people in different capacities, and amongst the rest as nursery-maid in some English families!

At this degradation her pride seems to have been dreadfully wounded. She "laughed and cried in one breath; and when her employers issued their orders, she smiled and left their presence respectfully, but made a point of neglecting their commands." Naturally, she had soon no commands to obey.

She had next recourse to one of her former lovers. He received her for a time; but as he soon became cold and neglectful, she resolved to open a vein in her arm and die. In this project, however, she failed, at least as far as regards the dying. She only lost a cupfull of blood; and the unfeeling man, instead of exhibiting any alarm, "turned away and laughed when she showed it him."

Determined to convince him of her sincerity, she next proceeded to the river to drown herself. "She took her maid servant with her, and a volume of poems, which she read by the way. When she arrived at that fatal line—

'My life's so sad that I must end it!'

she precipitated herself into the water. Two fishermen, however, who happened to be at hand, dragged her out again, and she received no danger but the wetting of her clothes. As soon as they were sufficiently dry, she sent them by the maid to her hard-hearted lover, as a convincing proof of her inexorable determination to quit a world in which she was so little appreciated. He returned them by the bearer with a small sum of money, and a strong recommenda-

tion to quit the place without delay; and that the further she went the better he should be pleased."

To the want of compassion exhibited by this person she principally attributed her embittered and revengeful spirit. In short, it would seem as if a devil had entered into her! "When I opened the vein in my arm," she writes, "he laughed. And when I reminded him that I was not the first woman that had killed herself on his account, he laughed too! Henceforth, whenever I did anybody a mischief, I said to myself, nobody shows me mercy, and I will show none to others."

After this she entered into various services at Vienna and other places. Her last situation was in the family of a Mr. Von S——; but as the work was fatiguing and the wages low, she resolved to quit it, "but her guardian angel whispered to her not to go without insuring herself some compensation. On the same day, as one of the children was playing with his mother's jewels, he offered her a ring. It seemed as if a voice within her bade her accept it." She took the hint and departed. But this treacherous spirit having also prompted her to possess herself of the contents of an escrutoire, she was advertised, by name, in the public journals; and her son-in-law happening to see the paragraph, turned her out of doors. Upon this she wrote to reproach Mr. Von S. for his want of delicacy in thus exposing her; and then changing her name to Schönleben, she established herself in a small town called Neumarkt, as an instructor of young females in needlework, &c. For some time she conducted herself prudently, and might have prospered, had she not admitted the visits of an antiquated debauchee, whom she hoped to inveigle into marriage, and thus "to recover her position in life, and to hear herself called 'Your Excellency,' before she died!"

Her project failed; and having lost both her lover and her newly acquired reputation, she was obliged again to set out upon her travels. Then it was she settled in the Oberland, where we first introduced her; and by her quiet demeanor, piety, and humility, contrived to establish herself once more in the good opinion of her neighbors. But whilst her outward bearing was that of a saint, her heart was full of hatred and revenge; and she longed to retaliate upon mankind the misery she fancied they had inflicted upon her.

She seems to have had two projects—vengeance and her own reintegration. For

twenty years she had been driven about the world, subject to all sorts of insults and indignities. She was now fifty years of age; but she did not despair of repairing her fortunes by marriage. The servile condition was hateful to her. To be once more a lady, and command others as she had been commanded, was her hope and her object. But how difficult an enterprise! What road was open to her? She wanted power—and after seeking in all directions for the weapon that was to acquire it, she fixed upon poison as the means of her worldly advancement and the instrument of her hoarded vengeance.

It was with this view that she brought about the reconciliation between Glaser and his wife. The victim's path was strewn with flowers—garlands wreathed the bed of this second bridal, and pæans welcomed her to her husband's home; but the mortal poison was already in her cup.

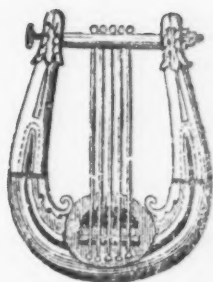
By her assiduous attention during his fits of sickness, she hoped to win the heart of her next master, Grohmann; but when she found he was about to marry another, she compensated herself for her disappointment by the gratification of her revenge.

With the same object she poisoned Gebhard's wife; she gave arsenic to the child when she quitted him, in the hope that his consequent uneasiness and cries would occasion her recall; and for the innumerable other persons, to whom she administered smaller doses, slight offences, and her immitigable hatred to mankind, were the impelling motives.

By her own confession, it is evident that she revelled in the sense of power she enjoyed from the possession of this secret and murderous weapon. From the gratification it afforded her, she grew actually to love it for its own sake. When, in prison, a parcel of arsenic was placed before her, her eyes glistened with the passionate desire to possess it; and when she was about to be executed, she avowed that her death would be a happy event for mankind, as she was sure she never could have renounced the pleasure of using it.

She took a great liking to the advocate that defended her; and exhibited her regard by requesting, if it were permitted, she might be allowed to visit him from the other world, in order to give him demonstrative evidence of a future life.

She died without repentance; and took leave of the sheriff and executioner on the scaffold with as courteous a bow as if she retiring from a morning visit.



From Ta't's Magazine.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Non Turba, non vetat Crucis,
Mortisque diræ scandalum
Inter furentes, quærere
Signo peremptum, milites—
Tu prima Testis!
Hymnus Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenes.

Poor penitent of Bethany!
The fame hath spread of thee
To the earth's utmost bound—where'er
To Jesu bends the knee;
Thy long repentance, quenchless love,
Thy sins by God forgiven,
Endear thee to each Saint on earth,
And angel bands in Heaven.

Mary! in that last darksome hour
Of agony and scorn,
When the stout-hearted and the bold
Denied their God forlorn—
Strong in thy deep humility,
Last at the cross wast thou,
Gazing in adoration rapt
Upon the thorn-crowned brow!

Mary! first by the sepulchre
Thou wast at early dawn,
Faith's mighty jubilee to keep,
Hope's resurrection morn!
Laden with India's fragrant spice,
'Twas all thou had'st to bring,
An offering at the lowly shrine
Of thy mocked God and King.

Mary! the painters picture well
That wan sweet face of thine,
The scattered hair, the upraised eyes,
That softly tearful shine—
As though thine oft-repentèd sins
Yet lived in memory's sight,
And cast a chastening shadow o'er
Thy faith's triumphant light.

Mary! full oft on history's page
A woman's name hath stood,
As victor, queen, or martyr-saint—
A glorious sisterhood!
And none more brightly shines than thine
Amid the loved of Heaven—
The land-mark of the lost, that tells
Of hope, and sin forgiven.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE STRIFE AND THE REPOSE.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Lo! a peasant child lay sleeping,
Dream-bound in the sun;
Changes into life were leaping
Round him, many a one.

There were sounds of village wassail
Borne upon the breeze;—
Arm'd bands of lord and vassal
Swept beneath the trees.

There were groans of ire and anguish
Outraged homes among;
Vows of vengeance ne'er to languish
Through closed chambers rung.

Then came roar and strife of battle,
Clash of sword and spear,
Rallying shout and cannon's rattle,
Death-cries dread to hear.

Woman's eyes were red with weeping,
Freedom's race was run,
While that peasant child lay sleeping
Dream-bound in the sun.

And that day a King descended
From his place of pride;
Straight from throne to dungeon wended,
And to doom beside.

While a tyrant smote the nation
With an evil hand—
Rapine, fire, and desolation,
Raged at his command.

Goodly towns were ta'en and plunder'd,
Stately halls laid low,
Loving hearts for ever sunder'd,
Beauty quench'd in love.

Morning dawn'd in smiles and hearken'd
To glad sounds alone—
Evening found the glory darken'd
And the gladness gone.

So was wassail changed for weeping,
Empire lost and won,
While that peasant child lay sleeping,
Dream-bound in the sun.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

1.

SHE has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
 She has counted six and over,
 Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
 Oh, each a worthy lover!
 They "give her time;" for her soul must slip
 Where the world has set the grooving:
 She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
 But she seeks truer loving.

2.

SHE trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
 As her thoughts were beyond her recalling;
 With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
 From her eyelids rising and falling!
 —Speaks common words with a blushful air;
 —Hears bold words, unreprieving:
 But her silence says—what she never will swear—
 And love seeks better loving.

3.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
 And drop a smile to the bringer;
 Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
 At the voice of an in-door singer!
 Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
 Glance lightly, on their removing;
 And join new vows to old perjuries—
 But dare not call it loving!

4.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
 No other is soft in the rhythm;
 Unless you can feel, when left by One,
 That all men beside go with him;
 Unless you can know, when unpraised by his
 breath,
 That your beauty itself wants proving;
 Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
 Oh, fear to call it loving!

5.

Unless you can muse, in a crowd all day.
 On the absent face that fixed you;
 Unless you can love as angels may,
 With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
 Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
 Through behaving and unbehaving;
 Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
 Oh, never call it loving!

"WHERE SHALL I TURN TO FORGET, AND BE AT PEACE?"

Oh woman, when thy golden youth is gone,—
 Swiftly hath died away,
 As light from the sweet day,—
 How shalt thou meet the night which cometh on?

When none shall heed thy voice—no earthly friend
 Shall whisper in thine ear,
 Words thou wouldst die to hear—
 "I love thee still the same, until the end;"

Where shalt thou turn from the remembered past
 Through the dark years to come?—
 The heart must have a home,
 Something whereon to lean, even to the last.

A pitying voice shall tell thee, whispering low
 To the still soul within;
 "Only be pure from sin;
 What though of earthly joy thou canst not know?"

"I feel thy grief—I have shed human tears,
 I know thy sorrow well,
 Better than thou canst tell,
 I know the darkness of thy lonely years.

"Yet tremble not—though there be none beside,
 Though the deep waters roll,
 Over thy prostrate soul,
 Thy God shall be thy stay—for thee He died."

From Tait's Magazine.

WOMAN'S MORN, NOON, AND EVENING.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

It was the dewy morning of the world;
 It was the spring-tide of the human race;
 A golden-ringed and spotted snake was curled
 Around an infant's neck in fond embrace;
 The full-maned lion lay beside the lamb:
 A tawny, fire-eyed panther in green bowers
 Was to a milk-white fawn the foster dam;
 And woman gathered Eden's odorous flowers.

It was the scorching noon-tide of our star—
 Hot tropic summer suns oppressed the earth;
 The beams of chivalry, like lances, far
 Gleamed on a battle plain of woe and dearth;
 The knight lay gasping through his steel-barred helm,
 The squire lay white in death and stern in pride,
 The king had fled his saddle and his realm,
 But woman watched her true-love knight beside.

It was the purple evening of the world—
 At evening time there shall be blessed light—
 War's blood-red banner by fair peace was furled,
 And brotherhood's clasped hands with rings were
 bright;
 Men's homes were beautiful, and rich and high,
 And earth was blooming through her grassy leas,
 And over all there was a solemn sky,
 And woman sat with children on her knees.



THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

A Christmas Story.

BY THE DANISH POET, ANDERSEN.

It was so terribly cold,—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year,—New Year's Eve. On this cold dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they!—They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were too large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold,—she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold and looked so downcast!—The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast beef in the street,—it was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, *ritch!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it,—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat by a large iron stove with brass balls on the top; the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that?

The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them, too; when the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as crape; she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table which was laid out, and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back; it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas-tree,—it was still larger and more ornamental than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's, the last Christmas: a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished,—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars,—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh! take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out,—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!"—and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle,—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, so high, in splendor and joy, there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety,—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth,—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse

as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen,—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's Joys.

INTEMPERANCE OF GREAT MEN.—The biographers of some of the most distinguished literary characters of this and other countries, present lamentable examples of the direful effects of alcoholic liquors on the intellect. The national injuries thus sustained may be considered in a two-fold point of view; that is, in the first place, from the partial incapacity for mental labor which is thereby produced; and secondly, the premature mortality of men whose mental exertions might otherwise have greatly benefited their country. Byron and Burns form prominent examples. Prior, according to his biography, was not free from the charge of intemperance. Dr. King states that Pope hastened his end by drinking spirits. Pope remarks that Parnell was a great follower of drams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries—all agreed that he was a sot, and finished his existence. Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for his sobriety: "but for the last ten years of his life," observes Dennis, "he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end." "Cowley's death," remarked Pope, "was occasioned by a mean accident, while his great friend, Dean Pratt, was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbor of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of the times, made them too welcome. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever, and carried him off." The immortal Shakspeare also fell a victim to the same direful habit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO "PUNCH."—The two unfinished series of papers called "Mrs. Bib's Baby" and "Miss Robinson Crusoe," were by Jerrold. He has just begun the "English in Little." The Snob papers are written by Mr. Thackeray, the Michael Angelo Titmarsh and Captain Fitzboodle of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Thackeray uses pencil as well as pen, and generally illustrates his own productions himself. Your readers may recognise his etching by a pair of spectacles in the corner. Mr. Thackeray, also, generally dashes off the squibs upon matters connected with French literature and manners. The only serial work Mr. G. A. A'Beckett is at present engaged upon in *Punch* is the "Political Dictionary." Many of the most sparkling and punny paragraphs are from his pen. The "Tales of the Marines" are the production of Mr. Perceval Leigh, a gentleman who has been connected with *Punch* from its earliest times. The Spanish ballads are by Mr. Tom Taylor, the Professor of English Literature at the London University. Besides these gentlemen, the *Punch* staff includes Mark Lemon, the editor, and Horace Mayhew, the "sub," both graceful, lively, and sparkling writers. The illustrations are by Leech, Doyle, and Newman. The funny little corner etchings, illustrative of all manner of social miseries, are from the pencil of the first of these gentlemen; and Mr. Doyle (a son of H. B.) shines in the more fanciful vignettes and grotesque conceits—full of little men with big heads—which so frequently encircle the first letter of an article.—*Correspondent of the Inverness Courier.*

THE FATHER OF THE FRENCH BAR.—The senior member of the Paris bar is at present M. Girard de Bury, who has just completed his 100th year. At the period of the Revolution, after the dissolution of the Parliaments, he was named judge, and sat at first at the Châtelet and afterwards at the Minimes. M. Girard de Bury was President of the Lepelletier section at the period when the sections revolted against the Convention. He was, like many others, obliged to fly; but, at the Restoration, he resumed his profession, and has ever since had his name on the roll. On the 22d, a family fête took place at his residence at Petit Montronge, on the occasion of his completing his 100th year. Several of the members of the Paris bar were present, and, among the rest, M. Berryer. In the evening, it was M. Girard de Bury himself who led off the ball with one of his young relatives. All the company admired the spirits and health of their centenarian host.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

MEDITATIONS ON THE "OLD DUKE."—We wandered down Grosvenor-place, where we passed "the duke," with a lady on his arm. Age seemed to have improved him; we never saw him look half so well. He was sprucely and handsomely attired in a blue frock-coat, white trousers, white tie, and a glossy hat; and save that his step had become a little more feeble, he did not look the worse for wear. We passed him by, and, gaining a good crossing over which we knew his way would lie, stopped to have a good look. Aye! there he was, the glorious duke—that grey-haired, fresh-colored, plain-looking, shaky old gentleman. Can that be he upon whose breath hung the issues of life and death for thousands? Was it that broken voice, whose accents we could scarcely catch, that thundered, in the earthquake tones of victory, the memorable "Up, guards, and at them?" Was it he who overthrew, one after another the picked marshals of Napoleon, and, at last, the great chief himself? We wonder does he ever muse alone, and at night, of the scenes through which he has passed? Do the dead come back to him in dreams? Does he ever think of the thousands of brave, and chivalrous, and high-spirited men who have fallen at his very side? Does he think of the slaughtered thousands of Badajos, of the summits of Barossa, or of the fiery struggle of Waterloo? Has the flush of pride, which he used to feel in the hour of victory, faded as much from his soul as the eagle glance has vanished from his eye? Are the scenes through which he has borne himself so gloriously, mellowed by the hand of time, still painted on the eye of memory? Or are all those brave spirits forgotten in the misty haze of the past, in the chaos of battles and sieges, of which, it may be, he does not now remember even the very names? Each succeeding anniversary of Waterloo finds that band of veterans who fought beside him grown thinner. "They will soon be blotted from the things that be;" and the man of iron frame—he who led them on to victory—survives still. He has had his fill of all the honors this world could bestow—unbounded wealth, unrivalled glory, titles, fame, riches—all the blessings with which the poet's fancy could adorn old age—"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" are his. But we would give a trifle to know if he feels any satisfaction now at the possession of them all, or if the knowledge taught by the experience of the wise man of old has come to him at last—that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

POLES IN SIBERIA.—The *Paris Siècle* has an article on the Poles in Siberia, taken mainly from the Journal of M. Piatrowski, a fugitive from that vast prison-house of Russia. Some of the instances of cruelty in the treatment of these unfortunate men, who number upwards of 50,000, are too horrible for belief. Attempts at escape are punished with the greatest severity. The common punishment is a sort of running the gauntlet between two files of soldiers armed with rods. We copy a single case:

"According to the Russian military code, the sticks used in the application of the bastinado are to be of such a thickness, that three of them may be put together in the barrel of a regulation musket; but the sticks used on the Abbé Sieracinski and the others were so thick that they could be but with difficulty put in a musket barrel. According to the same regulation, the soldiers are to be in close columns, and not to move their elbows from their sides when in the act of striking, but on this occasion there was a distance of one step between each two men; and they were ordered to put their right feet forward, and to raise their arm, in order to strike with all their might. The infliction commenced on those sentenced to 7,000 blows; but the Abbé Sieracinski was left to be the last of them.

"The prisoners, naked to the waist, were led, each in his turn, 14 times through the ranks (two soldiers striking at once counts but for one blow). When the prisoner falls exhausted, he is raised up, and placed on a bench, where he is made to receive the remainder of his punishment. When the Abbé Sieracinski's turn arrived, a doctor went up to him and offered him drink, but he refused, and walked up to his executioners, singing the psalm, *Miserere mei, Deus!* As he was weak—his constitution shattered by long privations,—he fell after receiving 1,000 blows; he was then taken up, placed on the bench, made to kneel, his hands tied behind his back so as not to protect it, and his head tied to a stake. In this position he was taken round in front of his executioners. He still breathed after 4,000 blows. He shortly afterwards expired, and more than 2,000 blows were inflicted on his corpse!"

SAMUEL WARREN, THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."—"I have observed," says the *Spectator*, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." There are few men of our profession abroad of whom this is more true than of Mr. Warren. We understand that he is a barrister, nearly fifty years of age, in a respectable but somewhat limited business, and is neither remarkable for learning nor tact in his profession. He is a nervous person, and not prepossessing in his personal appearance, nor popular with the bar, who tell many laughable stories at his expense. One of the best things which he did, in his own estimation, was to write an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* several years ago, in which he ran a parallel between Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, much to the disparagement of the former. An invitation to dinner, subsequently, by the latter, and the election of Mr. Warren, are a part of the gossip of the English bar. His "Diary of a London Physician," and, more recently, his novel of "Ten Thousand a Year," gave him considerable reputation in the literary world, and the latter excited much attention, not only for its own intrinsic merits, of which it has many, but also from the fact that most of the

characters are drawn from life. Mr. Hayward, the former editor of the *Law Magazine*, in particular, is subjected to unsparing ridicule. When this book was published, the author was tried in the bar mess on one of the circuits under the person of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's servant; the charge being that this servant had written a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and ridiculous book, called "Ten Thousand a Year." He was convicted and sentenced to death, but, on a pathetic appeal to Mr. Talfourd, who testified to the good qualities of this servant, and promised for him that he would never be caught writing such a book again, the punishment was changed to transportation. Mr. Warren was present, and the bar took ample revenge for the ridicule cast upon some of their number by the author, and pleased themselves at the same time. It is not probable that Mr. Warren's legal reputation will ever be equal to his literary. A gentleman who happened to be present at the argument of *Saunders vs. Smith* (Mylne and Craig, 711), when Mr. Warren appeared for the first time at the chancery bar, stated in our hearing that his appearance was not graceful nor prepossessing, and although he sustained himself very well for the first half hour, he afterwards flagged, and provoked the smiles of the older members of the bar.—*Law Reporter*.

MISS MARTINEAU.—The celebrated Miss Harriet Martineau, whose arrival we last week mentioned, left Malta on the 16th ult. by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Ariel. Miss Martineau, during her short stay here, was visited by many persons of distinction, anxious to pay their homage at the shrine of talent.—*Malta Paper*.

THE POET MOORE.—At the meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, on Monday last, Thomas Moore, Esq., of Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, was admitted an honorary member, on account of his great poetical eminence.

INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS ON THE WEATHER.—The well-known natural philosopher, Dr. August, makes the following communication in a Berlin journal, on the "Influence of Railroads on the weather." When an extended portion of the earth's surface is brought by a net of railroad track into connection of electrical conductors, the accumulation of the atmosphere is prevented, as the iron tracks effect a constant electrical equilibrium between remote regions. By this means, a violent storm is rendered unlikely, and if one should arise, it will undergo a continual if not a considerable diminution. Doubtful as the theory of storms may be, so much is certain, that their origin is in the effect of nature to produce an equilibrium of opposite electricities, and that they break out with the more violence the greater the intensity of the opposition, which is produced beforehand by chemical processes that accompany evaporation. If one of these opposites, the electricity of the lower atmosphere for instance, is conducted away to other regions, the variation of the two is made less, and the violence with which the equilibrium is established is diminished. By being thus conducted away, the influence is lessened which the electricity of the lower atmosphere has on the clouds, and by which it attracts its opposite, thus accumulating storm and clouds on the electrical point. For this reason, in a level country where there are nets of railroads, a storm cannot acquire that force of opposite electricity and produce that heaping up of clouds which is possible where these conductors are

wanting. For some years past the writer believes that he has observed a change in the storms of this place, and asks the attention of students of natural philosophy to the proof of his hypothesis. It is a fact that since Berlin has become the focus of several railroads, there have been no violent storms, and all that have risen have had a rapid and gentle termination.—*Deutsche Schnellpost*.

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.—Mrs. Cowden Clarke, of Cravenhill College, Bayswater, author of the Shakspeare Concordance, has originated a subscription to rear a statue to the great bard, and invites all womankind to aid her project. The following is the inscription which it is proposed to place upon the monument:—"In honor of William Shakspeare this statue is erected by womankind, and in testimony that they esteem him as their greatest human benefactor."

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoleon, of all the members of his family the one in whom the Emperor placed the greatest confidence, was born January 7, 1768, in Corsica. He was educated at the College of Autun, in Burgundy. In 1792, he became a member of the departmental administration of Corsica, under the presidency of the celebrated Pascal Paoli. When the English took possession of Corsica, Joseph returned to Marseilles, where he married the daughter of M. Clary, a rich citizen of that place. Joseph accompanied his brother in the campaign of Italy, and was despatched by him to Paris, to convince the directory of the necessity of concluding a peace with the King of Sardinia. He succeeded, and was sent as minister to Parma, and then ambassador to Rome, which city he left in consequence of the murder of General Duphot. He was next Secretary of the Council of Five Hundred. When Napoleon was in Egypt, affairs in France being in a disastrous state, Joseph despatched the Greek, Burmbacki, to his brother, to urge his return, and he assisted at the revolution of Brumaire, which placed Napoleon at the head of the Consular Government. Under the Consulate, Joseph was a member of the Council of State, and the treaty which terminated the differences between the United States and France, was signed at his estate of Montefontaine, Sept. 30, 1800.

When Napoleon became Emperor, he declared Joseph and his children heirs to the throne, in case of his own death without issue. During the campaign of Austerlitz, Joseph presided in the Senate, and administered the government. In 1805, by order of the Emperor, he invaded and conquered the kingdom of Naples, and was created King of that country, where his wise and salutary regulations effected a complete political and social regeneration. Unfortunately, Napoleon afterwards placed him at the head of affairs in Spain, where his efforts were destined to be completely defeated. The victory of Wellington at Victoria was the closing disaster of his reign as King of Spain.

After the events of 1815, Joseph retired to the United States, bought land, and erected a beautiful country seat near Bordentown, New Jersey, where he resided in philosophical retirement for many years. He afterwards revisited Europe, and died at Florence.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—The Bey of Tunis has offered to Louis Philippe the celebrated Cleopatra's needle; the gift has been accepted, and will be conveyed to Paris, and placed in the centre of the Carousel.

BRITISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A second volume of Humboldt's great work, the Kosmos, is in press.

A literal translation of the Psalms by Rev. J. Jebb, 2 vols., 8vo., is highly spoken of.

Two new novels by Mr. James, are just out—the Castle of Ehrenstein, and the King's Highway—the last heard of.

Sir John Herschel has his great astronomical work on the Southern Hemisphere, 1 vol., 4to., nearly ready.

Rev Dr. Croly has published the first of a series of three volumes on the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the Apostles, designed to show the characters and influence of each class respectively, in connection with Christianity.

Leigh Hunt has announced a new work in 2 vols., 8vo., entitled Men, Women, and Books.

Sir Harris Nicolas, the author of the Life of Nelson, announces a new History of the Royal Navy, from the earliest period, in 6 vols., 8vo.

Louis Fourteenth and the Court of France, by Miss Pardoe, in 3 vols., 8vo.

The Countess of Blessington has in press Marmaduke Herbert, or the Fatal Error, a novel.

Mr. W. H. Maxwell, author of the Wild Sports of the West, is about to publish Hill Side Sketches, with the Legends of the Cheviots and the Lammermuir.

Smiles and Tears, a novel, by Charles Whitehead, author of the Life of Savage.

Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, of Trinity College, Dublin, has published a History of the Origin, Progress, Missions, Labors, and Fall of the Jesuits, in 2 vols., 8vo.,—an elaborate work.

An ingenious work entitled Remarkable Characters and Events in England, from the accession of George I., designed to furnish a key to the caricatures and satires of the eighteenth century; by Thomas Wright, Esq., F. S. A., 2 vols., 8vo.

The Autobiography of the Danish poet, Hans Andersen, translated by Charles Beckwith, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo.

Madagascar; Past and Present; by a Resident.

Charles Knight, the enterprising Publisher of the Penny Magazine, &c., announces a new work in preparation, entitled the National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge; in 12 vols.; an abridgment of the Penny Cyclopædia.

Mr. Disraeli has in preparation a new political tale entitled Tancred.

Memoir of Vice-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Bart., by Rev. Henry Raikes.

A second series of Mrs. Poole's popular work, the Englishwoman in Egypt; 1 vol., 8vo.

An Overland Journey round the world in the years 1841–2, by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company—2 vols., 8vo.

A new society for publishing the most rare and valuable voyages, travels, and geographical records, has been formed, called the Hakluys Society.

The Addington Papers; a life of Lord Sidmouth, including correspondence of royal and eminent personages, are about to be published in 3 vols., 8vo.

Synopsis of criticisms on passages of the Old Testament, in which modern commentators differ from the authorized version; by Rev. Richard Banett, A. M., 2 vols., 8vo.

The Three Reformations; Lutheran, Roman, and Anglican, by Dr. Hook.

Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; by J. H. Jesse; 3 vols., 8vo., is announced.

Mr. Tupper, author of Proverbial Philosophy, announces a new work, entitled Probabilities, an Aid to Faith.

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